# POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 15 · 1964 20c

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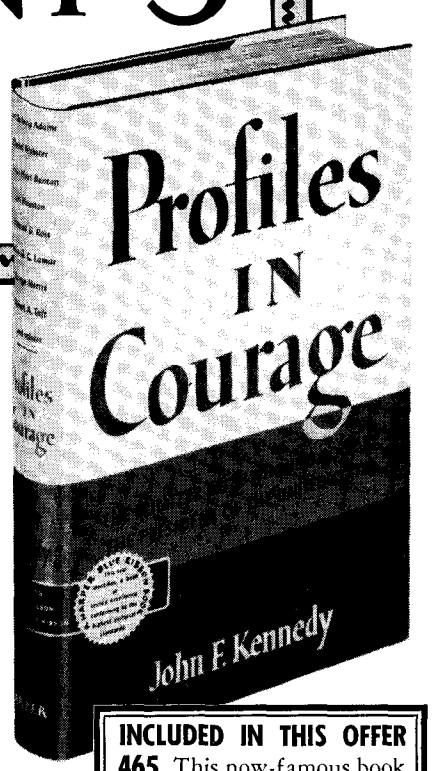


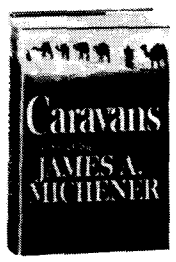


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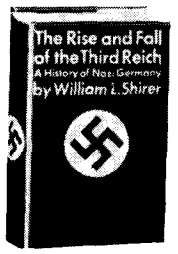


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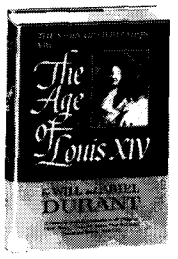


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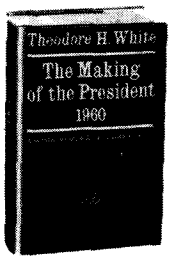


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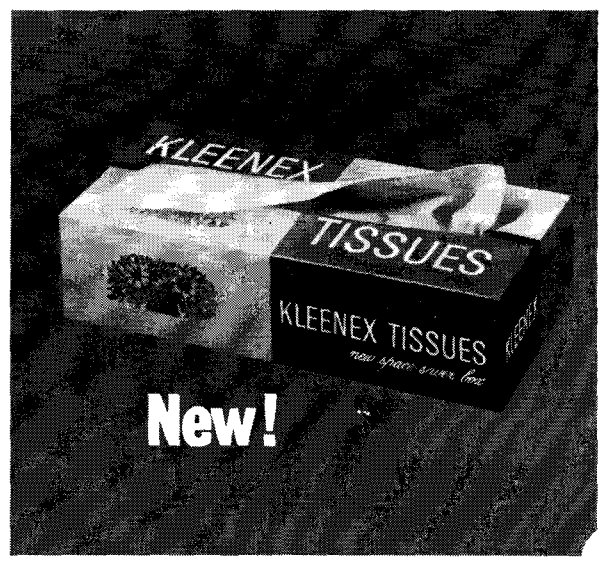


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# POST

FEBRUARY 15, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 6

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**Johnson takes over: the untold story** . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **17**

**The rule of Lyndon Johnson began in Dallas when one of John Kennedy's closest aides reported: "The President is dead, Mr. President." From that moment, the tasks confronting Johnson were both urgent and historic. He had to guard against the possibility that a massive attack had been launched to liquidate our country's leaders, including himself. He had to preserve the appearance of continuity of the U.S. Government. For practical and political reasons, he wanted desperately to keep the "Kennedy Team," for, as he confessed, he needed those talented men more than John Kennedy ever had. In this article, Washington Editor Stewart Alsop tells what happened, in the participants' words, as a stricken government changed hands. And Alsop pays special tribute to Jacqueline Kennedy for her assistance in preserving the nation's dignity through those tragic weeks.**

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**The authors.** Contributing writer **William Trombley,** a Californian who visits Big Sur at least once a year, has had a continuing opportunity to witness what he calls the region's "sometimes gallant, sometimes ludicrous fight against the 20th century." . . . Formerly an American press attaché in Beirut—where he first knew Kim Philby—**Edward R. F. Sheehan** is the author of *Kingdom of Illusion,* a forthcoming novel about American diplomacy in the Middle East. . . . Free-lance writer **Pete Hamill,** who traces the life and career of film star Sophia Loren, describes this as one of the most enjoyable stories he ever researched. . . . **Lawrence Lader,** who reports on devices for automatic jet landing, insists that after the first few tries he enjoyed the sensation of being unpiloted to earth. . . . **Theodore Du Bay** is a long-time numismatist who counts on his coin collection to finance his retirement ("You might say I'm saving the silver for my golden years"); **William Laas,** formerly managing editor of *Holiday,* is now a free-lance writer. . . . **Bill Ballantine,** a onetime circus performer himself, has long known and admired the famous Wallenda family.

**The cover.** The striking portrait of Sophia Loren was taken in her Rome apartment by **Burt Glinn.**

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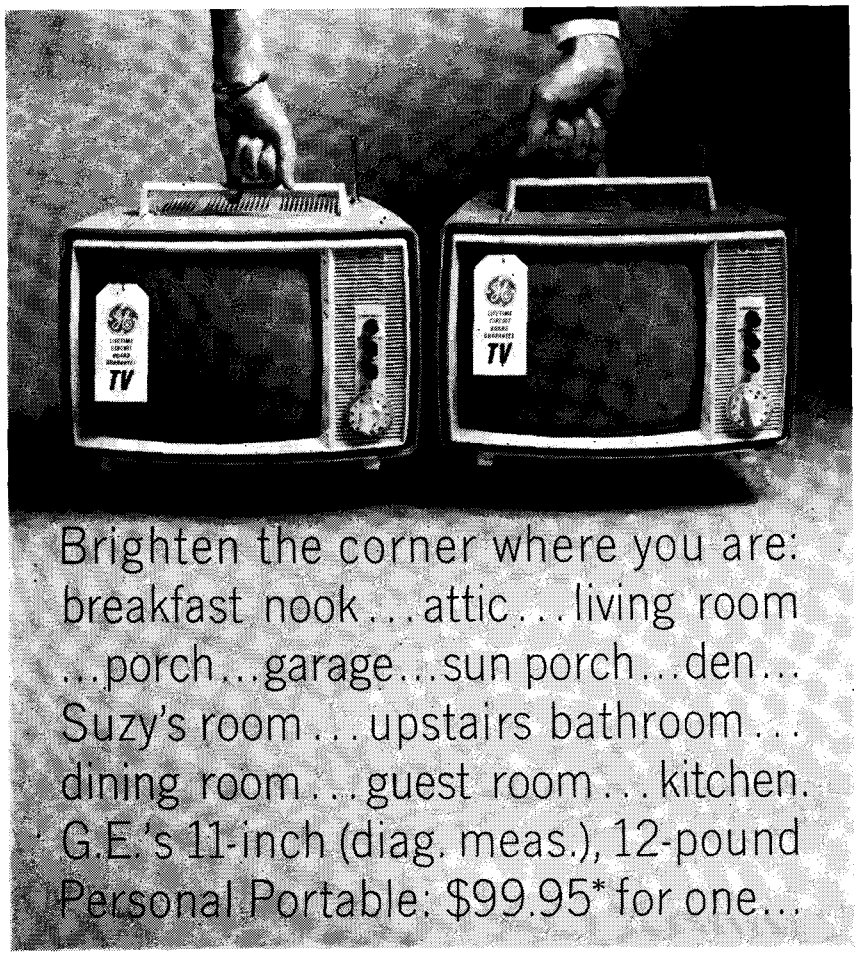


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# LETTERS

## Five sons

I wish to compliment you on your fine coverage of THE OTHER BABIES WHO BROKE THE ODDS [by Inés and Efrén Prieto] in your Jan. 18 issue. I appreciated the way the parents themselves told the fantastic story of the birth of their sons.

MARIE FRITZ
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

• This is an incredible story. It not only tells of the quints' birth, but it also gives us a picture of the living conditions in Venezuela in this supposedly modern and civilized day and age.

MRS. BEVERLY J. KNIGHT
*Winnipeg, Canada*

## Madame de Gaulle

I read with great distress Edward Behr's article on Madame de Gaulle [THE SILENT FIRST LADY OF FRANCE, Jan. 18]. I feel you have presented a completely false picture of a lady I personally found to be warm, friendly and compassionate. It is obvious that Mr. Behr has never met, nor talked with Madame de Gaulle. He would not write as he did if he had. It is also obvious that he has simply used her as a pretext for his real objective—an attack on General de Gaulle.

JEANNE E. GAVIN
*Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

• The article pointed out Mme. de Gaulle's apparent qualifications for being one of the few great ladies left. Since when are attributes such as simplicity and serenity to be deplored?

JOHN BENNETT IV
*Columbia, S.C.*

• I especially liked the detailed account of Mme. de Gaulle's conversation with her husband "when she and the general are alone."

CHARLES J. DEITER
*Bloomington, Ind.*

## For argument's sake

I found your January 25 editorial [TO DEBATE OR NOT TO DEBATE] questioning the advisability of a presidential debate incredible. The American public has been given the responsibility to choose its leaders. By hearing the aspirants for our highest office present their views and reply directly to those of their opponents, instead of reading a literary masterpiece written by someone else, we can make a wiser choice.

PHIL BATES
*Santa Cruz, Calif.*

## The number two spot

Richard M. Nixon ["WE NEED A VICE PRESIDENT NOW, Jan. 18] brings a vital need to the attention of the nation. For my part I think his proposal is sound.

CLARENCE ORMAN
*Sugar Land, Tex.*

• Under the system for the election of a new Vice President recommended by Mr. Nixon, the country could be without a presidential successor for as long as thirty days. At least under the present law there is always a man ready to take over the office.

MARK A. SULLIVAN III
*Jersey City, N.J.*

• Mr. Nixon's article is probably the most sensible answer to one of the most perplexing questions of our time. I sincerely hope his proposal will be acted upon.

PATRICIA KOWALSKI
*Detroit, Mich.*

## No debt

Regarding your article on Bill Russell ["I OWE THE PUBLIC NOTHING," by Edward Linn, Jan. 18], I think his words should stimulate the minds of many people who are fighting for equality.

DOROTHY A. HOWARD
*Washington, D.C.*

• It's a shame that the American Negro must always suffer indignities. I admire the keen mind and athletic ability of a man like Bill Russell and would be most proud and happy if he and his family were my neighbors.

ANGELA ROMANO
*Tenafly, N.J.*

• The use of emotionalism instead of reason is detrimental to this nation of thinking people. If I were a white person I would not take kindly to Mr. Russell's remarks. As a Negro I am surprised at his apparent bitterness in the Lap-of-Plenty. As an American I certainly deplore the social conditions which cause his bitterness. As a private citizen I want to know what a man of his position would propose as a solution.

GEORGE M. BOYD, *Major, USAF*
*Parkville, Mo.*

• I deeply admire Mr. Russell for refusing to accept the deference often accorded to a Negro celebrity in exchange for the respect he is entitled to as a human being.

MRS. MARY ADAMS
*Ames, Iowa*

• Mr. Russell doesn't want equality; he wants to get even.

BARBARA NARDI
*Dennison, Ohio*

## The sound of money

Thanks for Martin Mayer's enlightening article on THE DOLLAR CRISIS [Jan. 18]. Gold, after all, is not just a myth or the popular theme of an early movie. It's a modern product which makes our old bills crackle.

MAY L. DUGGAN
*Holyoke, Mass.*

• Mr. Mayer has done an excellent job of explaining the complex balance-of-payments problem in terms that anyone can understand.

ROBERT E. OLSEN
*Phoenix, Ariz.*



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# LETTERS

### A question of hatred

I have just finished reading about playwright Edward Albee [BROADWAY'S HOTTEST PLAYWRIGHT by John Skow] in your Jan. 18 issue. He gave me the creeps.

VICTORIA HANSOW
*Logan, Utah*

• I feel that John Skow has been a little unfair in suggesting that Edward Albee may be nothing more than another "angry young man." If hate seems to be the underlying theme of most of his work, perhaps it is wise to note that he is a representative of his own time and culture and only delineates facets of the society in which he lives. However, an Albee play is more than just a social commentary; like any real work of art, it contains the essential element of form.

MARRIANE MORGAN
*New York, N.Y.*

• This piece follows a common and tiresome thesis: the alleged unhappiness of youth molding the literary vituperation of maturity. A child's frustration in the absence of parental perfection is acceptable, but a child's ingratitude for what is given condemns only the child.

JOHN LARKIN THOMPSON
*Boston, Mass.*

• The hatred in the Albee play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was not 'masked by a contorted face called ove"—it was not masked by anything at all but ran violently and vociferously through three acts.

MRS. DONALD VOLK
*Southampton, Pa.*

• Albee has written some of the best dialogue in the American theater in recent years. He is one of the first to get away from the poetic realism of Williams and Odets and to reintroduce a classic objectivity.

R. ORMANN
*New York, N.Y.*

• I believe one word expresses my opinion clearly: Rot!

MRS. DELORES STANOSHECK
*Beatrice, Nebr.*

### Who's on first?

Oh my! First you set us up for Bill Scranton [A RELUCTANT CANDIDATE by John Bird, Jan. 18], then you tell us not to overlook Henry Cabot Lodge [editorial, Jan. 18]. I can hardly wait for Arthur Larson next week. Who is he pushing, Tom Dewey?

THEODORE L. HUMES
*Ligonier, Pa.*

### Sonic chaos?

Regardless of the medium a composer chooses [MUSIC FOR MACHINES by Lewis H. Lapham, Jan. 18], communication with the listener is the ultimate aim of musical composition. If all of these inventors of sonic chaos want to communicate with machines, that's fine. But human beings are another matter.

DANNY WERTS
*Charlotte, N.C.*

• Thank you for publishing Mr. Lapham's excellent article. As a composer I feel that electronic music will give composers a more direct, uninterrupted communication with the public, such as sculptors and painters already enjoy. As a designer of new electronic instruments, I find the possibilities simply endless.

IVOR DARREG
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

• Even conceding that any group of sounds, arranged in any form, is music, who but machines will ever want to listen to it?

FRED HATCH
*Santa Monica, Calif.*

### Serious humor

Hearty congratulations for printing the "I will not pray in school" cartoon [POST SCRIPTS, Jan. 18]. It was drenched in open sarcasm.

JAMES J. COONE
*Fishkill, N.Y.*

• I fail to see any humor in this cartoon. I do not think that stopping prayer in school is a laughing matter. It is a very grave situation.

EVERETT P. DE HAAN
*Outlook, Wash.*

• This cartoon would be funny, but there are those who are bound to take it seriously. Anyway, according to the Supreme Court decision and the first amendment, you can pray anywhere at all. But praying is not to be made a compulsory exercise to a "captive audience."

STEVE WAGNER
*Thousand Oaks, Calif.*

### Reuben, Reuben

I want to express the sheer delight I have had in reading Peter de Vries's REUBEN, REUBEN [Jan. 18]. It is wonderful humor that springs from the deep conviction that time and tide are passing us by and that what is needed most is an awareness of the danger of inaction.

ALMA HEIM
*St. Helena, Calif.*

• It hurts to see you allow an author to use curse words just as he pleases in his story.

MRS. ROSE W. FOOSHEE
*Ada, Okla.*

**Post Picture Credits** *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–William Hubbell. • 15–Fred Ward (Black Star); Shel Hershorn (Black Star); Wide World. • 17–Norman Driscoll (Washington Post). • 20–United Press International. • 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–John Bryson. • 30–Camera Press (Pix). • 31, 32–Wide World. • 34–London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade). • 36–London Mirror (Gilloon). 42–Pix; London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade). • 45–Jerry Bauer (Pix). • 60, 61, 62, 63–Burt Glinn. • 64–Derek Bayes. • 66–John Zimmerman. • 73, 74, 75, 76, 77–Larry Fried.

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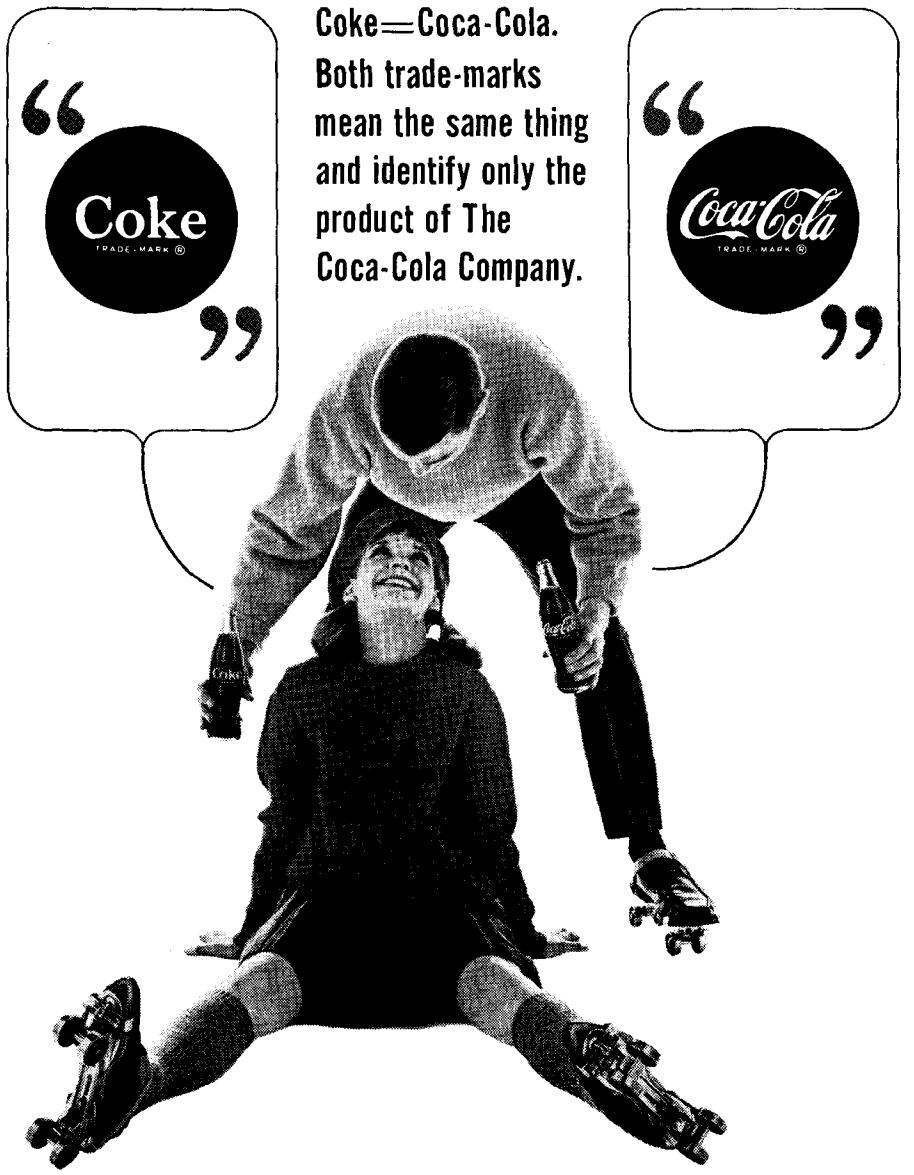





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SPEAKING OUT*

# Hunting is humane

The author of a recent book on hunting, "The Unnatural Enemy," Mr. Bourjaily is a novelist on the staff of the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa. He has hunted since boyhood—except adolescence "when I went to parties instead."

**By Vance Bourjaily**

*A sportsman attacks the "hypocrites" who would deny hunters the pleasure of killing game.*

I think a reasoned defense of hunting, an activity I enjoy very much, would be as difficult to compose as a reasoned defense of drinking whiskey or going to the theater. All three are things men do for pleasure. All three come under attack at times from the various kinds of puritans with whom the culture of this country is traditionally afflicted. The puritans brought us prohibition not long ago. They kept theater out when we were colonies (and their influence is still felt in the mindless censoring of today's forms of popular theater, television and the movies). They are pressing now, and sometimes achieving, various laws designed to restrict hunting—laws which have nothing to do with game protection or safety; such laws are in the bleak category of moral legislation.

Now there is no honest defense of any pleasure except to say, I do it because I enjoy it. When criticized, we are likely to take peripheral benefits (exercise, identification with tradition, relaxing of tensions) and try to make them stand up as central justification. This seems to me a mistake. All we ought really to say to those spoilers who would suppress pleasures they do not share is this: Disapprove of me as you will, but to try to give your disapproval the force of law is a crime against freedom

Beyond this, in the particular matter of hunting, I can distinguish three kinds of attacker, and each deserves a different answer. There are the moralists, who must be answered with an invitation to examine themselves. There are the sentimentalists, who must be answered with straightforward information. The third are simply the politicians, who may be answered with contempt. Let us take them in reverse order.

*The politicians.* I do not mean to restrict the term to those who seek office; any men whose goal is influence, and whose means of seeking it are cynical, are politicians in the bad, broad sense. Often politicians are men of some intelligence and energy. There were many of them working for prohibition; the ladies with hatchets could never have put it over without them. They provide the officer corps for crusades, whether to burn books or witches. They are tough men; their inability to see the other sides of issues is self-willed rather than actual; they attempt to lead by organizing the sentimentality of the uninformed, and I shall be done with them very quickly. For if their abilities make them the most effective opponents, to answer them is no more than a matter of exposure.

The example which comes most readily to mind does happen to be a politician in the narrow sense, a legislator who announced that his opposition to a dove-hunting bill was based on the determination to forestall extinction. I know this man to be familiar with the methods of modern game management. As will, I believe, become clear, depletion—let alone extinction—of any species by hunting is quite impossible under the controls practiced today in all 50 of our states (and, as regards migratory birds, under federal supervision as well). In fact, and very strict fact, the result of legalizing hunting for a species is to build it up, and many nongame species along with it. The prohibition of dove hunting in certain states is an absolutely clear example of legislation which has no other purpose than to tell a hunter what his conscience should permit. This legislator was choosing to talk nonsense for its supposed political appeal; there are a good many like him. Their crime against freedom is the worst, because it does not even spring from genuine moral conviction.

*The sentimentalists.* These are people whose tenderness of heart and failure of comprehension make the decent hunter feel that the best he can do is keep his views to himself as, were legislation of morals not involved, I would. To let them go their way deploring me, while I go mine avoiding them, seems the most comfortable way for all parties. But if they are to be used as foot soldiers in a crusade against hunting, then I had better at least make a try at presenting to the more open-minded a summary of the facts.

Hunters, like nature, are indifferent to the lives of individual creatures, but infinitely solicitous of the survival and multiplication of species. (There has been some evolution here, of course, from the market hunters and blood sports of the 19th century.) Modern hunters spend millions of dollars annually in state license fees, special federal taxes and contributions to private organizations, to preserve and increase game. Obviously and admittedly our motives are selfish. We want those creatures to be there to hunt during the short seasons when hunting is permitted. But what must be understood is the nature of the permission sought and granted; it is not permission to deplete a game species, only to harvest its surplus. Further, the surplus we harvest is always set well under the vast numbers of animals which—even were hunting not permitted—will perish annually anyway as a result of predation, attrition and disease. To return to mourning doves for a moment, as a good example: This species is classified as game by international treaty, by tradition and by law which permits hunting it in 31 of the 50 states. Doves are extremely common, far more so in the United States than any other upland game bird, and extremely prolific; in Iowa, for example—a non-dove-hunting state—they are more numerous than robins or meadowlarks. Now, studies show that of all the doves hatched in a given year, 70 percent will not reach the age of one. They will starve, die accidentally, get sick or fall to owls, hawks and foxes. Nevertheless, in such a state as Iowa the total population will remain stable.

In states where doves are hunted, on the other hand, the birds actually shot by hunters will simply be part of the 70 percent fatality (a small part—four percent, for example, in California). This is to say, hunters will be permitted to harvest part of a surplus which would be taken otherwise by other means. Moreover, the total dove population in the hunting states from year to year will increase. This is due to a number of factors, the most important being that hunters' license fees are spent in part to expand and create the kind of habitat in which doves can nest, hatch and flourish. In addition, the time when hunting is permitted coincides with the population peak; flocks are huge, primary ranges crowded. The competition for food and cover among the birds is intense and damaging, and the crowding promotes disease. At the moment the first gun sounds on opening day these big flocks begin to scatter, to thin out into secondary ranges for better protection. A few individuals fall; species prosper.

Through their support of federal, state and private conservation agencies, hunters have paid the bills for establishing pheasants, for preserving waterfowl breeding grounds and refuges, and for the salaries of the men who protect the game from the excesses of the greedy. Even more dramatically, the hunter's self-interest has, in our lifetime, brought back species from the edge of extinction. The pronghorn antelope was, not long ago, a vanishing species. This had nothing to do with hunting. The pronghorns were the

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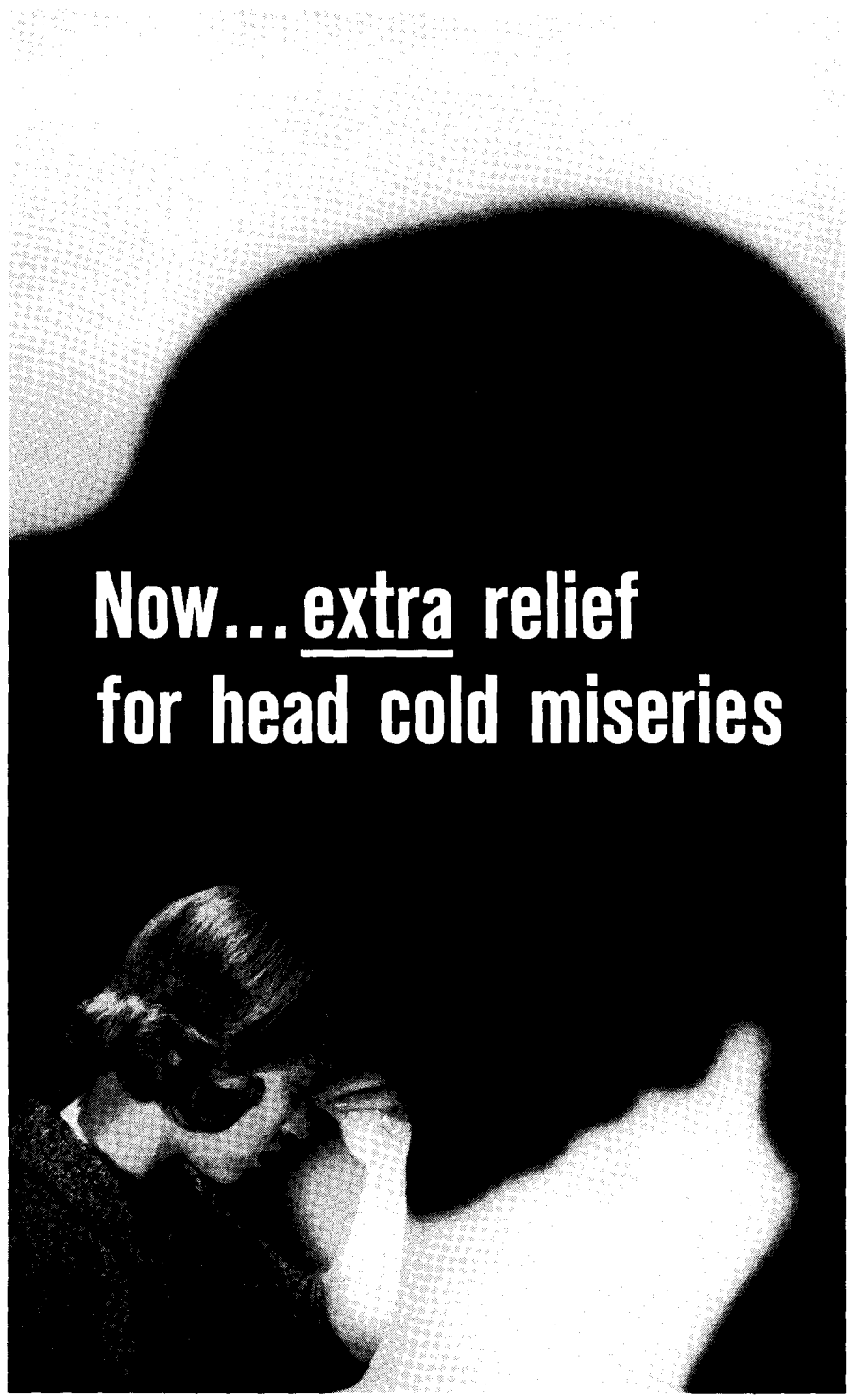


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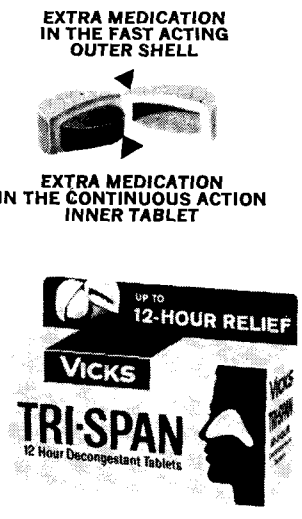


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victims of so-called progress: clearing, plowing, building, overgrazing, drainage. Hunters' money—blood money, if you like—bought the preserves, paid the specialists, financed the experiments which have restored the pronghorn to the point where nature lovers (which includes most hunters) may see these animals from their cars on the way to our western parks. And each year a small surplus of them may be shot for sport. The wild turkey, reestablished now in many states, has benefited from hunters' interest in much the same way.

Thus, and with dozens more such examples, it may be shown that an attack on hunting cannot be realistically based on the wish to protect game species. Insofar as it is based on a desire to protect the individual game creature from cruelty and death, the hunter's immemorial reply is simply that he is no more cruel than nature, and far less wasteful.

*The moralists.* If politicians are the generals in crusades, and sentimentalists the foot soldiers, then moralists are the grand strategists and ideologists, the men who provide ideas and define goals. Their sincerity cannot be placed in question, nor can we say that they are not entitled to argue their opinions so persuasively, if they can, as to make us forswear the pleasures of hunting out of sheer guilt.

The best of them are those whose opposition to killing for sport is based on a moral code of total reverence for life in all its forms, who eat no meat, swat no mosquitoes and will not poison other bugs to improve the quality of the fruits and vegetables on which they subsist. For such men I have a good deal of respect, a certain reverence even, but I do not share their code. And I do not wish it imposed on me (or you) by law.

There are very few such men, of course. The great majority of those who urge that I feel guilt for the game I kill live in somewhat more transparent houses. They see a moral difference of some kind between the unnatural rearing and drab, bloody slaughter of meat and fowl commercially, and the system of game management which raises crops of wild birds and animals to be harvested by men who find challenge and excitement, health and pleasure, in trying it. With gentle smiles, these partway moralists pull on their gardening gloves and dust the roses to kill the merry, high-hopping flea beetle. Gaily they cast the lure which will attract and hook the exuberantly innocent bass. Craftily they place the trap which will drive sharp prongs through the furry back of the comically shortsighted mole. And for lunch it's cutlets or chops, from brown-eyed calves or woolly lambs.

No, if you are not a sage who can see that the housefly, with its transparent wings and irridescent body, is too beautiful to kill, I cannot take seriously the presumption that my morals as a hunter are worse than yours as a gardener, or fisherman, or sanitary housekeeper who cooks good chicken. Growing, catching—even cleaning and cooking—are instinctive things; so, for men of a certain temperament, is hunting.

There is enough in such men, I suppose, of the primitive so that to hunt and kill a creature under difficult conditions is profoundly satisfying. The two parts of the sequence must occur together, or there is no satisfaction. Killing, and this is generally misunderstood, is no pleasure at all if the challenge of hunting does not accompany it. I do not relish, for example, cutting the heads off chickens, as I must from time to time, nor do I like trapping mice. Against such simple, necessary and quite dreary killing, let me describe a brief hunt I made yesterday.

It was a windy afternoon, two degrees above zero and with eight inches of snow covering the ground. It seems almost unimaginable, in a way, that I wanted to go out, and perhaps that I did very much want to is demonstration enough of the power hunting has to excite me. As I warmed the car, I thought of a certain steep hill nearby, along the bottom of which runs a thick growth of giant ragweed, wild plum, blackberry bushes and small trees—good winter cover. I thought pheasants ought to be in there.

With my big old bird dog, who is called Moon, and a springer puppy I had run for the first time last fall, I hunted the long thicket; there were pheasant tracks all through it, but no birds. A few tracks led, illogically, up the steepest part of the hill into the wind, and Moon indicated that they were fresh. Up the hill, sliding and scrambling, the pup and I went after him; out of breath, feeling the cold, I was finally running to keep up, as Moon went across the top and into a wooded draw on the far side. And suddenly birds went up, near the dog and out of range for me: four hens, then a cock, then another cock. The second cock flew toward me, saw me, turned and swept away down the draw. I might have shot if I'd been quick enough, but I wasn't.

Old Moon came bounding back on a fresh scent, and I went after him up another steep bank toward a second and smaller draw. Just at the edge Moon pointed. I tried to be both quick and careful, and was almost to the dog when the bird flew straight into the sun. At first, starting to lower the gun, I took it for a hen. Then it turned slightly, I saw a glint of color on its neck, it gave a confirming cackle, and I swung and shot all in on movement. And the cock fell. It was the kind of snap shot I've been missing recently, and I was delighted.

The bird hit the ground dead, slid along the snow down the steep side of the draw; old Moon plunged down that way and got him and started to climb back to me, the little springer following both ways, wagging his tail. And just at this moment, from close to where they had retrieved the bird (and where I might easily have been if I'd been alert) another cock flew up. I fired. I missed. But I had my bird, I was warm with pleasure, and the dogs were ecstatically proud of themselves.

Today we hunted another hour and raised no birds at all, but I am as pleased, as cleansed, as brightened by my time outdoors in the cold weather as I was yesterday when I saw several and got one. The dogs feel pretty good too. And I find myself willing to acknowledge that my pleasure in hunting differs very little from theirs: It is an exercise of instinct, training and, to some extent, physical endowment, and we like it.

Not all dogs are fit to hunt, of course, nor, in the same way, are all men gratified by it. Nor, for those of us who share this dog's pleasure of hunting (if you will), do I ask special tolerance or understanding. We are as we are, and if we seem to yc to act immorally, it is certainly your rig to feel so. But I say most seriously tha you exceed your rights when you urge that laws be made in the shape of your conscience to block pleasures permitted by mine. When you prevail, you commit a crime against freedom, and that is the greatest immorality. THE END



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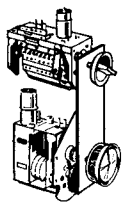

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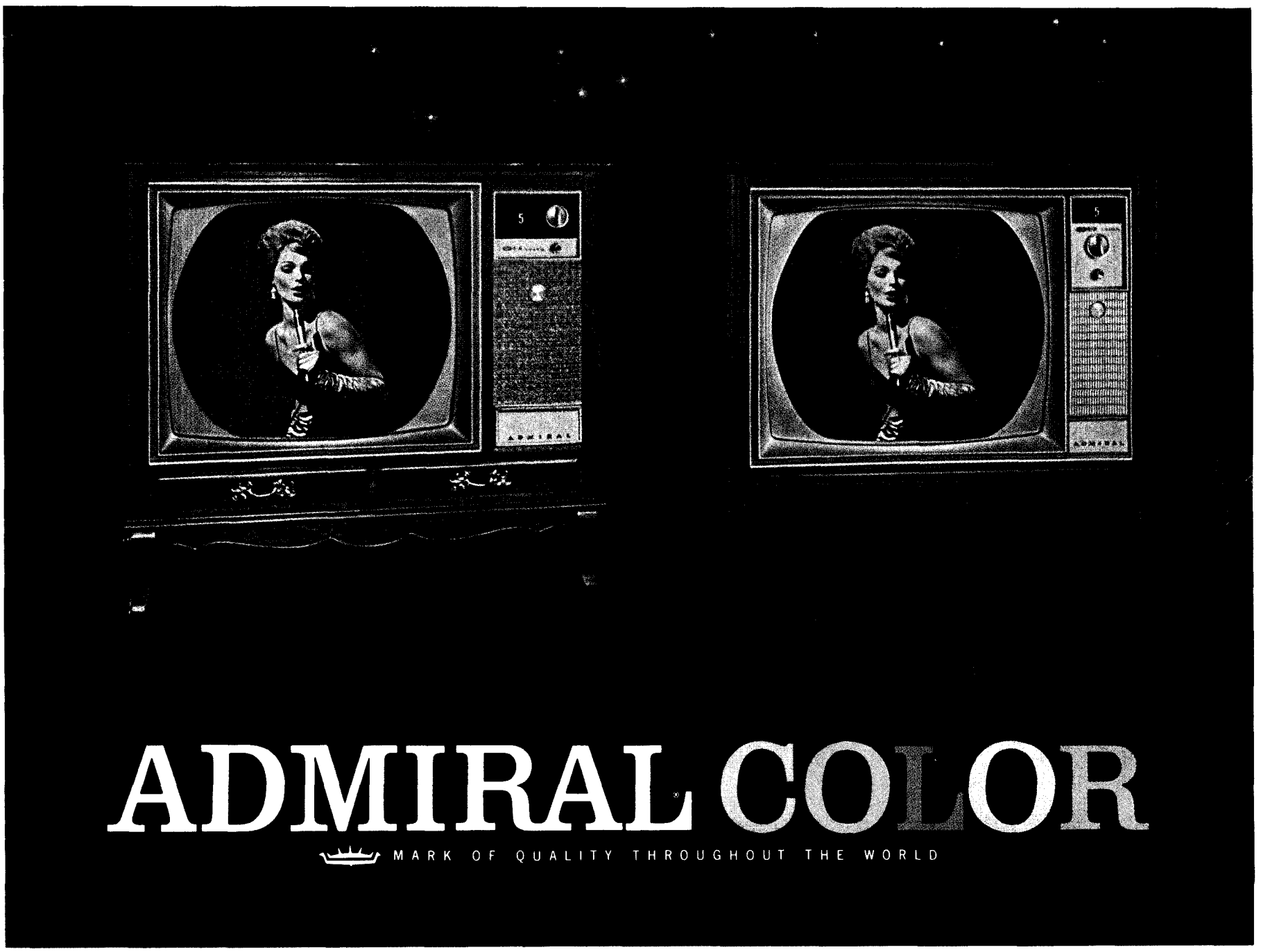


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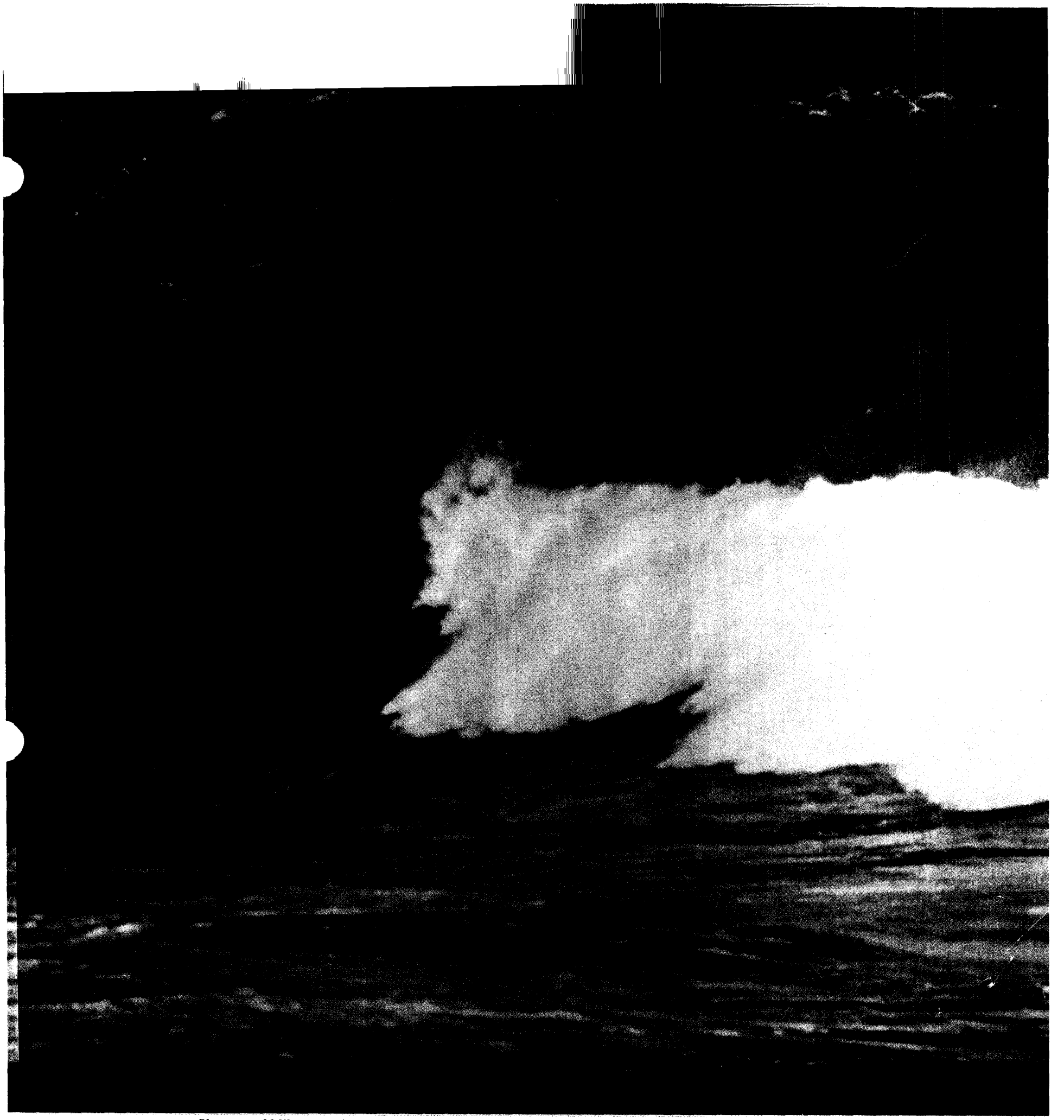

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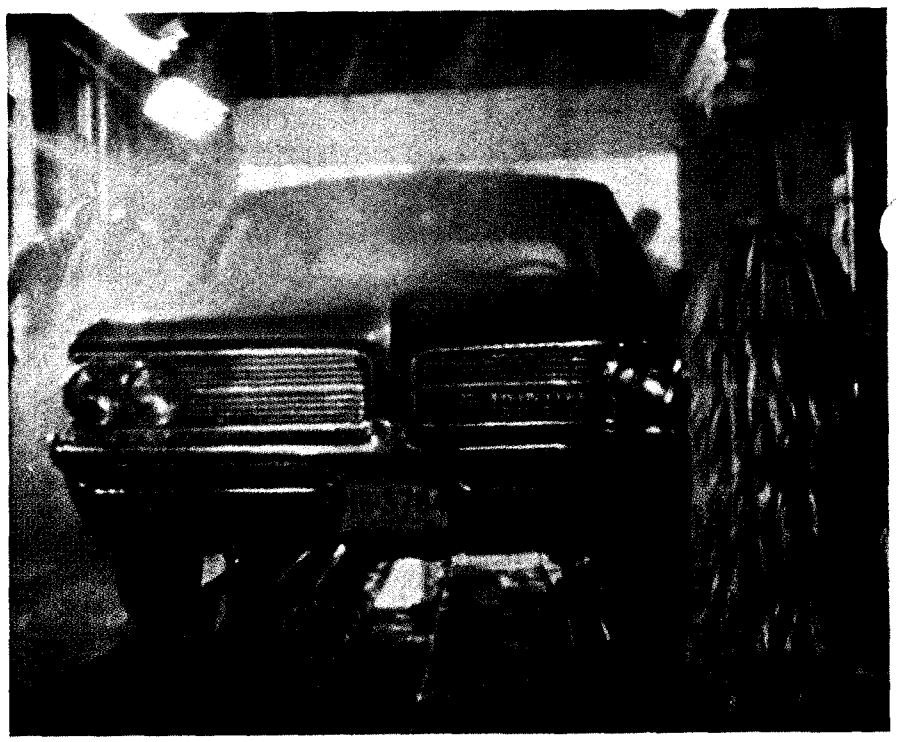
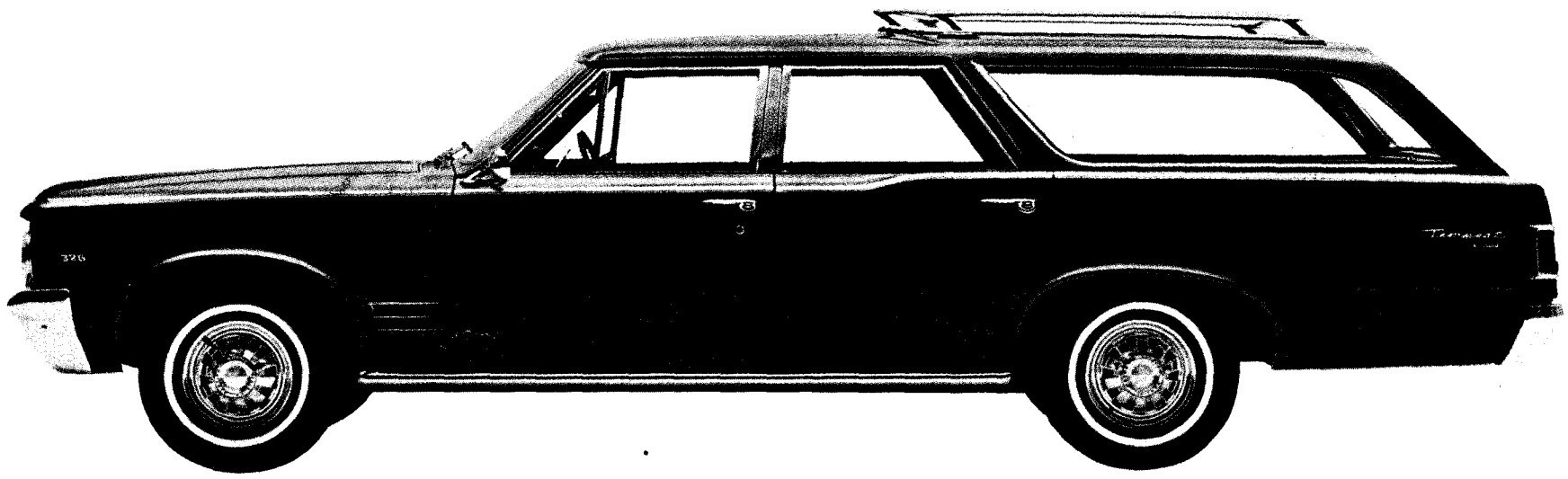


Who says a station wagon has to be homely?

Who says a station wagon has to be clumsy?

Who says a station wagon has to be expensive?



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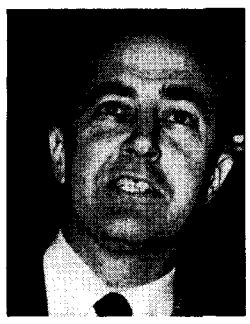
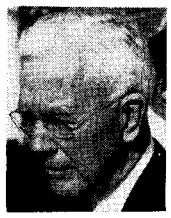
# Hogwash about the CIA

*Harry S. Truman*



*Sen. Eugene McCarthy*



*CIA's McCone*

WASHINGTON: In all fairness, it is time somebody had a kind word to say for the poor old Central Intelligence Agency. The CIA is rather like the boy in school who always gets slapped around because everybody knows he won't hit back.

The State Department has slapped the CIA hard for "invading the policy-making field," on the grounds that the agency briefed some newspapermen on the sad state of the Soviet economy. A lot of the press has also been slapping the CIA around, and a few highly respectable journals have even half-echoed the Communist *Worker's* charge that Lee Harvey Oswald, murderer of President Kennedy, went to the Soviet Union in 1959 as a CIA hireling.

Former President Harry Truman has got in his licks. "I never had any thought when I set up CIA," he has written, "that it would be injected into the peacetime cloak-and-dagger business." Sen. Eugene McCarthy, in an article recently published in this magazine [Jan. 4–11], has charged that the CIA is getting out of hand. Neither the President nor the Congress, the senator maintains, really controls the agency or knows what it is up to.

Somebody certainly blundered when the CIA held a mass press conference on the Soviet economy, and let reporters name the agency as their source. But with all due respect to a former President and an able senator, the other charges against CIA are a lot of hogwash. Let us consider them, in order.

First, Lee Harvey Oswald never at any time had any connection whatever with CIA, although suspicions on that score are perhaps natural in view of the mystery surrounding Oswald's travels and his sources of income. The highest officials of the CIA are ready to so testify—and indignantly—before the Warren Commission investigating the murder. "If anybody in the CIA had hired so obvious a psychotic," says one of the greatest experts in the intelligence business, "he should have been fired on the spot."

Second, the odd fact is that Harry S. Truman himself put the CIA into the "peacetime cloak-and-dagger business." The CIA's operational, or cloak-and-dagger, unit was established by President Truman's National Security Council in the summer of 1948, after the Communists grabbed Czechoslovakia. In the subsequent four and a half years, before President Truman stepped down, certain highly effective secret operations were mounted with the President's full knowledge and approval.

Third, the notion that neither Congress nor the President controls the agency or knows what it is doing is nonsense. The CIA is unquestionably the most supervised agency in the Government—dozens of people spend much of their time breathing down its neck.

The neck-breathers include four subcommittees of Congress, headed by Representatives Carl Vinson and Clarence Cannon and Senators Richard Russell and Carl Hayden. These congressional grandees are acutely jealous of congressional prerogatives, and they are not about to let any executive agency, in Senator McCarthy's words, "[decide] for itself just how much or how little Congress ought to know."

Neither CIA director John McCone nor his predecessor, Allen Dulles, when meeting in closed session, ever refused a candid answer to any question. To cite one example, contrary to the popular mythology, the four subcommittees were thoroughly briefed on the U-2 operation virtually from its inception.

By the same token, ever since Mr. Truman established the operational section, every President has been thoroughly informed of every important secret operation. And every President has had, and sometimes exercised, an absolute veto power over any operation. When there have been disputes on major policy matters between the CIA and the State Department or the Pentagon, the last word in the argument has always been the President's. Again contrary to the popular mythology, President Eisenhower personally authorized the U-2 flight which Khrushchev used to break up the 1960 summit meeting.

Moreover, the President has plenty of help in keeping an eye on the agency. For example, a blue-ribbon presidential board, headed by former White House counsel Clark Clifford, is charged with continuous supervision of the agency. And there are all sorts of special committees, like that headed by Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman, with responsibility in the field of subversion and guerrilla warfare.

It is just plain silly, in short, to suppose that the CIA is "a law unto itself." The real danger is that the CIA will become a vast cautious bureaucracy, bound by the lowest common denominator of timidity among its innumerable supervisors. The CIA in any case spends less than a third of the money and "owns" less than a quarter of the people in the intelligence business. The Pentagon intelligence agencies, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency, spend most of the money and own most of the people, but nobody seems interested in supervising them.

The NSA particularly could do with a bit of supervision. It has a horrible security record. Recent cases include a couple of homosexuals who defected to the Soviet Union and spilled all the beans; and an Army sergeant who collected $50,000 from Russian agents for really important American secrets, and spent the loot in the most conspicuous possible way on mistresses, motor yachts and the like. If the CIA had been responsible for either case, there would have been a hullabaloo to make the Alger Hiss case seem tame.

In fact, the CIA has not yet suffered a single known defection or penetration, which is better than par for the course. Certainly there are time-servers in the agency, and certainly it has had its failures, in the Bay of Pigs and elsewhere.

But those who enjoy slapping the CIA around ought to ask themselves what might have happened if Mr. Truman had not been wise enough to put CIA into "the peacetime cloak-and-dagger business." It is virtually certain that parts of the world now free would be under Communist control. It is absolutely certain that we would disastrously lack the solid information on Soviet missile-nuclear capabilities which we now have, thanks to the CIA-created U-2 and reconnaissance satellites. If Mr. Truman had not been wiser than he remembers being, we would be today like the only blindfolded man in a murderous game of blindman's buff.

Stewart Alsop



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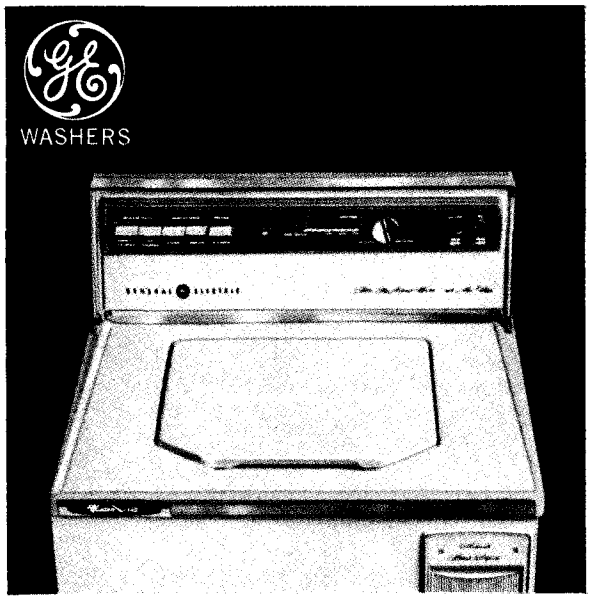
WASHERS



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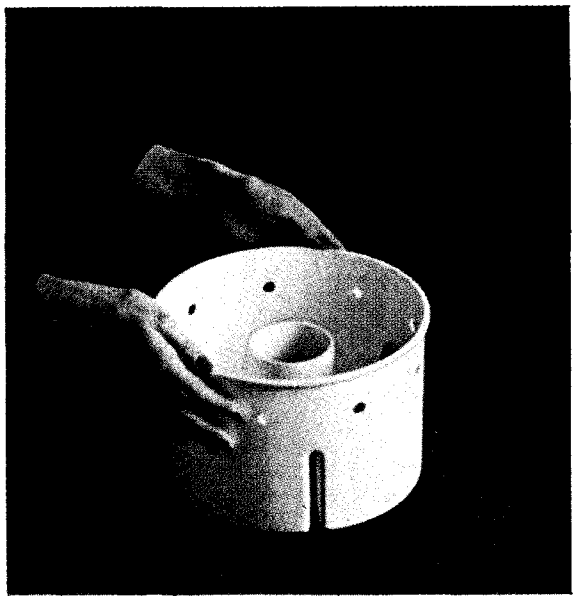
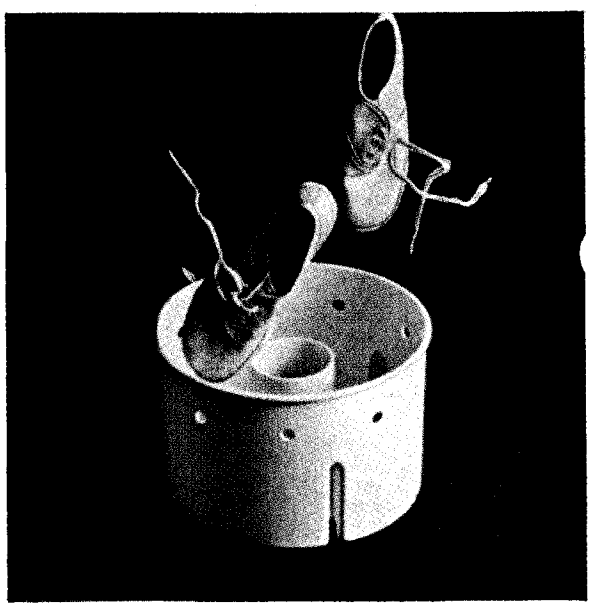


**has MINI-BASKET.**



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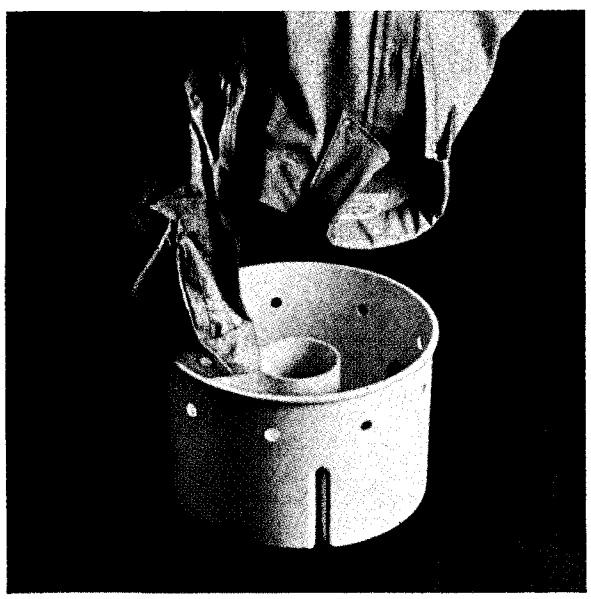
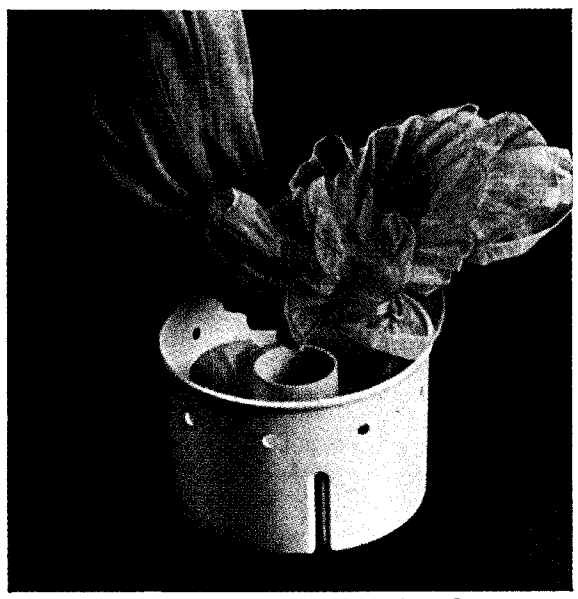


**and last-minute leftovers.**



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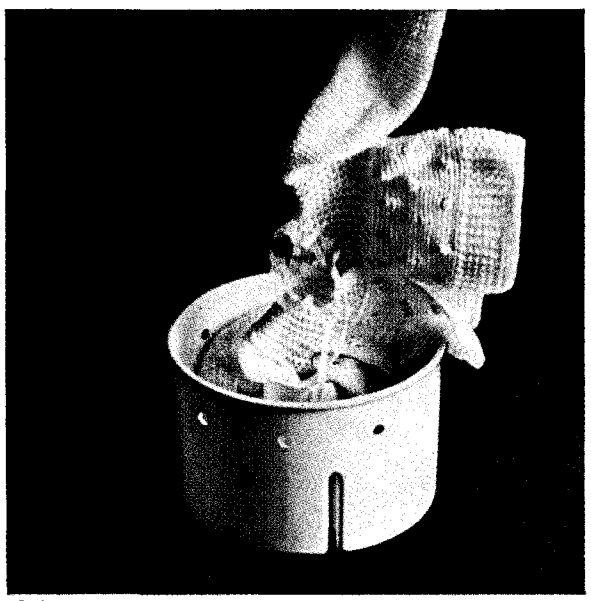
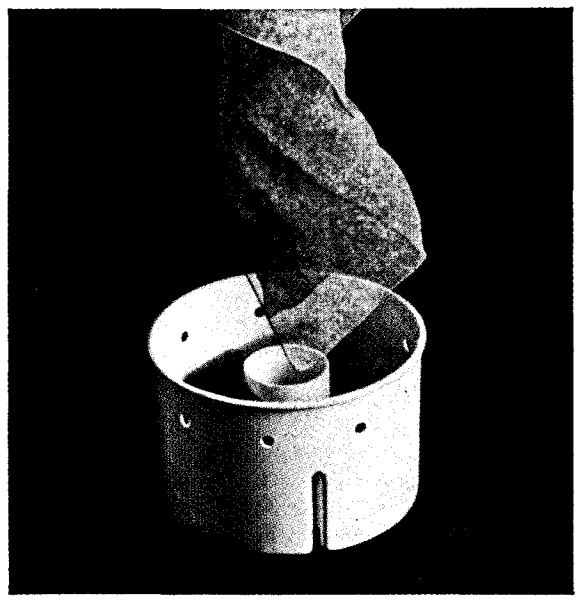


**dainty woolens...**



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

By STEWART ALSOP

# JOHNSON TAKES OVER: THE UNTOLD STORY

## How the new President won his key fight to keep the Kennedy team together.

*Arriving in Washington a few hours after John Kennedy's death, Lyndon Johnson, with his wife beside him, asks God's help as the nation's President.*

It is less than three months since President Kennedy was murdered. But already now, when we hear the words "the President," we see in our mind's eye not the bushy hair and the handsome face of John Kennedy, but the long head and dark face of Lyndon Johnson. Especially since the new session of Congress opened, and the deluge of presidential messages descended on it. Lyndon Johnson has established himself as President in fact as well as name. Thus the great transition—the transfer of power from the murdered President to the new President—is almost complete.

This is a report—necessarily fragmentary, like all such reports in the immediate aftermath of a great event—on the great transition. The transition started with six terrible words spoken to Lyndon Johnson by Kenneth O'Donnell, President Kennedy's assistant and close friend.

It was ten minutes past one, November 22, 1963. President Kennedy had been shot at 12:30, Dallas time. Lyndon Johnson, Mrs. Johnson and Secret Service agent Rufus Youngblood were crowded together in a small cubicle near Emergency Operating Room One at Parkland Memorial Hospital. Johnson has remarked since that he can remember nothing about the room except that there was a pile of sheets in a corner, and the walls were painted hospital green. O'Donnell knocked at the door, Youngblood opened it, and O'Donnell stepped inside and closed the door.

"The President is dead, Mr. President," he said.



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# "I need you more than he did," L.B.J. told old hands.

Lyndon Johnson gave his first order as acting President within minutes of hearing O'Donnell's fateful words. He told Malcolm Kilduff, acting press secretary, to withhold the announcement of President Kennedy's death until he himself could get out of Parkland Hospital and back to the presidential plane, Air Force One, at nearby Love Field. As he told Kilduff: "We don't know whether this is a worldwide conspiracy, whether they're after me as they were after President Kennedy. . . . We just don't know."

In the weeks that have passed since President Kennedy's murder, we have become accustomed to thinking of the murder as an isolated act of wanton brutality. But at the time, it seemed possible, even probable, that the murder was "part of some international conspiracy." All the major participants recall feeling that the assassination could hardly be a random episode, that it must be a part of something bigger and more sinister.

A few minutes before O'Donnell made his announcement to Lyndon Johnson, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, flying to Japan as head of a delegation of Cabinet officers, was told that the President had been shot. He ordered the plane turned back to Washington, then talked with acting Secretary George Ball, by radiotelephone, about the possibility that the shooting might be the prelude to some sort of global Pearl Harbor. In Washington Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and the Joint Chiefs of Staff sent a message to all combat commands around the world ordering a state of readiness. John McCone, CIA chief, ordered a worldwide "intelligence alert" to pick up the slightest evidence of hostile Communist intent.

There was no international conspiracy. It was later learned on excellent authority, in fact, that Nikita Khrushchev was stunned by the news—when he heard it he broke down and wept. But there might well have been a conspiracy, national or international. Lyndon Johnson's first order as President therefore displayed remarkable presence of mind.

The thought that the murder might be part of a plot, perhaps originating in Dallas, was certainly in the mind of Kenneth O'Donnell, back in Emergency Room One. O'Donnell was therefore determined to get the President's body out of Dallas and back to the White House without delay, at any cost.

Aside from O'Donnell and the doctors, nurses and Secret Service men, the other occupants of the emergency room were the President's widow, her skirts still stained with his blood, his Air Force aide, Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh, and two presidential assistants, Lawrence O'Brien and David Powers. O'Brien and Powers, like O'Donnell, were members of the "Irish mafia"—the little band of men of Irish blood and Massachusetts birth who had devoted their lives to John F. Kennedy.

O'Donnell, Kennedy's appointments secretary and man of all work, is a former Harvard football player, tough, monosyllabic, very able. O'Brien, a professional politician in charge of White House relations with Congress, is a genial redhead with a map-of-Ireland face. Dave Powers has been described as Kennedy's court jester—he is the sort of humorous, easygoing man, always good for a laugh, every President needs around him.

These three men are very different in some ways, but aside from their Irish blood they are alike in one way. All three loved John Kennedy. The late President much disliked any show of emotion, and yet he was uniquely capable of inspiring a deep emotional attachment in those around him. This feeling which Kennedy inspired is an intrinsic part of the story of the great transition, for it complicated—and still complicates—the task of his successor.

It also helps explain certain of the small episodes that occurred in the wake of his murder. One such episode took place shortly after Lyndon Johnson had left for Love Field. A hearse had been hired, a bronze coffin found, and the President's body was about to be moved to the field, when an unexpected hitch developed. A functionary appeared in the corridor outside Emergency Room One with a couple of minions and loudly asserted that the President's body could not be moved. Regulations, he announced, required an autopsy before a body could be moved—the autopsy would require five or six hours. A doctor expostulated that this was, after all, a special case. With the mindless self-importance of the petty bureaucrat, the official replied, "As far as we're concerned, this is just another homicide case."

## No time for argument

Kenny O'Donnell, thin-lipped, turned to the Secret Service men and gave an order: "We're getting out of here." The President's shattered body was placed in the coffin. The coffin was carried out to the waiting hearse with Mrs. Kennedy walking beside it, her hand resting on it. The President's three old friends followed the coffin, while the Secret Service men and the Dallas police cleared the way. Luckily for him, the nameless functionary made no attempt to bar the way.

When the President's widow and his friends arrived at Love Field with the coffin, they found Lyndon Johnson already on the plane, with the window shades drawn against the danger of a second assassination attempt. With Johnson were Mrs. Johnson and, among others, Jack Valenti, a short, genial man who has been described as "Lyndon's Dave Powers," Rep. Homer Thornberry, an old Texas friend, and Bill (not William) Moyers.

Moyers is another key figure in the story of the great transition. He is very young, very intelligent and very close to Lyndon Johnson, for whom he has worked on and off since he was in his teens. (The relationship between the two is suggested by the fact that Moyers slept in a large closet in the Johnson hotel suite during the 1960 Los Angeles convention.) Long before President Kennedy's murder, Moyers, who became Sargent Shriver's deputy on the Peace Corps, had gotten to know the Kennedy people well. They liked and respected him, and Moyers acted as a sort of bridge between the two groups during the great transition.

When they arrived at Love Field, O'Donnell, O'Brien, Powers and McHugh were desperate to get away from hated Dallas. When they were told that Lyndon Johnson had given orders to delay the takeoff, they were furious—General McHugh, according to one report (he refuses to discuss the matter) even had some very harsh words to say to Lyndon Johnson himself.

But they calmed down quickly when they heard that it was Robert Kennedy who had advised Johnson to delay the takeoff until a judge could be found to swear him in as President. Johnson had telephoned the Attorney General for advice as soon as he arrived at Love Field. Kennedy asked for five minutes to think, then called back to tell Johnson that he should be sworn in before takeoff. Robert Kennedy too was haunted by the thought that his brother's assassination might be the prelude to some great international crisis. It was therefore essential that there be no doubt about the new President's authority—above all, his unique authority to order the use of nuclear weapons.

As this suggests, Robert Kennedy was also a key figure—in a sense, *the* key figure—in the great transition. Almost without speaking a word, he might have made the transition immensely difficult for the new President. Instead, he did what he could to make the transition period as easy as possible for his brother's successor, even during the first weeks when he was sick with grief.

After the brief flare-up had subsided, there were a few minutes to wait until Lyndon Johnson's old friend Judge Sarah Hughes arrived to swear him in. Inevitably, in the face of tragedy so overwhelming, what little was said sounded inadequate, inane. Moyers remembers saying to Larry O'Brien, "This is so awful I just don't know what to say." O'Brien replied, "Makes you wonder about public service, doesn't it?"

After Lyndon Johnson was sworn in as President, Mrs. Kennedy went to the rear compartment where her husband's body lay, and Moyers followed, to ask if he could help. He came up to her as she leaned against the compartment door, looking down at the coffin, and he heard her murmur to herself: "It's going to be so long and so lonely."

Then she turned, saw Moyers and asked him to ask "Kenny and Larry and Dave" to join her. The President's three old companions-in-arms went to the rear compartment, and the door was closed. When the coffin had been put on the plane, all but two seats had been removed. So the President's three friends stood throughout the flight.

The plane took off at 2:47 P.M. In the front compartment, for at least 10 minutes after takeoff, the new President sat

*Johnson and aides, clockwise from le*



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*erell Harriman, George Ball, William Sullivan, Dean Rusk, Maj. Gen. Victor Krulak, the President, John McCone, Roger Hilsman, Robert McNamara.*



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## "When Johnson has nothing to do, he can be pretty intolerable. But faced with a crisis, he's magnificent."

uncharacteristically silent and immobile. Then he reached for a scratch pad headed ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE and began to scribble busily.

"I want to keep it brief and simple," he said, handing the pad to Moyers. The words he had scribbled on the pad were, in substance, the brief and simple words he spoke to the television cameras and the waiting world when Air Force One landed in Washington. ("I will do my best. That is all I can do. I ask for your help and God's.") The statement out of the way, he made two sympathy calls, to Mrs. Rose Kennedy and to Mrs. John Connally, wife of the wounded governor of Texas, and then he got down to business. He ordered that Secretary of Defense McNamara, acting Secretary of State George Ball and Presidential Assistant McGeorge Bundy meet him at Andrews Air Force Base and fly with him by helicopter to the White House. Thereafter, that evening if possible, he wanted to meet with both the congressional leaders and with the Cabinet.

And so the new President took command, making decisions, giving orders, exercising the great powers of his office, as he has been doing ever since.

Air Force One landed at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington at six P.M. Robert Kennedy met the plane, and he and Mrs. Kennedy, with O'Donnell, O'Brien and Powers, took the dead President's body to Bethesda Naval Hospital, where it was prepared for burial.

After making his statement, the new President climbed into a helicopter with Mrs. Johnson, McNamara, Bundy and George Ball—who was substituting for the still-airborne Rusk—for the short flight to the White House lawn. Above the whirring of the blades, Johnson made a little speech. Even if he had been nominated and elected in 1960, he said, he could not have attracted to his Administration men of such caliber as President Kennedy had recruited. "I need you all," he said. "I need you more than he needed you."

*Kennedy aides and Johnson men ma*

*Robert Kennedy, key figure in transition, congratulates new President on speech.*

Those words—"I need you more than he needed you"—were to become a Johnsonian theme song throughout the great transition. From the very first—and in contrast to every previous Vice President who has succeeded to the presidency—Lyndon Johnson made an extraordinary effort to retain the whole of John F. Kennedy's Cabinet and White House staff intact.

There is a simple reason why he did so. Johnson is not given to false modesty, and when he told the Kennedy men, "I need you more than he did," he was telling the plain truth. President Kennedy left behind him a brilliant staff, ready-made. The new President could not conceivably have recruited such a staff in a few weeks or months. A President is made or unmade by the men around him. Above all things, Lyndon Johnson wants to be ranked by history among this country's great Presidents.

There was another reason why Johnson made so Herculean an effort to keep the Kennedy men at his side. It was suggested by three rhetorical questions which Johnson posed to the Republican and Democratic congressional leaders, who trooped into his old offices in the Executive Office Building that night.

First, the new President asked, what would the Soviet leaders think? They must not be led to suppose that the American Government was threatened from within, disintegrating.

Second, what would "we ourselves" think? Will we be proud of the way we served our country in time of danger?

Third, and above all, what would the American people think? They must see not weakness and indecision, but order, stability, continuity.

Even if there had been a general exodus of the Kennedy men, the transition would have been accomplished somehow. But the sense of continuity which Johnson was determined to establish would have been all but destroyed.

And there was, of course, still another reason why Lyndon Johnson was so determined to keep the Kennedy men. As Johnson himself is fond of pointing out, "You've got to get your election certificate before you can be a statesman." In his drive for election in his own right next November, Johnson's single greatest asset is the memory of his predecessor. If the men around Kennedy had immediately left him—especially if they had left him in anger—that asset would have been disastrously dissipated.

At 9:40 P.M., the day of the murder, after the meeting with the congressional leaders, Johnson went back with Bill Moyers to his big house in the Spring Valley section of Washington. Lady Bird Johnson, daughter Lucy, the faithful Jack Valenti and Texas friends Horace Busby and Cliff Carter were gathered in the comfortable terrace room. Johnson demanded a glass of fresh mineral water—he has a fetish about mineral water, insists that it be absolutely fresh—then held the glass up to a colored photograph of his old friend and mentor, the late House Speaker Sam Rayburn, and drank a small toast:

"Well, Mr. Rayburn, I certainly wish you were here now."

Mrs. Johnson suggested bed, but Moyers, Carter and the President talked, and the two younger men scribbled memoranda about things that had to be done, people who had to be seen. "We really have a big job to do now," the President said several times.

By the end of the next day, his first full day as President, the awe-inspiring energy and astonishing attention to detail which Johnson would take to his "big job" were very much in evidence. There was a briefing by CIA chief John McCone, a Cabinet meeting, a visit to President Kennedy's casket, lying in state in the East Room, innumerable telephone calls in the name of national unity to such leaders of the American Establishment as labor leader George Meany and industrialist Frederick Kappel. But Johnson's day both started and ended with his now almost obsessional effort to retain John Kennedy's White House staff.

White House press secretary Pierre Salinger had been in the plane which turned back over the Pacific. At abo six in the morning, after prayers over th dead President's coffin, Salinger had gone to bed in a White House guest room, at Mrs. Kennedy's invitation. At 7:55 the telephone rang. President Johnson was on the line. He told the sleepy



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*new White House team. Facing President: Walter Jenkins, McGeorge Bundy, Ted Sorensen, Pierre Salinger, Bill Moyers, Jack Valenti and George Reedy.*

Salinger that he knew how he must feel, how close he had been to President Kennedy. But, the new President said, he very much wanted Salinger to stay on as press secretary. Then the theme song: "I need you more than he needed you."

That evening Theodore Sorensen, President Kennedy's speech writer, White House counsel, and alter ego, heard the same theme song. For an hour and a half, in Johnson's vice-presidential offices in the Old State Department building, Sorensen and the new President talked. Sorensen gave the President a list of 11 matters—such as the cancellation of a forthcoming meeting of the Democratic National Committee—which had to be dealt with. But most of the hour and a half was devoted to Johnson's appeal to Sorensen to stay on.

Sorensen did not commit himself. But he made one remark which foreshadowed his eventual decision to leave the White House, to write a book about the dead President. "I've given eleven years of my life to John Kennedy," he said, "and for those eleven years he was the only human being that mattered to me."

There is no Geiger counter to measure grief, but the other men around the President felt much the same way about John Kennedy. It would have required only a little lack of tact, a brusqueness, an insensitivity, on Johnson's part to arouse in these men who had loved John Kennedy a Hamlet-like hatred:

*So excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr . . .*

Johnson has not always been famous for tact, which makes his role during the transition all the more remarkable.

Sorensen, O'Donnell, O'Brien and the others were under a terrible strain during those first days, and it is perhaps to be wondered at that none of them cracked under the strain. But they were not the only men who were under a strain. Lyndon Johnson is a human being too.

Horace Busby, a square-faced, quiet Texan, has worked for Lyndon Johnson off and on since 1946, and he is one of Johnson's half dozen closest personal friends. Until the Johnsons moved into the White House on December 7, Busby came to the Johnson house in Spring Valley every evening, at the new President's insistence, for a relaxing chat before the President went to bed.

## A President's insomnia

On Saturday evening, after he had had his talk with Sorensen, Johnson went home and had a massage in his bedroom while Busby sat in a chair by the bed, and the two men chatted. After the massage, at about 10 o'clock, the President put out the light, but he asked Busby to stay in the room for a while, until he went to sleep. Busby obediently stayed in his chair, until he thought he detected sounds of sleep from the President's bed. Then he tiptoed quietly toward the door. He had just reached it when he heard the President's voice: "Buz . . . Buz . . . You still there?"

Busby returned to his chair.

Later, and then later again, Busby tried to tiptoe out, only to be stopped by the President's "Buz . . . Buz . . ." He finally made good his escape at two o'clock in the morning. Lyndon Johnson was under a strain too.

Working for Johnson, in his effort to keep the Kennedy staff intact, was a simple fact—the Kennedy men had a job to do. McGeorge Bundy was hard at work the morning after the murder, briefing the new President, supplying him with CIA-prepared biographies of the visiting chiefs of state, doing other chores. Pierre Salinger held two long press briefings on Saturday, the day after Kennedy's assassination, and two more briefings on Sunday.

By Monday, the day of the funeral, Sorensen was also hard at work drafting the speech which President Johnson would make to the joint congressional session on Wednesday. Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Kennedy's intellectual-in-residence, had heard the Johnsonian theme song on Sunday. ("He knew a lot more about history and the things you know about than I do—I need you more than he did.") On Monday, after writing a eulogy of President Kennedy for this magazine, Schlesinger went to work organizing the late President's papers.

Larry O'Brien was back at work on Monday too. The Mundt amendment, which would have scuttled the wheat deal with the Soviets, was due for a vote immediately, and on Monday, after the funeral, O'Brien got together with his staff to make a head count. The next morning, O'Brien went to the Capitol to confer with the Senate Democratic leaders, Senators Mike Mansfield and Hubert Humphrey. His tally agreed with theirs—56 sure votes against.

O'Brien recalls with a craftsman's pride that his count was off by only one vote. O'Brien also recalls a queer feeling which overcame him, sitting in Mansfield's office. "Suddenly I couldn't believe I was there and the President was dead," he said. "'This is a nightmare,' I said to myself. 'It can't be real.'"

In retrospect, O'Brien is glad he had a job to do, a job that had to be done. So are the others. "It kept us sane," one of the Kennedy men recalls. It also kept them working in the White House, for Kennedy's successor.

The first major turning point in the great transition was President Johnson's address to the joint session of Congress on Wednesday, November 27. Johnson, as Kennedy had been accustomed to do, invited O'Brien, Sorensen and Salinger to ride with him up to the Capitol. In the car the new President, whose extrasensory perception is sometimes magical, correctly sensed that Sorensen was not happy about the speech.

There had been several drafts. Former Ambassador to India Kenneth Galbraith had produced one—and he was decidedly miffed when hardly a word of it appeared in the final version. There were various Cabinet versions, and both Adlai Stevenson and Horace Busby had also produced drafts. Sorensen's first draft had been a moving eulogy of the late President. Johnson admired it, but he sensed that parts of it needed to be rewritten in his own style, and he also decided that the speech must look to the future as well as to the past. Sorensen was unhappy with the speech, not because his draft had been changed—he was used to that—but because he did not have final editing responsibility, and as a result he considered the speech repetitious and poorly organized. On the short ride to the Hill the



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## Most of the old team decided—"It's what Jack would have wanted."

following colloquy, or something very like it, occurred:

JOHNSON (mollifyingly, to O'Brien and Salinger): "This is a fine speech, and it's ninety percent Sorensen, only ten percent Johnson."

SORENSEN: "No, sir, that's not accurate—not more than fifty percent Sorensen."

JOHNSON: "Well, anyway, your fifty percent is the best."

SORENSEN: "On that point, Mr. President, I entirely agree."

The four men laughed. Although the relationship of the Kennedy men to Johnson was not then, is not now and never will be the same as their relationship to Kennedy, the little episode suggests that even then there were the beginnings of an easy human relationship.

Despite Sorensen's doubts, the speech accomplished a great object. In the days which followed Kennedy's murder the whole nation had felt that nightmare sense of unreality which Larry O'Brien suffered in Mike Mansfield's office. Johnson's speech ended the nightmare, brought the country back to reality. It was a moving tribute to the dead, but it was also a reminder to the living that life must go on, and that the United States still had a government and a President.

On the day after President Kennedy's murder, Kenneth O'Donnell went to his office in the White House and packed his papers and personal belongings neatly in a box. Then he left the White House. He did not expect to return, and he did not return for more than a week. With no job to do, those must have been very bad days for O'Donnell. But on the Monday after Thanksgiving the President asked him to a morning meeting at the White House with O'Brien and Sorensen.

At that meeting, while Sorensen remained noncommittal—he only said, "I'm still here, Mr. President"—O'Brien and O'Donnell agreed to stay on, at least through the transition period. O'Brien later gave one reason why it was so difficult to refuse the new President:

"When I saw him charging into the fray, I'd have felt like an s.o.b. if I hadn't charged in with him. It's what Jack Kennedy would have wanted."

There was another reason why O'Brien and O'Donnell stayed on. If Robert Kennedy had resigned soon after the assassination, it is virtually certain that the whole Irish mafia, most of the rest of the White House staff and perhaps some Cabinet officers, too, would have left. Thus the continuity which the new President wanted maintained would have been destroyed. And the inevitable rumors of a Kennedy-Johnson rift would have hurt Johnson badly—perhaps fatally—next November.

Johnson from the first made it very clear that he wanted Robert Kennedy to stay, but his extrasensory perception warned him not to press too hard. In fact, Kennedy had all but made up his mind to stay, even before his brother was buried, for he, too, had concluded that "it's what Jack Kennedy would have wanted." But for several weeks after the murder the President's brother was half-stunned with grief. It was not until the first week in January, after a Colorado vacation, that the tough Kennedy will prevailed over grief, and Robert Kennedy's decision was solid and final.

The great transition will not be wholly complete until November 3, when a President will be chosen by the voters, not by an assassin's bullet. But with Bobby Kennedy's decision in the first week of January to stay at least through the election, the essential first stage of the great transition had been successfully accomplished.

Ted Sorensen is leaving, Arthur Schlesinger may follow him, and in time other Kennedy men, in the White House and elsewhere in the Administration, may drift away. But it is hard to predict who they will be. Players of the old Washington parlor game—"Who's up? Who's down?"—can find plenty of Ups and very few Downs.

Robert McNamara is again firmly established as the Administration strong man. Lyndon Johnson does in fact need Dean Rusk more than Kennedy needed him, and the two men, both Southerners, have always liked each other. The CIA's John McCone is very close to the new President, who is fascinated by the intelligence business. McGeorge Bundy has quickly reestablished himself as the indispensable man. Adlai Stevenson is very much up. Cynics suspect that one reason for his conspicuous upness is that Johnson badly needs the support of the liberal intellectuals who dote on Stevenson.

The Johnson men, notably Bill Moyers, the genial Jack Valenti, Johnson's longtime assistant Walter Jenkins, and Johnson's man-of-all-work George Reedy, have melded together surprisingly well with the Kennedy men. Sorensen's departure will ease the space problem in the West Wing of the White House, which has resembled an overpacked sardine can. And the Kennedy men are getting used to the highly individual Johnsonian methods of work, which involve total disregard for all "channels," a compulsive use of the telephone, and the lavish employment of outside advisers, ranging from obscure Texas businessmen to elder statesmen like Dean Acheson.

Thus the continuity which Johnson sought has been achieved, the nation has awakened from the nightmare of Dallas, and life goes on. A lot of people deserve credit for the great achievement of the great transition, even including the American people. "There's something in the American people that responds to a crisis," Johnson remarked to Bill Moyers that afternoon on Air Force One. There is also something in Lyndon Johnson that responds to a crisis.

"When he has nothing to do he can be pretty intolerable," one Kennedy man has said. "But faced with a crisis, he's magnificent."

There is one person who, even more than Lyndon Johnson, can take credit for the great achievement of the great transition. That is Mrs. John Kennedy.

Bill Moyers is still moved when he recalls the words—"It's going to be so long and so lonely"—which he overheard Jacqueline Kennedy murmur to herself that awful afternoon on the plane. "It was the only time, really, when she seemed to be thinking about herself," he says. "All through those hours it was as though something inside her said, 'This is not just my husband; this is the President of the United States.' This country owes her a debt that cannot be repaid. In that bad time, when the foul and seamy side of our society lay exposed to the world, she was a symbol of decency and dignity and courage."

And so she was. THE END

*Ted Sorensen and Bill Moyers consult with President Johnson. Sorensen was the first of President Kennedy's advisers to resign.*

*Kenny O'Donnell of Kennedy's "Irish mafia" now aids Kennedy's successor.*



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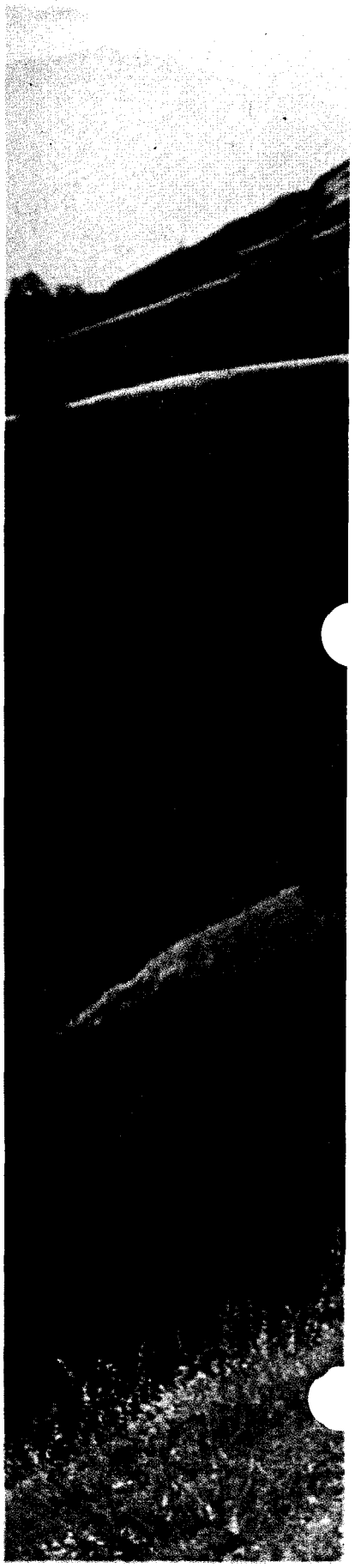
*Big Sur sculptor Edmund Karas works on "Phoenix Bird," carved from an old piece of wood he found in the forest.*



### A UTOPIA IS TURNING INTO PARADISE LOST

# WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO BIG SUR?

**BY WILLIAM TROMBLEY**
*Photographs by* **John Bryson**

In this age of the nervous tic, as Americans search with increasing desperation for a quiet place to get away from it all, a rugged, remote part of the California coast called Big Sur has attained the status of legend. In Big Sur, it is said, people live in tranquillity amid natural splendors, at peace with themselves and each other. Excessive ambition, ruthless competitiveness and petty jealousies disappear. The overexcited, work-consumed mid-20th century American throttles down to a slow idle as he mixes with artists, writers and other creative spirits of the region. Soon, according to the legend, he is content to pass his days in quiet contemplation of the sea lions that bask on Big Sur's beaches.

Henry Miller, though he loathed the America he called "the air-conditioned nightmare," was fond of Big Sur and lived there for 19 years. He once described it as "a region where one is always conscious of weather, of space, of grandeur and of eloquent silence."

Unfortunately, the legend is not supported by fact. Beauty is indeed to be found in Big Sur, and in large measure, but so are ambition, ruthlessness and petty jealousy. Among the population of some 600 there seems to be a disproportionate number of sexual athletes and exhibitionists, alcoholics, drug addicts and eccentrics of various milder persuasions. "Sometimes I think we have the working model for every slob in modern fiction," says one Big Sur native in great disgust.

Much of Big Sur's energy goes into a continuing, fruitless battle against the 20th century. At present, residents are snarling at one another about zoning and water rights. In the past they have wrangled over garbage disposal, advertising signs, telephone service and schools. The antagonists in these scraps call each other "liars," "frauds" and "fascists," hardly the kind of talk one expects in Eden. Last spring Big Sur's battle for peace and tranquillity reached a peak when one citizen stabbed another.

But no matter what the inhabitants do, they cannot spoil Big Sur's beauty. For a distance of 50 miles, beginning 25 miles south of Monterey and 150 miles south of San Francisco, the Santa Lucia Mountains roll straight to the sea. In some places they are gentle, green hills that turn gold in summer; in others they are steep cliffs plunging several hundred feet to the ocean. Vicious storms lash the coast here in winter, and in summer, fog shrouds the area much of the time. But when the rain stops and the fog clears, one can behold the full glory of Big Sur—mountains, cliffs, canyons, redwood forests, small streams and the mighty Pacific—a combination of natural beauties perhaps unsurpassed anywhere in the United States.

Big Sur first belonged to the tiny Esselen Indian tribe. In the late 1700's and early 1800's Spanish missionaries arrived to see what could be done about Christianizing the Indians. Finding that very little could be done, they went away, but not before giving the land its name—"El Sur Grande," the Big South, Big Sur.

In the 1870's, bad crops in the adjacent Salinas Valley drove some farm families across the Santa Lucia Range into Big Sur. A few descendants of these farmers still live in Big Sur, but they rarely become involved in its spats.

The spats involve two other groups—the artists (genuine, pseudo and would-be) and the escapists—those who sought to flee from the panic of contemporary existence into the safety of the Big Sur hills and now are appalled to find that life is in hot pursuit.

For some years both groups have watched in horror as tourist traffic steadily increased along Highway 1, bringing with it motels, restaurants and other despised by-products of automobile travel. Big Sur citizens wailed and gnashed their teeth, but their despair was ineffective, for they lacked leadership.

Then a Napoleon appeared, in the person of sleek, pudgy Nathaniel Owings, a supersalesman and founding partner of the mass-production architecture firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. Owings had built a $250,000 Big Sur retreat named "Wild Bird"—an enormous A-framed cantilevered on a point 600 feet above the ocean—and he had no intention of seeing his investment ruined by the commercialization of Big Sur.

Owings's wife Margaret had already experienced victory as a conservationist with a "Save the Sea Lions" campaign. Later she was to become equally concerned with saving Big Sur's mountain lions. "And doubtless, if we had African lions, she would want to save them too," says an unsympathetic neighbor. Now Margaret and Nat Owings set out to save Big Sur—and, of course, "Wild Bird."

Owings persuaded Monterey County's Board of Supervisors to hire his firm as consultants. A squad of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill experts produced a "master plan" designed to save Big Sur from the horrors of civilization by, among



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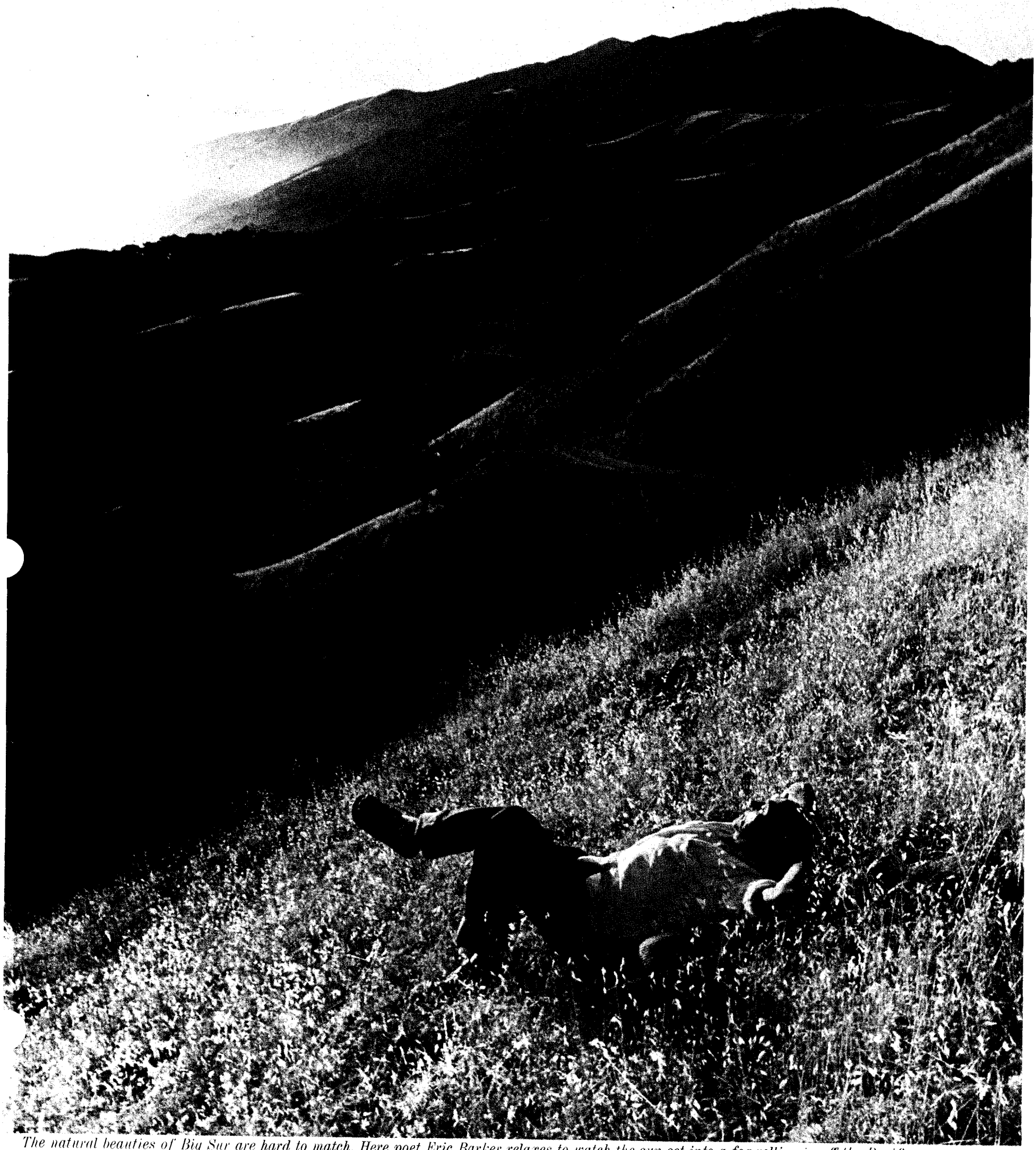

*The natural beauties of Big Sur are hard to match. Here poet Eric Barker relaxes to watch the sun set into a fog rolling in off the Pacific.*



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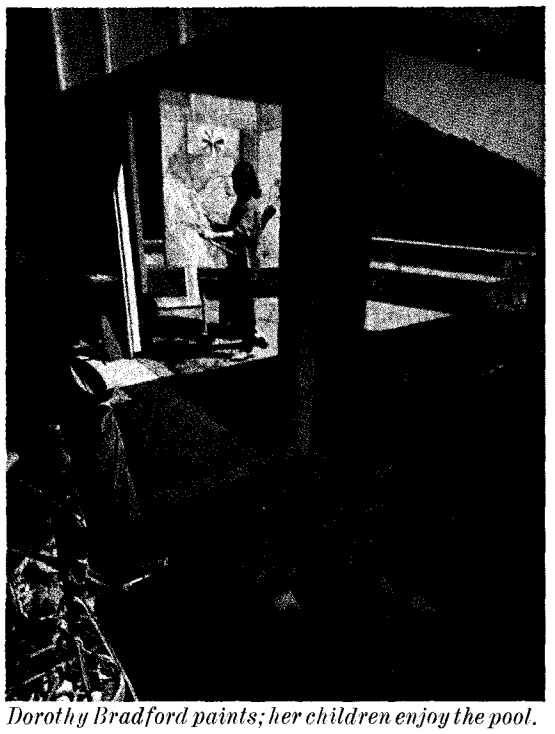
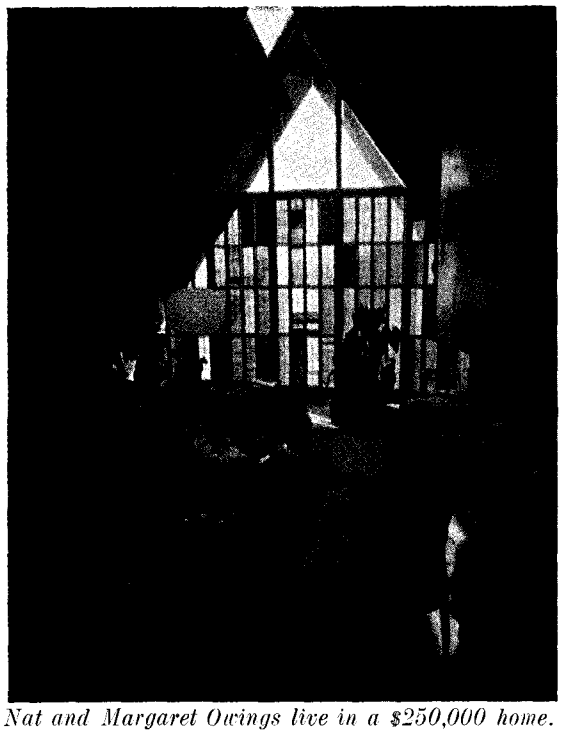
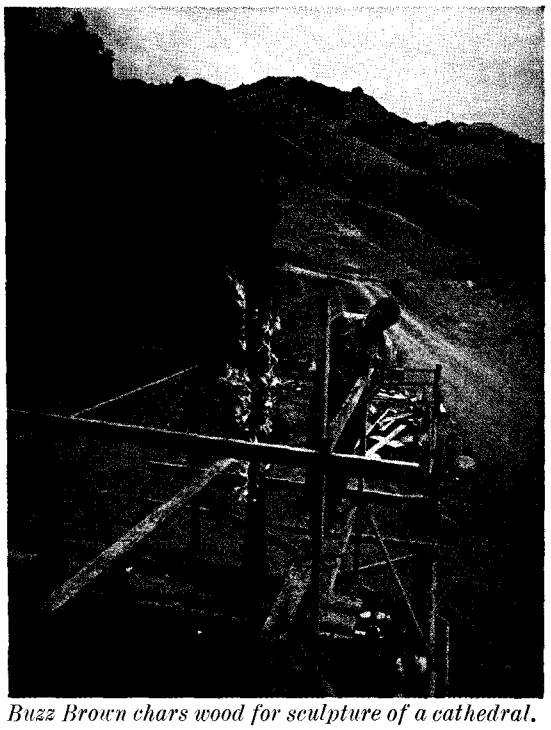
# EVEN BIG SUR'S GARBAGE COLLECTOR IS AT WORK WRITING A NOVEL



*Dorothy Bradford paints; her children enjoy the pool.*



*Nat and Margaret Owings live in a $250,000 home.*



*Buzz Brown chars wood for sculpture of a cathedral.*

*Author Nicholas Roosevelt likes to relax with cello.*

*In the warm, dappled shadow of cypresses growing along the Pacific coast, a Big Sur artist poses his model.*

other things, regulating the number and type of houses that could be built.

When public hearings on the master plan began before Monterey County officials, Owings was confident that approval would be swift. His hopes were shattered quickly, as witness after witness rose to protest some aspect of the plan.

Successful sculptor Emile Norman said later that he had opposed the plan because his mountain-top retreat had been designated a park area without his consent. "I plan to give my land for a state park anyway, when I leave here or die," said Norman, "but I don't want picnickers in my yard while I still live here."

Seventy-year-old George Harlan, whose family has lived at the southern end of Big Sur for three generations, said he was against the plan because it was a "dictator law. Under those ordinances, you'd have had to go to somebody to get permits to do anythin'."

Cortland Hill, a gentleman rancher and grandson of Great Northern Railroad founder James Hill, reportedly opposed the plan for the simple reason that he has the largest holding in Big Sur, about 6,000 acres, and wants no strictures on his future actions.

Owings fell back under this heavy fire and settled for a weakened version of the master plan, which the Board of Supervisors adopted. Publicly, Owings hailed the plan's passage as "a great step in the democratic process at the local level." Privately, he was disappointed by the compromise and astonished by the virulence of the opposition to his scheme. He needn't have been. Big Sur residents have rarely been able to agree on anything, and it is not surprising that even an attempt to preserve their prized isolation could not unite them.

The typical Big Sur escapist does not have a telephone. Only 115 names are listed in the Big Sur directory, and some of these are duplications. As a result, phone service is terrible. "We have an old electric switchboard, and it gets pretty psychotic during storms," says sculptor and longtime resident Harry Dick Ross, "but I don't think people would want to change it." Emile Norman swore five years ago, "I will never have a telephone!" Last year he installed one. "But I don't always answer it," he contends defensively.

The need for a garbage dump became apparent some years ago, but for a long time nothing was done about it. "Everybody thought it was a fine idea," says Harry Dick Ross, "but everybody also thought it should be on somebody else's land." The problem found a happy solution, however, when a San Francisco bus driver named Howard Welch decided to move to Big Sur.

Welch arrived in Big Sur at the height of the garbage grumbling, in need of a job. He offered to haul the abominable waste all the way to the Monterey dump and the job was his. Once Welch called for trash only when summoned by postcard, but he, too, has yielded to the telephone. Welch is also a writer. At present he is working on a novel he plans to call *Rural Trash*. "I'm just trying to put this whole confused trash thing together,"

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*Sculptor Emile Norman, one of the dwindling number of working artists in Big Sur, bathes in a wooden tub on the porch of his mountaintop home.*

he says, mystifyingly. Clearly, though, Howard Welch provides a perfect Big Sur solution to one typical Big Sur problem.

The area's problems are rarely solved so happily, however. Several years ago Big Sur's few motel and restaurant owners wanted to place a sign at the northern border of the region to tell travelers where they might find food and shelter. Residents were aghast. A long argument followed, and the result was another triumphant compromise with the 20th century. A sign was erected, fashioned of redwood and bearing small notations like GLEN OAKS MOTEL 7 M. etched by knife. But the sign blends so well with the scenery that most tourists fail to see it at all, and those who do see it cannot read it. As a result, hundreds of harried and hungry tourists wander about Big Sur every summer evening, banging on the doors of irritated residents to ask for information about a place to eat and sleep.

All in all, the fight against Modern Times goes poorly in Big Sur and, partly as a result, the character of the place is changing gradually. Serious artists have lately been vastly outnumbered by artistic pretenders. There is a great deal of arty talk but relatively little art.

Nepenthe, a restaurant perched on the side of a hill that commands a spectacular view of southern Big Sur, was once an authentic artists' refuge. "We used to go down there one or two weekends a month in summer," a San Francisco painter recalls. "We didn't have much money, and neither did most of our friends in Big Sur, but we could sit on the deck at Nepenthe and talk and drink beer and stare at the sea all afternoon."

Not anymore. Now Nepenthe—the menu explains that the name "is derived from a Greek word meaning 'no sorrow'"—is a favorite with San Franciscans who spend weekends at fashionable Pebble Beach, near Monterey. Owner Bill Fassett protests, "I still would like to keep it a place for the guy who is painting or writing a book—the 'bearded one,' if you will." But he has driven away most of the bearded ones by installing a gateman and by charging $3.50 for a "cheddar steak dinner," a delicacy known elsewhere as a cheeseburger.

This summer Nepenthe will make an even bigger pitch for the wealthy trade when it opens an "exotic coffeehouse" and gift shop. The gift shop promises to be pretty exotic too, for it will be managed by Miss Caryl Hill, a leggy, attractive blonde who is presently a Nepenthe hostess and, on the side, president of the Anangaranga Trading Co. "The name comes from the Hindu Vedas," explained Miss Hill. "They have a book called the *Kamasutra*, which explains the 64 positions for making love, and another called the *Anangaranga*, which discusses physical love in a broader sense." Miss Hill pondered a moment, then continued. "Really I suppose you could say it's all about making love on a tiger skin. I'm told it helps to generate a great deal of electricity." A tiger skin of average size and electrical potential may be obtained from Miss Hill for about $400, and she reports that business is brisk. She also sells leopard, zebra and snake skins,



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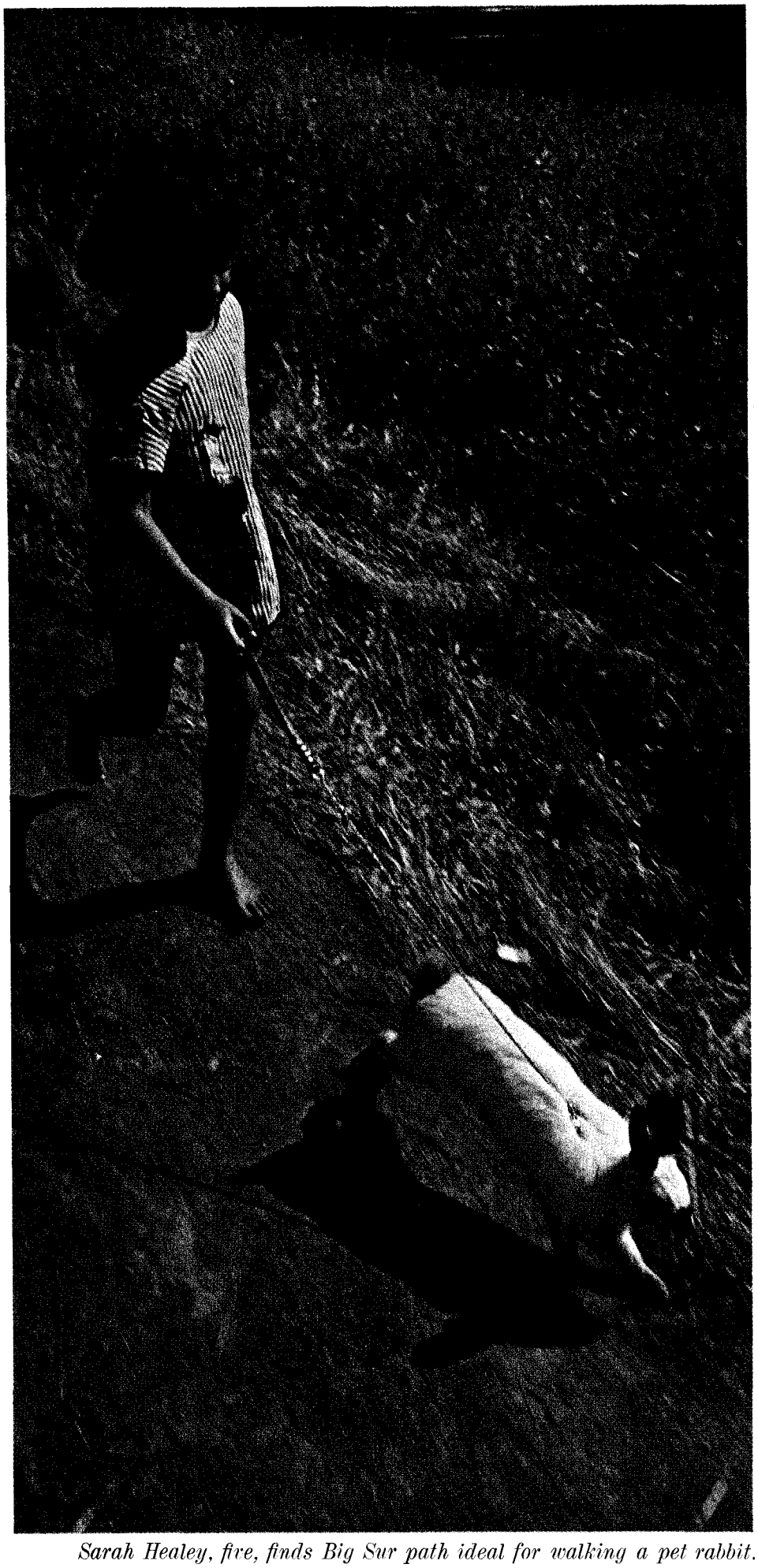
# A WRITER SAID HE WAS "FED UP"—AFTER BEING KNIFED.



*Sarah Healey, five, finds Big Sur path ideal for walking a pet rabbit.*

whose special properties she does not divulge, and wolf-skin robes, which she suggests "for young men with sports cars who can't afford a tiger skin."

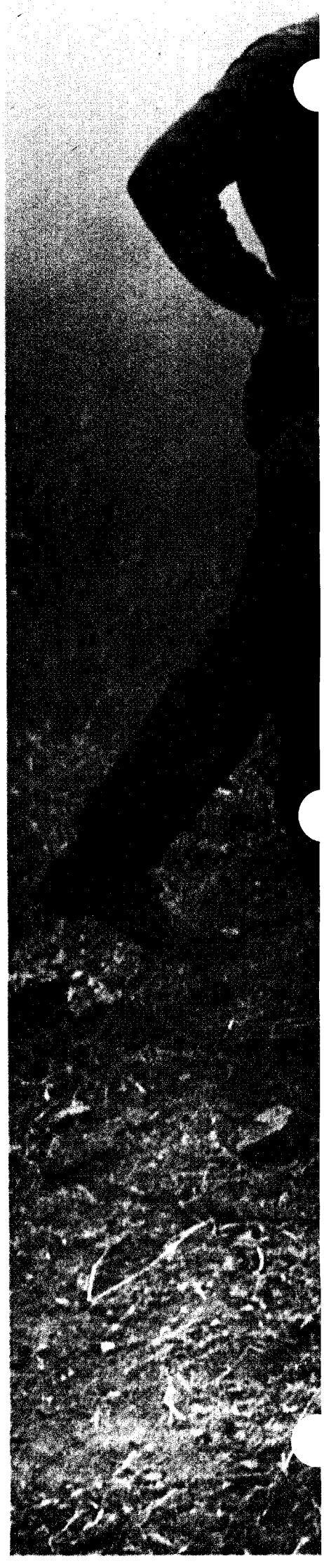
Now that Nepenthe has a gateman (and six telephones), Big Sur has no gathering spot for its true artists. But pseudo-artists and hangers-on are to be found in considerable numbers at Hot Springs Lodge, about 10 miles south of Nepenthe. Hot Springs has had a colorful history. According to its present managers, it formerly was a retreat for beatniks driven from San Francisco by police harassment and Gray Line bus tours (TOUR NORTH BEACH—SEE AUTHENTIC BEATNIKS!). Eric (Big Daddy) Nord, who once ran the busiest pad in North Beach, was convicted of transporting a 14-year-old girl to Hot Springs in 1958.

After Nord's arrest—he was put on probation—Hot Springs began to attract a different crowd. Dennis Murphy, who wrote *The Sergeant*, a promising first novel, ran the place for a while. Now it is managed by his quieter younger brother Michael, who is interested in hallucinogenic drugs. Murphy and his partner Dick Price conduct seminars on religious mysticism and drug-induced experiences. One recent gathering at Hot Springs, for instance, featured Zen expert Alan Watts and painter Jean Varda in "an inquiry into the nature of glory, of that particular quality of light which, in visionary experience, transfigures the everyday world into paradise . . ."

A bit of transfiguration of the more ordinary sort nearly took place at Hot Springs last April 1. A young man named Jay Kipp, a sculptor once arrested—and placed on probation—for growing marijuana outside his humble pad, stabbed Dennis Murphy nine times with a pocket knife. At his trial for assault, Kipp contended that he had acted in self defense, and he was acquitted. Murphy, after his release from the hospital, announced that he was "fed up with Big Sur and its artists" and went to live in Salinas.

Caryl Hill and her $400 tiger skins and the drug cultists at Hot Springs are a fair measure of what Big Sur is becoming. Serious artists like Emile Norman and poet Eric Barker still live there; so do retired folk like William Chenery, former editor and publisher of *Collier's* and William Colby, a West Coast attorney and conservationist; and, of course, the old-time residents. But they live there increasingly at their peril.

"The place has changed some," says William Chenery, "and I'm afraid not for the better." Poet Eric Barker laments, "It's not quite as nice as it used to be. I'm not sure why." Emile Norman thinks he knows why: "I don't know how much longer I'll stay. Big Sur was a wonderful place when I first came here eleven years ago. In many ways it still is wonderful, but the people here are working hard at making a mess of it." THE END





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*rian Harlan shoots a coyote caught in a trap. Harlan belongs to a family that homesteaded in Big Sur and has lived there for three generations.*



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*Haunted by the shadow of a famous and strong-tempered father, Kim Philby acquired a stutter that has plagued him throughout his life.*



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*Here is the dramatic story, never before told, of how Kim Philby, former high British official, passed secret information to the Soviets, how he was discovered, and how he escaped his fate—or did he?*

# THE RISE AND FALL OF A SOVIET AGENT

By Edward R. F. Sheehan

He was a shy man, even when he was drinking, and he spoke with a stutter, even when he was not. He was handsome, in a sort of melancholy way, and he had charm to burn. Men liked him. Women wanted to mother him. His name was Harold Adrian Russell Philby, but everybody called him "Kim"—a nickname which evoked his Kiplingesque boyhood in the India of the British Raj.

Kim was the Middle East correspondent for two English weeklies, *The Observer* and *The Economist*, and I first met him in 1958, in Beirut, shortly after I had assumed my duties as the American press attaché. I used to enjoy watching his entrance at cocktail parties. Into a room crammed with chattering diplomats, foreign correspondents and Arab intellectuals he would appear hesitantly, tentatively, looking like a letter delivered to the wrong address. As he squeezed past me mumbling, "Ch-cheers, old b-boy," I could catch the clove and peppermint on his breath, and wonder at what hour of the day he had mixed his first highball.

"What will you have, Kim?" his hostess would ask.

"Have you g-got any wh-whiskey?"

"Oceans."

"S-splendid."

He would turn to find the attractive wife of a diplomat tugging at his sleeve.

"Pamela! You look m-marvelous."

Casting his customary reserve to the winds, he would embrace Pamela with roguish ferocity and give her bottom an affectionate tweak. If Pamela took exception, Kim would call out to Eleanor, his American wife.

"D-darling, come and speak to P-Pamela."

Eleanor Philby, with a stalwart pretense of entering into the fun, would stride over to rebuke the recipient of her husband's ardor. "Don't be so stuffy, old girl. Be nice to Kim."

"If I ever did a thing like that," an American diplomat might remark, "I'd never get invited again."

"The thing about Kim," a British diplomat would answer, "is that he always gets invited again."

And of course Kim and Eleanor were invited to the convivial dinner party which Mr. Hugh Glencairn Balfour-Paul, first secretary of the British Embassy in Beirut, gave on the evening of January 23, just over a year ago, for a few English and American friends interested in archaeology. Eleanor arrived alone, explaining that her husband had telephoned to tell her he'd "be along a little later."

She hardly tasted her food and, as the evening progressed, became visibly concerned over Kim's failure to show up. Finally she left the party in a distraught state, much to the puzzlement of the other guests—after all, Kim was a working newsman, and his wife was presumably conditioned to sudden absences. She went home to her fifth-floor apartment on the Rue Kantari and waited up until well after midnight. She dozed off once or twice and woke "with a dreadful feeling I couldn't explain"—as she said later—"that something had happened to Kim."

Was he off on a story? Kim had always been circumspect about his work—even to her. He had become quite preoccupied in recent weeks. His moods had seemed to alternate between sullenness and an almost hysterical gaiety, and he had been drinking more than usual.

As she waited, certain incidents during the preceding two months began to assume a new and disturbing significance in Eleanor Philby's mind. Kim had been worried about money. He had contracted with a publisher in New York and another in London to write two books about the Middle East; he had progressed no further than a crumpled pile of papers and dozens of unfinished sentences. He had been having nightmares. One night—as Eleanor revealed to friends later on—she woke to find him sitting up in bed, his eyes shut, trying to stutter out a cry for help; that was the first time she had ever heard him stutter in his sleep. On another occasion, she subsequently disclosed, she had gone into the bathroom and found Kim standing over the sink, staring into the mirror, sobbing.

"What is it, Kim?" she had asked. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, darling. Go b-back to bed."

The morning after the dinner party, she called a close friend, a prominent American businessman with high government connections in Beirut. "You've got to help me find Kim," she said. The businessman immediately telephoned Col. Tewfik Jalbout, the chief of the Lebanese secret police. Philby's name was already familiar to Colonel Jalbout for a variety of reasons. A fortnight earlier he had heard that Kim was predicting an imminent pro-Nasser *coup d'état* in Saudi Arabia. Philby was known to be hostile to the Saudi monarchy; had he been intriguing in Arab politics? Had the Saudis—or some other faction—kidnaped him? Colonel Jalbout's police mounted an intensive search of all hospitals and jails, and scrutinized the departure records of Lebanon's air and surface exits. Not a trace. Philby had vanished.

*After Philby's disappearance, his wife Eleanor tried to dodge reporters' questions.*

Next day, less than 48 hours after the Balfour-Paul dinner party, Eleanor telephoned the American businessman and the British Embassy and called off the search. She had, she said, gone to the Normandy Hotel—her mailing address—and found a farewell letter from Kim. He was off on a news assignment and "a quick tour of the Middle East." Everything, she insisted, was all right.

Was it? Eleanor had already confided to friends that Kim's toothbrush, razor and other personal effects were untouched. Although his hasty departure was premeditated to the extent that he had had time to type out the farewell letter, he had taken nothing with him but the clothes on his back. Furthermore, Colonel Jalbout had already established that Philby had not left Lebanon by any legal route, as he would on a normal reporting assignment. Eleanor's *volte-face* convinced no one; indeed, it aroused even greater curiosity.

On March 3, more than a month after Philby's disappearance, *The Observer* finally announced that it had requested the Foreign Office to help track him down. By this time rumors had begun to abound. Philby was in Cairo. Philby was with the Saudi Arabians fighting the republican revolutionaries in Yemen. Philby had been abducted by British Intelligence. Philby had been kidnaped by the CIA. Philby had killed himself.

The most persistent rumor was that Philby had fled to the Soviet Union, and that a major new security scandal was in the making. For Philby was no ordinary foreign correspondent. He had been a high official of British Intelligence and had once served as first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington. In 1955 a member of Parliament had publicly accused him of being the "third man" in the Burgess-and-Maclean case—the man who had tipped off Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean and enabled the two diplomats



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*Philby's father, Harry St. John Bridger Philby, served as adviser to numerous Arab potentates. He eventually became a Moslem and took the name of "Haj Abdullah."*

*"He appeared," recalls a childhood friend, "to be bearing some sort of invisible wound."*

## SOVIET AGENT

to flee behind the Iron Curtain before they could be arrested for spying.

In early March a pack of reporters from Britain's popular press—prying, relentless, pitiless men—descended on Eleanor Philby. She responded with a series of misleading statements.

"Kim is touring the Middle East on a news assignment," she declared.

"Why don't his newspapers know anything about it?"

"Please leave me alone."

She was acting on instructions from Kim. Already she had received a series of messages—often in his handwriting—ostensibly sent from various Middle Eastern cities and promising that they would soon be reunited. But if she was mystified by her husband's behavior, she was horrified by the suggestion of the British that the messages had originated from behind the Iron Curtain. "I can't believe it," she said. "It isn't true. Kim is on a trip."

Then, in April, another message came in from Kim. For the first time it gave Eleanor a specific "operational plan":

1. She should purchase for herself and the two young Philby children a B.O.A.C. ticket for London for a certain date, making no attempt to hide it.

2. Next she should go inconspicuously to the Beirut office of the Czech airline, where a ticket would be waiting for her.

3. The Czech plane—bound for Prague with prior stops in Western Europe—was to leave Beirut at approximately the same time as the B.O.A.C. aircraft. She should ignore the B.O.A.C. departure announcement and join the passengers for the Czech flight. After boarding the plane with the children, she would be informed of her destination. (In other words, not until she was airborne would she know whether she would debark on the East or West side of the Iron Curtain.)

4. She was at last given a means of contacting Kim "in case of emergency." She was to place a certain flowerpot in her kitchen window and a "trusted intermediary" would contact her at once.

Kim was obviously obsessed by the desire to be with Eleanor again; Eleanor's wish for the reunion was no less ardent, but the new message conveyed the first tangible indication that Kim might be behind the Iron Curtain, and she refused to go ahead with the scheme. Torn between her love for her husband and her suspicion that he might indeed have defected, she found the next week nightmarish.

Finally, in desperation, she decided to send Kim's emergency signal. She placed the flowerpot in the kitchen window. She mixed herself a double Scotch and lit a cigarette. She hoped that the "trusted intermediary" would come quickly. It was just beginning to get dark.

Less than an hour later the doorbell rang. She opened it to find a thickset young man with thinning blond hair. He leaned casually against the door frame and asked, in a heavy Slavic accent, "You wanted to see me, Mrs. Philby?"

He was an official of the Soviet Embassy.

From that moment Eleanor Philby was forced to face the fact that her husband was in the Soviet Union. How had it happened? How had Kim Philby—the son of a famous father, the beneficiary of a Westminster and Cambridge education, the recipient of a wartime decoration from the hands of King George VI—ever come to cast his lot with the enemies of his country? The answers, as assembled from the most authoritative sources—including officials in Western intelligence—abound in paradox. Kim Philby typifies the confusions and cruelties of a whole generation who grew up during an era of revolution and war. Kim was an essentially decent person who during a more compassionate period of history might have become what he most wanted to be: a hero.

He was born on New Year's Day, 1912, in Ambala, India, the only son of the late Harry St. John Bridger Philby, at that time a civil servant in the government of India and destined to become, second only to T. E. Lawrence, the most famous Arabist of this century. Within little more than a decade of Kim's birth his father had already been interior minister of Mesopotamia (now Iraq), an adviser to Winston Churchill, and chief British representative in Trans-Jordan (now Jordan); he went on to become a powerful adviser to King ibn-Saud and the explorer of the immense Empty Quarter of Arabia. He went everywhere in flowing Arab costume and in due course became a Moslem, assuming the name "Haj Abdullah."

But if St. John Philby was an intrepid pioneer, he was also an imperious egoist. He terrified Kim, whose lifelong stutter can plausibly be attributed to fear of his father. Superimposed on this childhood awe was the memory of his father's violent opinions—his contempt for the methods of British bureaucracy, and his rampages against British policy in the Middle East. In 1940 he was actually imprisoned for his outspoken disapproval of the Allied war effort. From all of this emerges the first clue to Kim's subsequent behavior—he inherited his father's bitterness toward the British Establishment.

### An abiding life fantasy

The curious thing is that Kim never really knew his father very well. When the elder Philby was not advising princes, prime ministers and kings, he was usually off exploring some trackless wasteland or writing a learned book; Kim's exposure to him was limited to infrequent holiday visits to the Middle East and his father's even rarer expeditions to Britain. The rest of the time Kim was with relatives or at school in England. But the contact was sufficient to inspire in the son an abiding life fantasy, a craving for daring experience, and a determination that—somehow or other—his own life would come to equal in distinction the saga of his father. "Politics begin in the nursery," Cyril Connolly has written. "No one is born patriotic or unpatriotic, right-wing or left-wing, and it is the child whose desire for power is thwarted or whose innate sense of justice is warped that eventually may try to become a revolutionary. . . . Before we can hurt the fatherland, we must hate the father."

An old friend of Kim recalls, "His feeling for his father was one not only of immense awe but of intense love-hate. Throughout his life Kim was stalked by the invisible presence of the elder Philby hovering over his shoulder, as if daring Kim to become as heroic as he."

How could he rise to the challenge? He could begin by attending his father's schools—Westminster and Trinity. One of his fellow students at Westminster—now a leading Socialist—remembers Philby as a boy "who seemed to lead a secret life which none of us knew anything about. He appeared to walk around bearing some sort of invisible wound."

In 1931 Kim entered Cambridge's Trinity College. It was and is the very embodiment of what an English school should look like: Gothic buildings escutcheoned and battlemented, embracing an immense courtyard of greenest grass, centered by a splendidly domed and pillared stone fountain. *Pugna Pro Patria*—Fight for the Fatherland—one of the principal escutcheons proclaimed. In his rooms at night Kim could hear the melodies of Evensong drifting across the courtyard, and the cadences of more pious youths chanting the *Nunc Dimittis* and the *Magnificat*.

To Kim such songs probably seemed the voice of another age, one which was scarcely relevant to a Cambridge caught up in the England of the '30's: the dreadful decade of unemployment, hunger marches, the rise of Hitler. It is difficult for a contemporary American to grasp the depth of feeling against the Establishment which animated most of the British intellectuals of that day. Anti-patriotism was not only tolerated, it was fashionable; Marxism was not only



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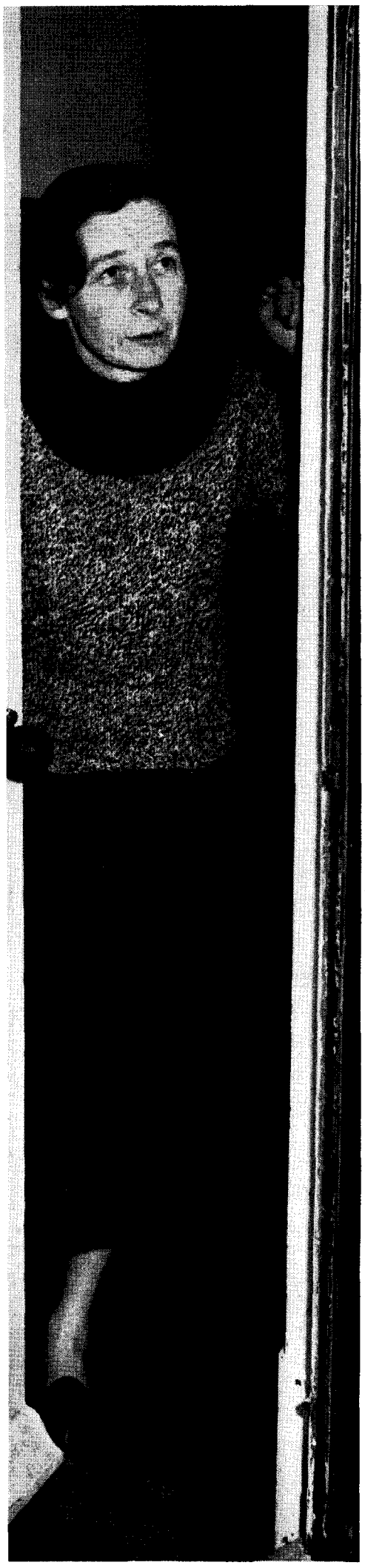
*The Soviets hoped Philby would become chief of British Intelligence—and he might have.*



## SOVIET AGENT

respectable, membership in the Communist Party was considered a badge of valor. World War I "had knocked the ballroom floor from under middle-class English life," Stephen Spender recalls. "People resembled dancers suspended in midair yet miraculously able to pretend that they were still dancing.... There was an enveloping atmosphere of unreality, permitting us only two choices—to be either Fascist or Communist. To be merely a Socialist was not *exciting* enough."

Kim was not an outstanding student. His friends at Trinity remember him as an adventurer and a romantic, and a very popular one at that. "But he had a great moral balance—a genuine integrity," one of his contemporaries recalls. "He was extremely concerned with the appalling condition of humanity in general and the English working classes in particular." Philby's overt political sympathies were with the Labour Party, and he campaigned for Labour candidates during elections.

Intelligence sources believe, however, that Kim was recruited into the Communist Party while still at Trinity—and told to keep quiet about it. We do not know the precise details of his recruitment, but the broad outline is clear enough. Two of Kim's contemporaries at Cambridge were Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, both convinced Marxists; he did not know Maclean well, but he became an eager disciple of Burgess. Burgess was already a historian of considerable promise, and more than one writer has described him as the most brilliant undergraduate of his generation. Moreover, he exerted an uncanny influence on practically everyone who came in contact with him; from his seemingly inexhaustible supply of acid metaphors and devastating epigrams he could effortlessly reduce his critics to ashes. In addition to his intellectual qualities Burgess was a drunk, a roustabout and an obsessed homosexual. He carried copious quantities of raw garlic around in his pockets, and munched continuously; in later life he was suspected of drug addiction.

This was the romantic "hero" who probably persuaded Kim Philby to join the party, and was, in later life, to become his nemesis. Yet it is believed that the person who actually baptized Kim as a Communist may not have been Burgess, but the man who recruited Burgess, a young zealot named James Klugmann, the leader of the Communist set at Cambridge. Klugmann, now a key member of the Central Committee of the British Communist Party, is a balding and bespectacled agnostic Jew, an ill-dressed and extremely nervous person with a trenchant mind and eloquence to match. I met him recently in a London pub; as he hunched over his glass of warm stout, making passionate and sometimes incisive dialectical points in hushed tones, I tried to imagine him in his youth, seducing Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean and Kim Philby into a Marxist interpretation of history. It is easy enough for us, in the 1960's, to mock the misplaced idealism of that earlier period, but as the poet Cecil Day-Lewis has recalled, "No one who did not go through this political experience during the 'Thirties can quite realize how much hope there was in the air then, how radiant for some of us was the illusion that man could, under Communism, put the world to rights."

Philby was graduated from Cambridge in 1933, traveled on the continent, became a journalist and got married. None of his writing reflected any pro-Soviet bias—on the contrary—but his first wife, Liza, was a robust, high-spirited Polish girl and an avowed Communist. They were in Paris at the start of the Spanish Civil War in 1936, and they turned their apartment into a recruiting office for the Republican forces. Western intelligence officers believe that it was during his first marriage that Philby was drawn into the Communist espionage network, and that he spied for the Republicans while covering the Franco side for *The Times* of London. His dispatches betrayed no partisanship, however, except that he quite accurately predicted that Franco would win. In 1938 he and Liza were divorced; she is now behind the Iron Curtain and married to a Communist official.

Philby wanted to fight in World War II but his stutter precluded an officer's commission. Through friends he was appointed to a high post in Section 5 of M.I.6. (M.I.6, the military term for British Intelligence, conducts espionage and counterespionage, almost entirely overseas. M.I.5 is the domestic security service and deals with internal security and counterintelligence.) Before entering M.I.6, Philby made what was accepted as a clean breast of all his earlier Communist connections, including those of the Spanish Civil War. At a time when the Soviets were comrades-in-arms and any sort of anti-Fascism was considered patriotic, his past—what he revealed of it—was not held against him. In Section 5 of M.I.6 his particular task was to mastermind British double agents, to penetrate enemy intelligence and—ironically—to feed false information to the Soviets. He soon established a reputation for brilliance in his work.

His London headquarters were in a commodious Edwardian mansion off St. James's Street, the upper floor of which was occupied by the American Office of Strategic Services, the wartime predecessor of CIA. At his desk Kim habitually wore an old military tunic, a hand-me-down of his father. Among his subordinates during this period were two of Britain's best-known writers—the novelist Graham Greene and the satirist Malcolm Muggeridge. Muggeridge considered Philby a first-class administrator.

Before the war ended, Kim became head of the entire counterespionage operation of M.I.6, and in that capacity was required to report increasingly on Communist subversion in liberated Europe. Muggeridge remembers one evening in Paris when Philby suggested that the two of them do some reconnaissance of the Soviet Embassy, which had just been established in the Rue de Grenelle. "Kim and I walked up and down outside—a most unprofessional procedure, incidentally—wondering how this so forbidding and well-guarded building might be penetrated. Kim was unusually excited and eager—almost inclined to shake his fist at the citadel of our new enemy."

In fact, the British government now believes, Philby had already been recruited into Soviet Intelligence and had been passing secret information to the Russians throughout the war; exactly what he told them cannot be disclosed. Since one of his official duties was maintaining liaison with Soviet Intelligence, his open and frequent contacts with them were above suspicion and at the end of the war he received the Order of the British Empire. Some of his friends remember that by V-E Day he was installed with his second wife (also named Eleanor) in an elegant house on Carlyle Square, and living beyond his official income.

After the war Muggeridge and other colleagues of Philby were sounded out on the advisability of retaining him in peacetime Intelligence. "I replied that in my opinion he had most of the requisite qualities," Muggeridge says, "but that I should not myself recruit him . . . because I considered him basically unstable. Nonetheless he was taken on and promoted. Part of the collapse of a governing class is its inability to recognize its enemies, if it does not actually prefer them to its friends."

Kim's star continued to rise. Indeed, a number of knowledgeable people were already predicting that in due course he would become *chief* of British Intelligence. There is evidence that the Soviets had a long-range investment in Philby dating from his days at Cambridge—and also that they were hopefully awaiting the day when he would achieve the ultimate position in M.I.6. In 1947 he was sent to Istanbul as first secretary of the British Embassy—ostensibly a Foreign Office official but actually engaged in intelligence work on Russia's southwestern flank. In 1949 he was transferred to Washington, where he assumed the duties of First Secretary in charge of liaison with the U.S. Government on security matters; his contacts with the State Department, the Defense Department and the CIA were frequent and close. Some U.S. officials suspect that Philby passed American secrets to the Russians when he was in Washington. Others familiar with the case consider this unlikely. They argue that, since the Soviets were now confident of Philby's rise to the highest eminence in British Intelligence, they did not want to jeopardize his chances by taking premature advantage of him; it was better to mark time, and then capitalize on his services when he could be of maximum usefulness.

At this point, in August of 1950, Guy Burgess reentered Kim Philby's life. Burgess was dispatched to Washington as second secretary of the Embassy. His friendship with Kim was resumed in all its previous *élan*, and soon they were a familiar pair at Georgetown cocktail parties, hobnobbing with the famous and consuming prodigious quantities of Scotch whisky. Burgess even moved into Philby's home, adding further confusion to a

*Philby's second wife, also named Eleanor, died soon after he left for Middle East.*



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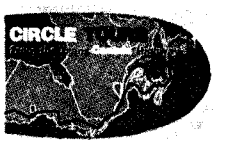


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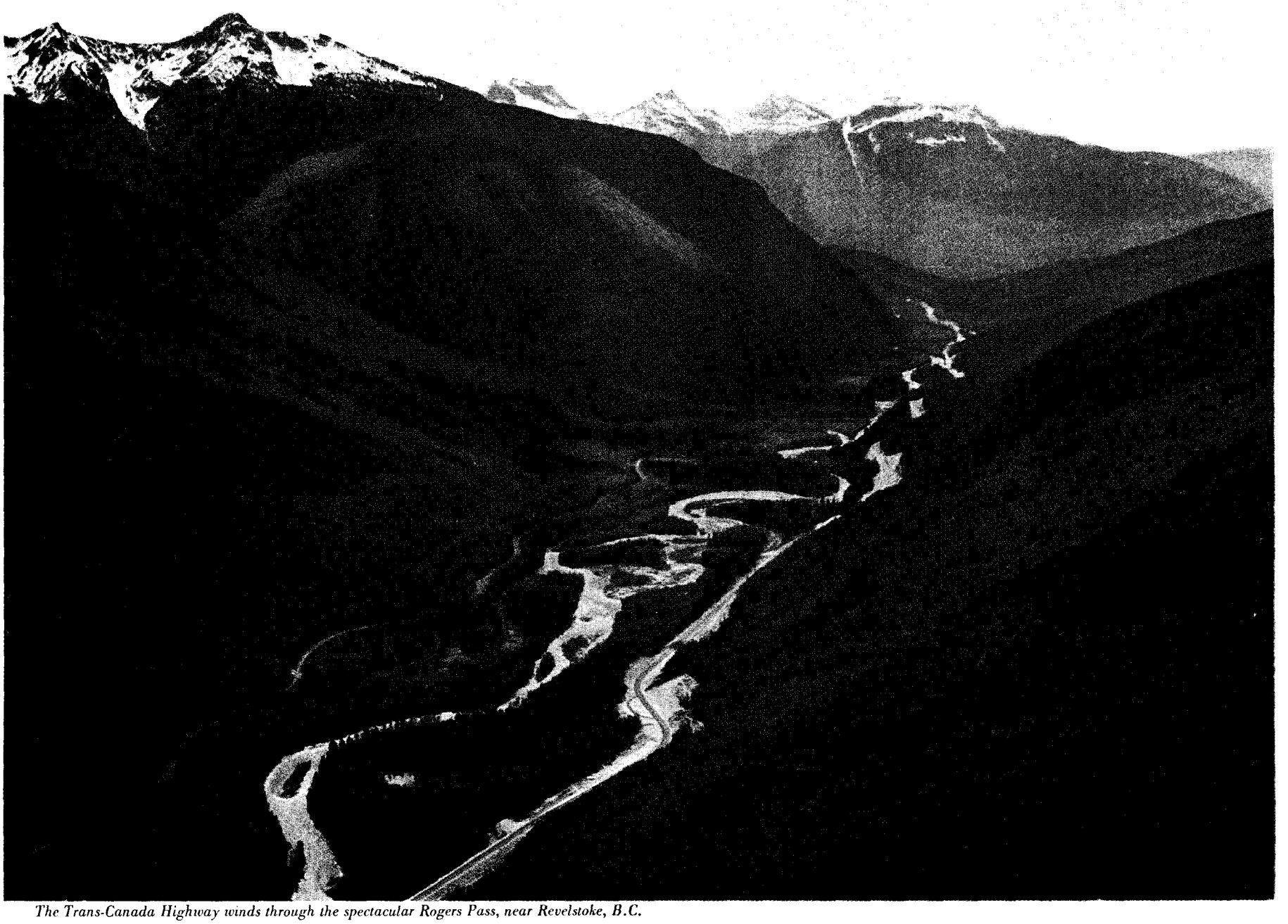

*The Trans-Canada Highway winds through the spectacular Rogers Pass, near Revelstoke, B.C.*

# HOLIDAY IN CANADA

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*To set the trap, British Intelligence got the Prime Minister to exonerate Philby.*

## SOVIET AGENT

household already upset by evidence of mental instability in Philby's wife.

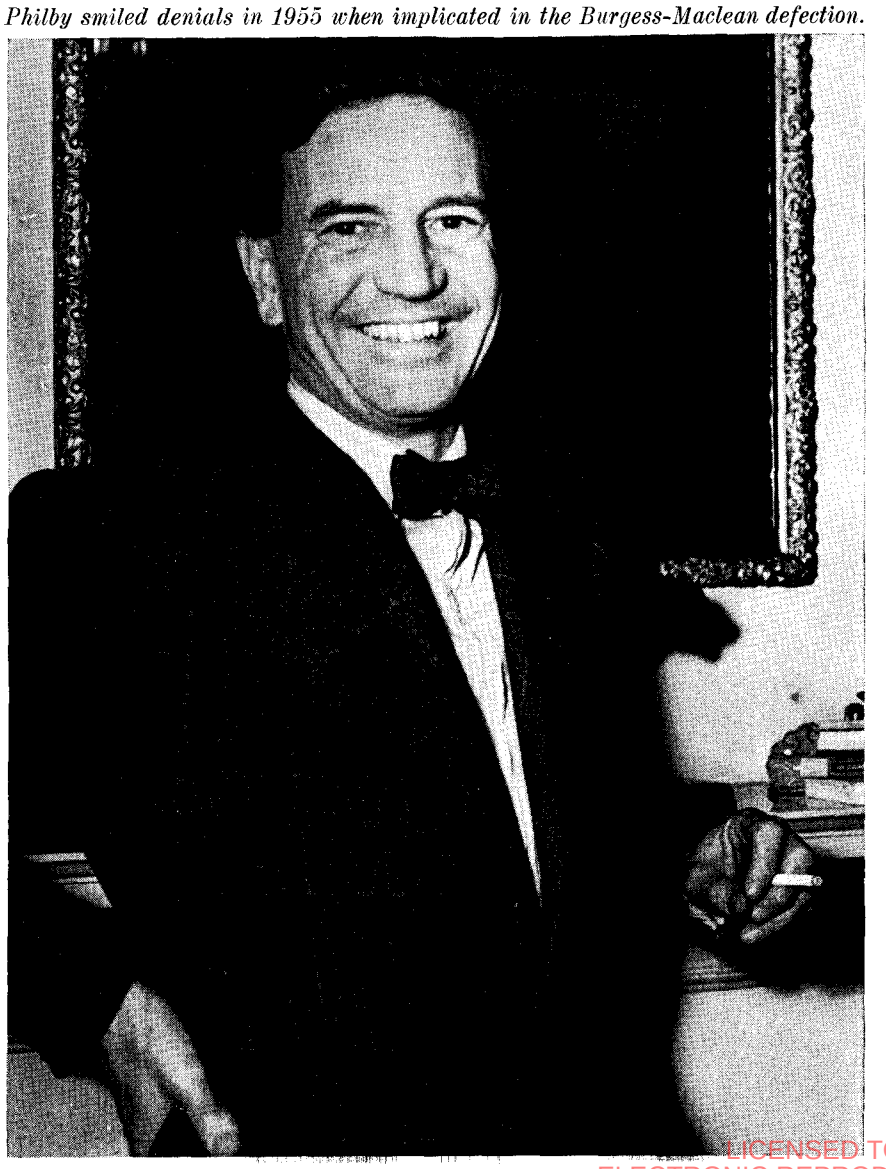
As time passed, Burgess's behavior, which had always been odd, became openly hysterical. He became convinced that the United States was about to embark on a third world war, and expounded this belief not only at cocktail parties but in his written reports. (Curiously, Burgess's anti-Americanism was a passion which Philby never seemed to share.) Among numerous other indiscretions, Burgess had a public row with a well-known columnist, was three times stopped for speeding, and on one occasion was involved in an automobile accident in the company of a homosexual hitchhiker with a police record. This was the last straw for Sir Oliver Franks, the British ambassador, who forthwith implored Whitehall to take Burgess off his hands. Before this request could be acted upon, Philby found out through his liaison with the U.S. Government that the FBI suspected both Burgess and Maclean of spying for the Soviet Union. He hastened to inform his friend. Burgess left America in great haste, in April of 1951, without Embassy permission, and warned Maclean when he reached England. The understaffed British security services were watching a number of other important suspects at the time; their surveillance of Burgess and Maclean was insufficient, and within a few weeks of Burgess's return to Britain the two diplomats were able to escape to Russia.

After Burgess and Maclean had vanished, British Intelligence subjected Philby to intensive questioning about his role in the affair. He assured them that his action had amounted only to what any member of the "old boy" network of Establishment members would have done—he had passed on to Burgess the gist of a report, too ridiculous to be believed, entrusted to him by an agency—the FBI—which was known to make ludicrous allegations from time to time. Philby claimed that the FBI accusations against Burgess and Maclean were contained in a routine report reposing in a stack of other routine reports dealing in the most unsubstantiated rumors.

According to Philby, Burgess happened to come into his office just after he had read the report. Under the circumstances, Philby's explanation went, it was understandable that he blurted out to Burgess, "Can you imagine the bloody nonsense the FBI is peddling now? They're claiming you're a Soviet spy!" Philby claimed that Burgess received the news with complete calm, and joined him in incredulous laughter. But he left the Embassy early that day. When Philby returned home later he found that Burgess had cleared out, leaving the place in disarray. Philby stated he then realized that Burgess might indeed be an enemy agent, and that he immediately reported his friend's disappearance—and his own indiscretion—to the British ambassador.

Why did Philby endanger his whole position in British Intelligence—and the possibility of one day becoming its head—by admitting that he had warned Burgess? He had no choice: He had been the only official in the Embassy to read the FBI report. He gambled that his explanation would be believed, and he was right. For when Burgess and Maclean defected, the British Embassy in Washington rallied around Philby, justifying themselves on the ground that any English gentleman would have done what he did for an old school chum. As youths, some of these men had flirted with Communism themselves; they understood Philby's background, made allowances for it, and believed its complexities were beyond American comprehension.

*Philby smiled denials in 1955 when implicated in the Burgess-Maclean defection.*



### "Get rid of Philby."

But the FBI and CIA were furious. "Get rid of Philby or we break off liaison on secret matters," Gen. Walter Bedell Smith—then head of CIA—demanded. Since the Americans had the upper hand on many important secrets—nuclear research, for example—this was a threat which the British could not afford to take lightly. In June of 1951 they called Philby home and fired him.

For a year afterward he lived in near penury with his second wife and five children in his mother's house in Kensington. Handout jobs given him by old friends provided his only income. He tried his hand at hack journalism and at one point was reduced to ghostwriting a family genealogy.

Although the Americans had had their way in the Philby affair, many British officials felt that he had suffered a shocking injustice and had been crucified on the cross of McCarthyism. But despite the complaints of McCarthyism, the inner circles of British Intelligence believed from the beginning not only that Philby was the "third man" but that he might be an outright Soviet agent. In their investigations into Philby's past they began to entertain grave misgivings about his relations with the Soviets during the war. Past intimacy with the Russians was often forgiven by British Intelligence—some of M.I.6's best officers are ex-Communists—but they realized that the circumstances surrounding Philby's indiscretion to Burgess were entirely too curious to be filed and forgotten.

While Philby wasted away several years in semi-seclusion, British Intelligence began to concoct a scheme to make the most of his case—and to use him for its own devious purposes.

Espionage is the most elusive of all criminal acts; it simply requires the culprit to collect information which he often has the legal right to possess in the first place. It is in communicating what he knows that the spy commits his crime and exposes himself to the danger of being discovered. Nevertheless, he has at his command all the subterfuges of mankind's most occult profession, and catching him is never easy. The suspect must be given every opportunity to operate in order to betray himself—and since his movements are usually inconspicuous and apparently harmless, they are often impossible to identify as espionage. Moreover, even after his movements have revealed him as a spy, it is essential to leave him alone so as to uncover the apparatus of which he is a part. After all, counter-espionage services are not interested in spies; they are interested in spy networks.

The investigation of Philby, therefore, was not simply a matter of running down more evidence on the Burgess-and-Maclean case. It was necessary, British Intelligence argued, to put Philby back into action and to watch his movements. He was in no position to attempt espionage in England, so it was essential to get him to a place where the Soviets were active and where he could be of potential use to them. Why not in the Arab world? There, Philby would enjoy all the prestige of his father, his own reputation as a Middle East expert, and adequate freedom of movement. In the neutralist atmosphere of the Arab countries he would be accepted socially and it would not be too difficult to find out what he was up to—if anything. In other words, British Intelligence decided to plant Philby in the Middle East—in the hope not only that he would expose himself but that he would lead them to key members of the Soviet espionage network in the Arab world.

How did M.I.6 stage-manage this obviously risky intrigue? It wasn't easy. The plan took a great deal of time to gestate—more than five years between the time Philby was dismissed from British intelligence and the day he actually arrived in the Middle East; a premature move might have aroused his suspicion. The scheme was the subject of an intense dispute between M.I.6 and M.I.5, which wanted to keep Philby in England at all costs. There were all sorts of other problems: A private firm would have to offer Philby a job in the Middle East, and above all he must not discover that he was being used as a pawn.

M.I.6 was on the point of acting when Col. Marcus Lipton, a Labour Member of Parliament, rose in the Commons and accused Philby of being the "third man." On November 7, 1955, Harold Macmillan, then Foreign Secretary, replied, "No evidence has been found to show that [Philby] was responsible for warning Burgess or Maclean. While in government services he carried out his duties ably and conscientiously. I have no reason to conclude that Mr. Philby has at any time betrayed the interests of his country, or to identify him with the so-called 'third man,' if, indeed, there was one."

When a case of suspected espionage is under investigation, candor is the last thing to expect of a government; on the contrary, evasion, if not outright mendacity, is more probable. Macmillan knew that Philby had been under grave suspicion for some time, but he exonerated him in Parliament at the specific request of British Intelligence—and at the price of great subsequent damage to his own prestige. He cleared the statement with the leaders of the Labour Opposition beforehand, however, and explained at least some of the reasons behind it. A few days later Colonel Lipton withdrew his charges against Philby, and M.I.6 was free to proceed with its plan.

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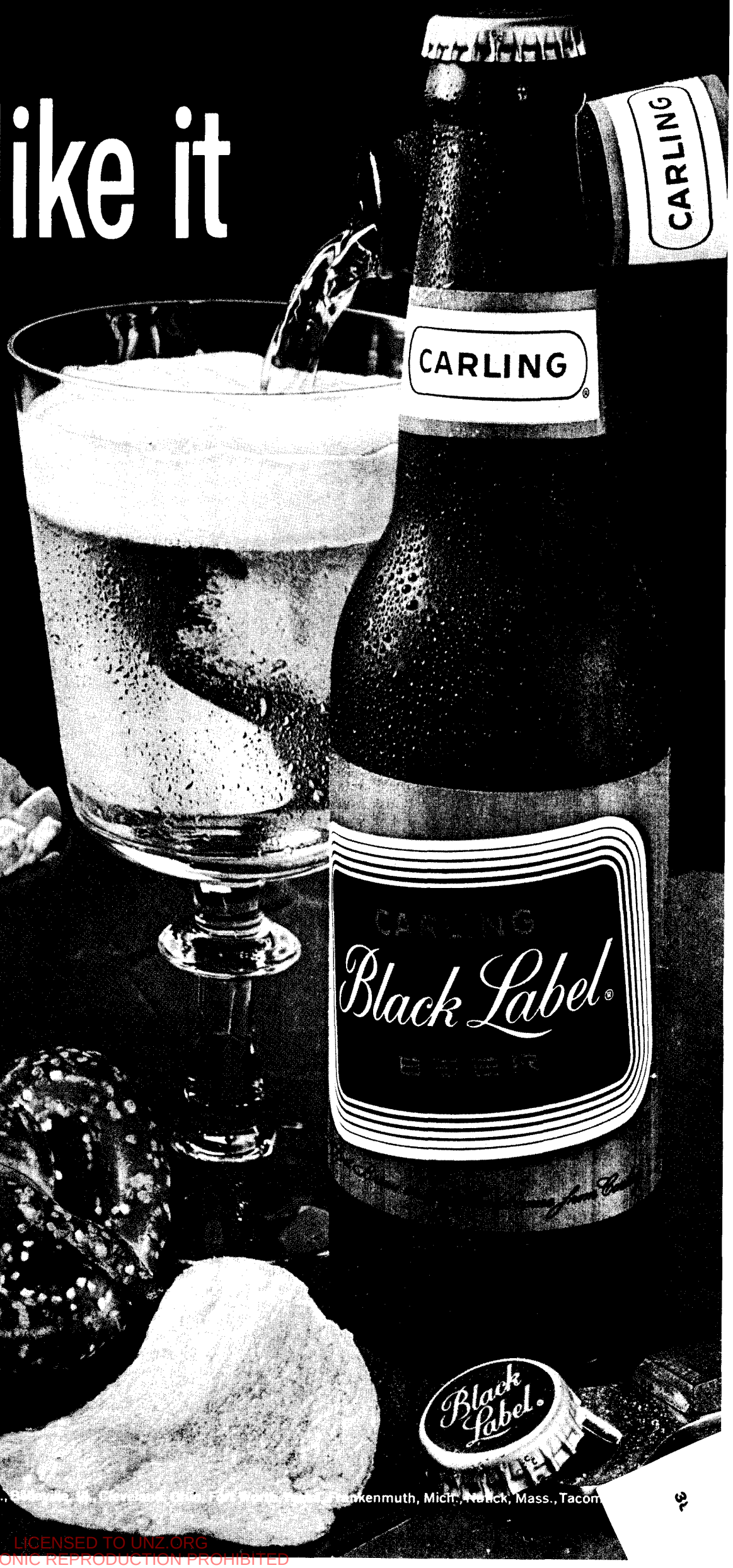


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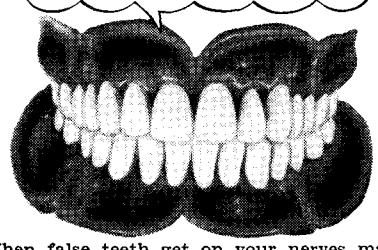

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*Shadowing Philby, police spotted him sending secret messages.*

## SOVIET AGENT

Foreign Office—acting at the behest of M.I.6—approached the editors of *The Observer* and asked them to make Philby their Middle East correspondent. The highest executives of *The Observer* were made aware from the beginning that Philby was under suspicion, though nothing had been proved; they were persuaded to hire him on the grounds that they would be performing an act of patriotism in assisting British Intelligence, or at least an act of compassion in aiding a victim of McCarthyism, either way accomplishing a worthy end. (Whether the editors of *The Economist* were also taken into M.I.6's confidence is unclear; they seem to have based their willingness to hire Philby on the fact that *The Observer* had done so.) Fortunately—for the sake of the plan—Philby had already asked *The Observer* for a job, so he could hardly have considered it unusual that the editors should send him to an area where he was specially qualified. In September of 1956, in the middle of the Suez crisis, Philby embarked for Beirut.

Since his disappearance a year ago, it has been widely rumored that Philby acted as a double agent in the Middle East, pretending to British Intelligence that he was their man while actually working for the Russians. The theory is that M.I.6 knew of and encouraged his contacts with the Soviets but believed his true loyalty belonged to Britain. According to the best available intelligence sources, these theories are incorrect. There are a number of reasons why the British would never have used Philby as a double agent. First, he was a British citizen, and intelligence organizations seldom if ever use their own nationals for this work. Second, Philby was regarded as an emotionally unstable person whose drinking habits would have made him a security risk. Third, for simple legal and bureaucratic reasons, not to mention everyday common sense, M.I.6 would not have used as one of their own agents a man who was still under suspicion of having been an outright Soviet spy.

During Philby's first year in Beirut he had a large accumulation of debts to pay off, plus the expense of supporting the family he had left in England. (His second wife, who had been forced to find work as a domestic servant, died in 1957, and relatives assumed care of the five children.) The combined *Observer-Economist* job paid him very little money. He lived in such modest circumstances that no one could discover where he actually spent the night. He collected his mail at the Normandy Hotel, but if anyone wanted to run him down at odd hours, all one could ever learn was that "he lives up there, somewhere," as the Normandy barman would say, pointing to the labyrinthine back streets behind the hotel.

Shortly after his arrival, a British official confided to certain prominent British and American private citizens resident in Lebanon that Philby might have Communist connections and that any information bearing on this suspicion would be appreciated. Thus, almost from the moment that he set foot in the Middle East, Philby was under "quiet surveillance," as it was called. It actually amounted to little more than inviting Kim to cocktail parties occasionally, and in fact produced nothing. M.I.6's own spot checks also drew a blank.

One of the Americans who was asked to report on Philby was Sam Pope Brewer, then the Middle East correspondent for *The New York Times*. During 1957 and 1958 Brewer and his wife Eleanor saw Kim frequently. Like other members of the "quiet surveillance" team, they came to the conclusion that he was completely harmless. As a correspondent representing two highly respected journals, he had a certain justification, and plenty of opportunity, to inquire into semiconfidential British and American matters. But when he made his occasional embassy calls, he displayed no particular curiosity, and indeed never once nibbled at the pieces of bait which were discreetly dangled before him.

### A new romance begins

When he first arrived in Beirut, Kim had made an effort to cut down on his drinking, but as time passed he reverted to his previous pattern, and he adopted a general manner of life which was the worst possible cover for a spy. "If he is a Russian spook, he can't be a very good one," one Western official remarked at the time. "If he's a Soviet agent, let's have more like him," said another. The latter sentiment was expressed after Kim had overindulged at a diplomatic dinner and pinched the bottom of the French ambassador's wife. This is not to say that Philby was any sort of Lothario. In Beirut his only romance was with the wife of his friend Sam Pope Brewer. This was not simply a physical infatuation; Eleanor was no Aphrodite, and like Kim, she had already reached her middle 40's. During the period of the romance, Kim, Eleanor and Brewer were often seen together in public. Kim was a frequent visitor at the Brewer household, and the two men went off on news assignments together. Their friendship was unceremoniously terminated on a spring morning in 1958, just before civil war exploded in Lebanon. According to close friends, the three had gathered for coffee on the terrace of the St. Georges Hotel. There, in the shadow of those splendid mountains, overlooking the velvet waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, Kim made up his mind. Brewer and Eleanor were bickering. Kim, after increasing signs of nervousness, blurted out, "Eleanor, l-let's t-tell him."

"Tell me what?" Brewer asked.

"Elean-n-nor and I want to g-g-get m-married."

"You mean," Brewer exclaimed, "that you are asking for my wife's hand in marriage?"

"S-s-something l-like that."

Eleanor flew off to Mexico for a quick divorce. Philby remained in Lebanon to write about the civil war, and Brewer was soon transferred to New York. Kim and Eleanor married and moved into a pleasant apartment; suddenly Kim seemed to have much more money than in the past. His two youngest children arrived from England, and Eleanor's eight-year-old daughter from school in Switzerland. Overnight Kim's haphazard life was transformed into a scene of serene domesticity. The Philbys were a devoted couple. They never quarreled; on the contrary, they seemed almost helplessly dependent on each other. Whenever Kim was distressed or melancholy, he seemed to cling to Eleanor like a very frightened small boy. She was the strong one, as strength went in the Philby family. "There was something genuinely touching about the two of them," a close friend of theirs recalls. "Even today I can glimpse them, sitting side by side on their threadbare davenport, drinking their way through late middle age and holding hands."

Shortly after their wedding, Kim and Eleanor began to exchange invitations with the great and the near great of Beirut. Or rather, not so much the great as the significant—Arabists, foreign correspondents, university professors, and diplomats. It was a rather glittering society they frequented, and the conversation—mostly in English, sometimes in French, and rarely in Arabic, even from the Arabs—was often as literate and amusing as any that might be heard in the salons of Paris or Mayfair. I met Kim often at these parties, and, like most of his friends, I remember him with a mixture of affection and sorrow. Once, at a party in my apartment, I tried to introduce him to two attachés from the Soviet Embassy. Kim made a horrified gesture of backing off, exclaiming, "Oh, no! I want n-nothing to do with R-Russians." This uncharacteristic outburst puzzled me and other people standing nearby, but I did not think much of it at the time. In retrospect it seems curious that Kim should have so dramatically called attention to his past. The more devious thing would have been to greet the Russians perfunctorily and then drift off.

A British official had already briefed me about Kim's background and informed me of the suspicions against him. Occasionally Kim called on me at the Embassy, and I found him the least inquisitive correspondent in Beirut; unlike most of the others, he never asked for confidences; he would talk politics, but leading questions were not his sort of thing.

And yet his articles in the *Economist* and *Observer* were splendidly written, always well informed, and—when he worked at them—occasionally brilliant. His background knowledge of the Middle East was immense. Far from betraying traces of extremism, his dispatches frequently warned against the growth of Communist influence in Iraq and expressed his fear of Soviet penetration into Arabia and the oil sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf. Many American diplomats, myself among them, considered him the best of the Western correspondents in the Middle East; certainly he was one of the very few who made any serious attempt to understand and explain the social revolution in the area and the phenomenon of Arab nationalism. "Far from helping the Communist cause," one of Philby's former colleagues contends, "his articles did it positive harm by making a significant contribution to Arab-Western mutual understanding."

By early autumn of 1962 virtually everyone concerned with the Philby case had decided that if he was a Soviet spy



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he was on the inactive list—or that, at most, he was simply having talks with the Soviets now and then on general information. At about this time, however, an incident occurred which brought the case back to life.

The incident was simply that Philby attempted to recruit an agent into British Intelligence. He approached a prominent Arab politician, began to cultivate his friendship, and finally stuttered out the suggestion that the gentleman might be of value to Her Majesty's government "in certain ways." He was clearly making an intelligence proposition. The Arab couldn't believe his ears, but he led Philby on and got a definite offer of money out of him. It so happened that the Arab was *already* working for British Intelligence.

When the politician reported the conversation to his "case officer," M.I.6 tentatively reached a new conclusion: Philby might well be recruiting agents for the Soviet espionage network, while pretending to the recruits that they would be working for the British. Against this hypothesis many of Philby's past activities outside Lebanon—his frequent trips to Syria, Jordan and Arabia, his knowledgeability about oil-company matters and his curious mixed contacts with Saudi royalists and anti-royalists—suddenly began to add up into a malevolent pattern.

British Intelligence decided to place Philby under day-and-night surveillance. Since they were watching a dozen other people at the time, and since their own staff was small, they approached Colonel Jalbout, the chief of the Lebanese secret police, and asked his help.

They had come to the right person. Jalbout is a brilliant policeman and probably one of the world's most competent counterespionage officers. Beirut, like all the Arab capitals, literally reeks with intrigue; working without the modern equipment of the FBI and Scotland Yard, Jalbout nonetheless manages to keep himself informed on the most occult and tortured intelligence machinations of the great powers in Lebanon. In fact, the colonel already knew a great deal about Philby and had, the previous summer, inscribed him on his suspect list. When the British came to Jalbout, he suspected that Kim was in truth a British double agent who had somehow got out of hand; it took a great deal of argument and a complicated succession of events to convince him otherwise.

The Lebanese surveillance of Philby soon produced extraordinary results. Colonel Jalbout's forces discovered that Philby was leading a double life, moving furtively about the city to avoid surveillance, and turning up at inexplicable addresses for secret meetings with a number of suspicious personalities.

On two successive nights a member of the secret police observed Philby emerge onto the open terrace of his apartment. Kim glanced at his watch, stood there for a few minutes, glanced at his watch again, and then began waving some sort of dark object in the air.

On a hunch of his chief, the security man acquired a pair of Polaroid spectacles and returned to his post the next evening. At about midnight Philby reappeared on his veranda and commenced sending "black light" messages.

The next step was to find out who was receiving Philby's messages. His apartment building was situated on a hill, and his terrace could be seen from literally thousands of windows in Beirut, not to mention the ships at sea. Nevertheless, a sweeping search was conducted, and somehow the Lebanese apprehended a grubby little Armenian who admitted receiving Philby's messages and passing them on to another intermediary.

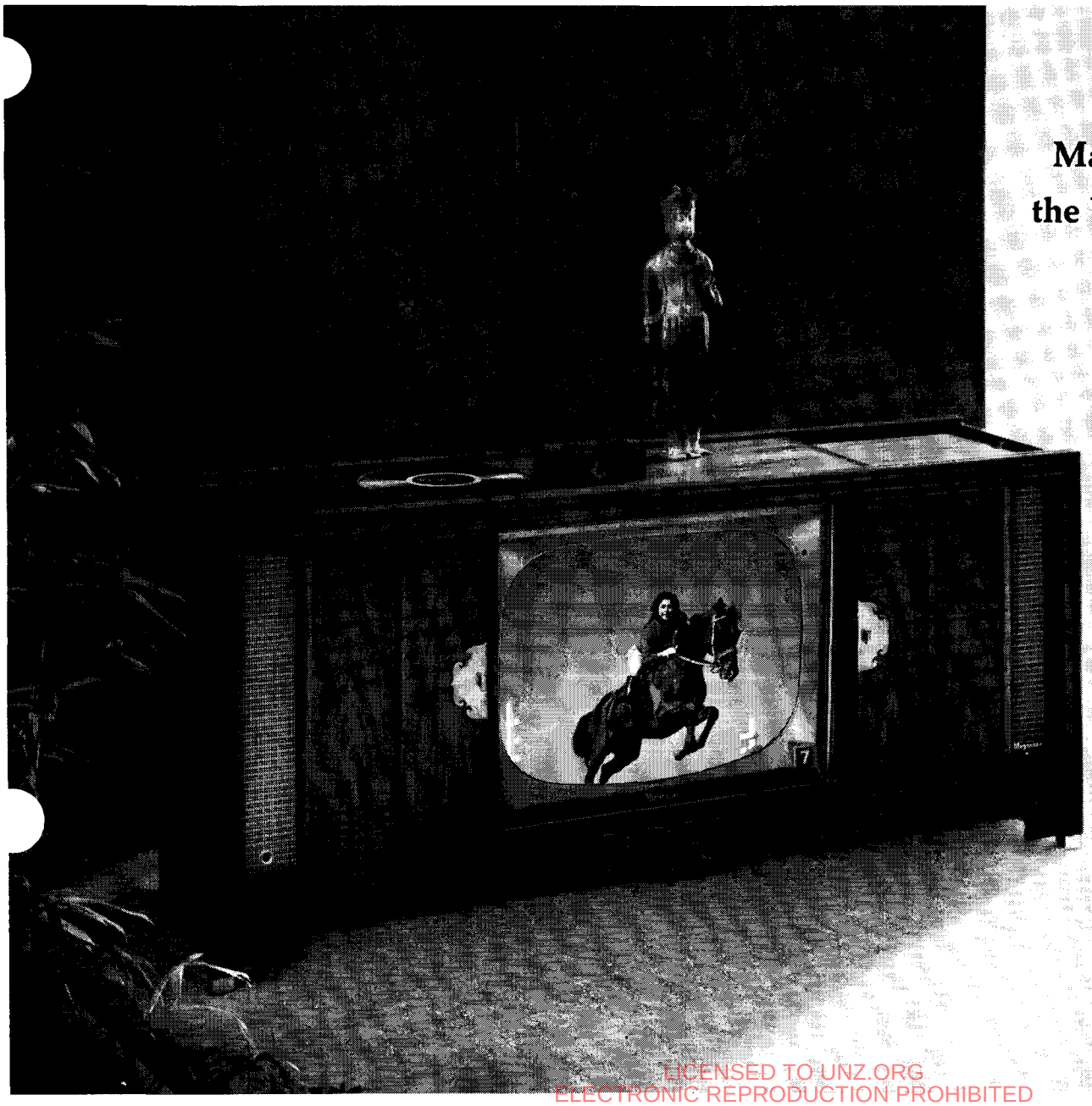
Unhappily, the Armenian, while he could repeat the cryptic content of Philby's messages, had no idea what they meant, nor could they be deciphered by the Lebanese secret police or the British Intelligence officers working with them. The British asked the Lebanese to imprison the Armenian for a few weeks, thereby severing Philby's line of communications and forcing him to make direct contact with his spy masters. This was tried and it worked. After nearly a month of getting no response to his messages, Philby violated the cardinal rule of espionage: He "broke security" and communicated directly with his superiors.

Late one night he left his apartment, hailed a taxi and drove to the traffic-choked nightclub quarter of Beirut. He hopped out of the taxi, walked briskly to a one-way street running in the opposite direction, hailed another cab, and proceeded to a public telephone in a different section of the city. There was a brief conversation followed by additional taxi rides and highly professional attempts to thwart surveillance. His shadows persevered and pursued him to the shabby Furn-esh-Shebbak quarter of Beirut. Philby emerged from his taxi and mounted to a darkened apartment above an Armenian candy shop.

A few minutes later he was joined by an official of the Soviet Embassy—a thickset young man with thinning blond hair, the same man who later appeared at Mrs. Philby's doorstep in response to her flowerpot signal.

The details of the meeting above the American candy shop remain unknown, but the Lebanese decided not to pursue the matter any further. Colonel Jalbout concluded that Philby was engaged in an East-West intrigue that did not specifically involve Lebanon, and he needed his agents to concentrate on some 20 or 30 political suspects more directly entangled in Lebanese affairs. The British were in no mood to drop the case. Late in 1962 they decided to confront Philby with some of the suspicions against him. Philby may already have assumed he was being watched, of course, since Eleanor Philby was once a member of the "quiet surveillance" team. Now two high security officers flew in from London and questioned him in a manner which must have left him in little doubt that they knew a great deal about his clandestine life; his answers they found unconvincing, contradictory and, apparently, incriminating. The British could not arrest Philby on alien soil, however, nor could they assume that the Lebanese would extradite him; chasing around in taxis and entering Armenian candy shops at midnight did not violate any local law. Disloyalty to Great Britain is not a crime in Lebanon.

Nevertheless, Philby, by now a nervous wreck, must have realized that the game was up. What alternatives were open to him now? He was badly in need of money and had a wife and several young children to support. He was paralyzed in his writing and aware that the *Observer* and *Economist* would probably

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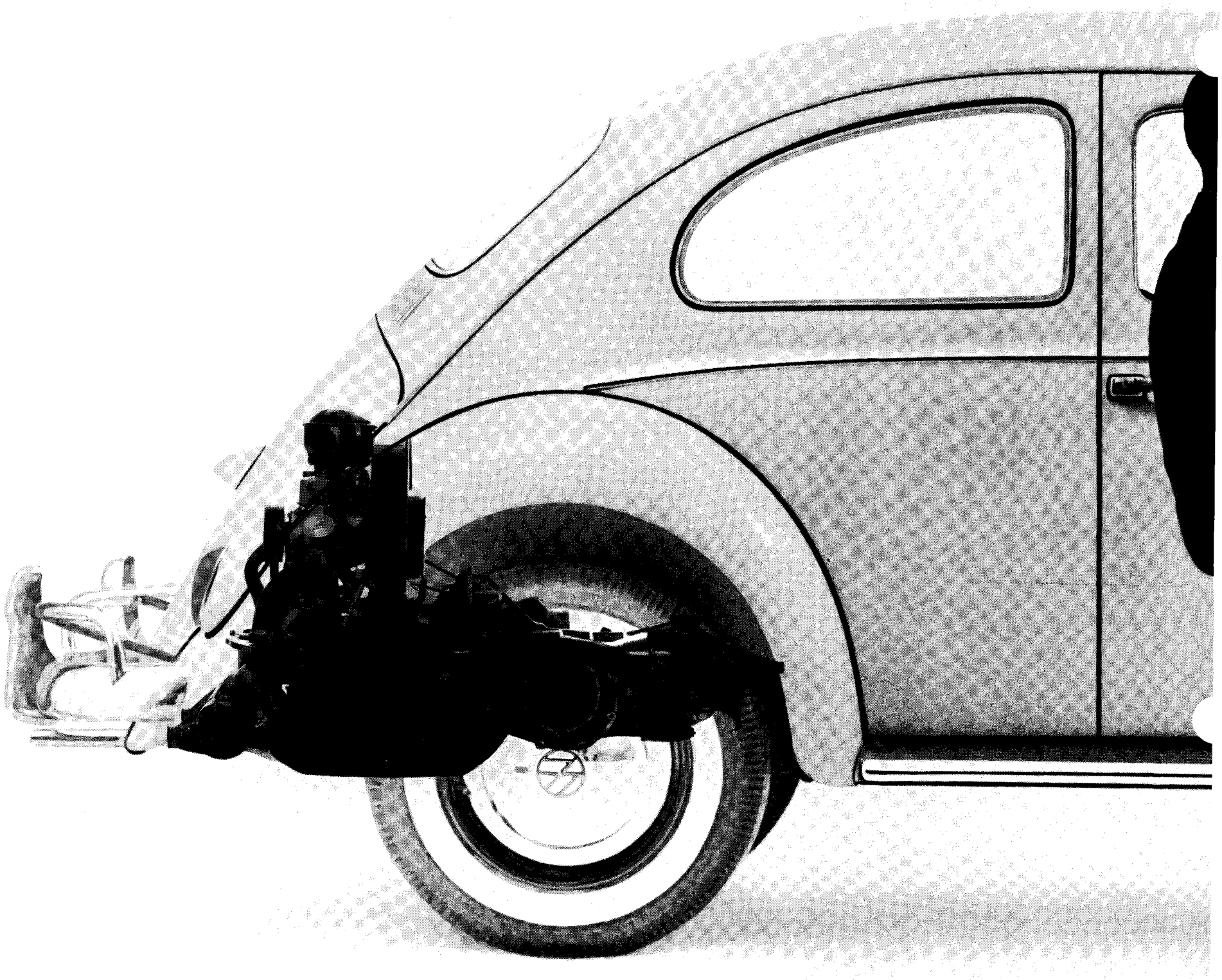

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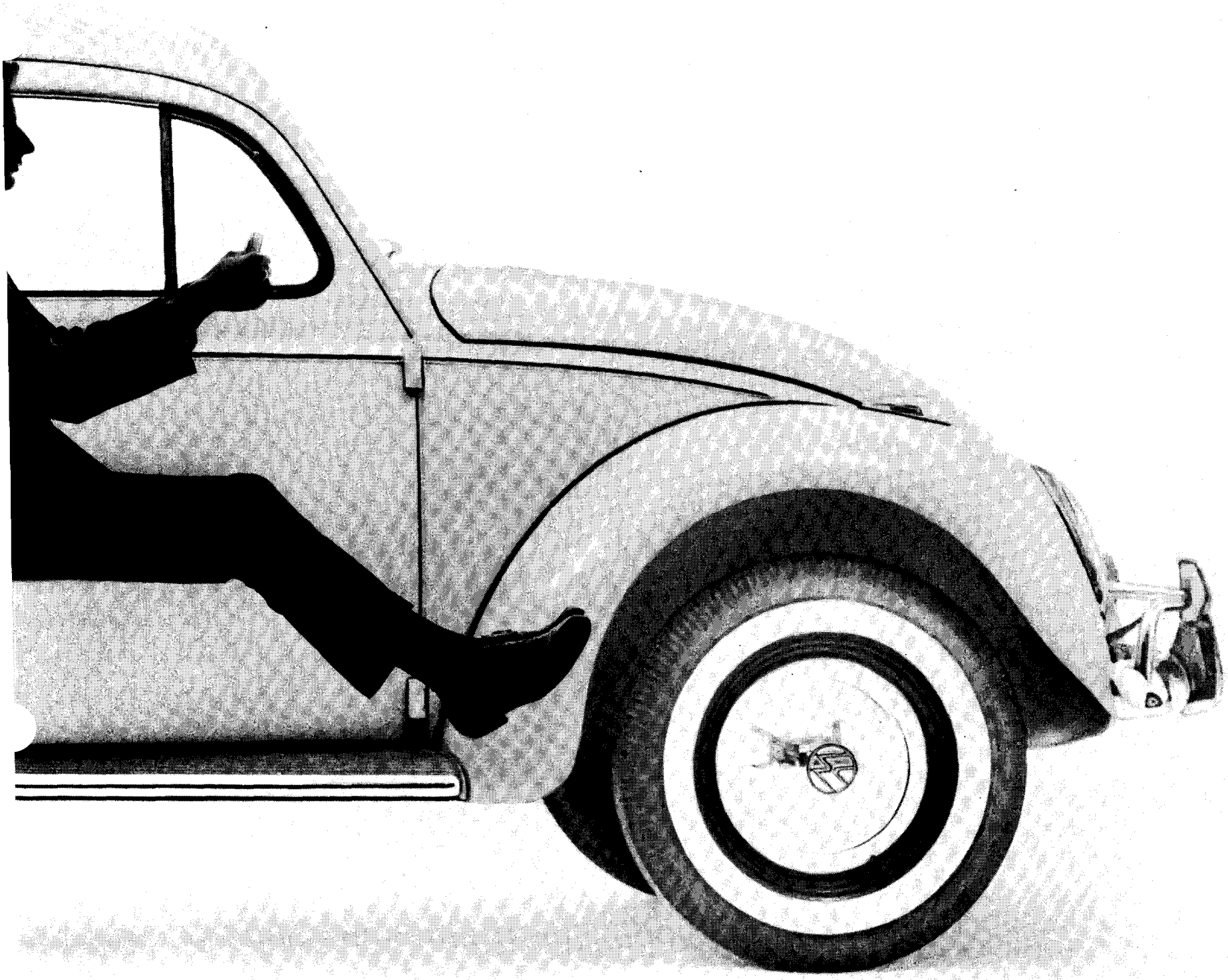

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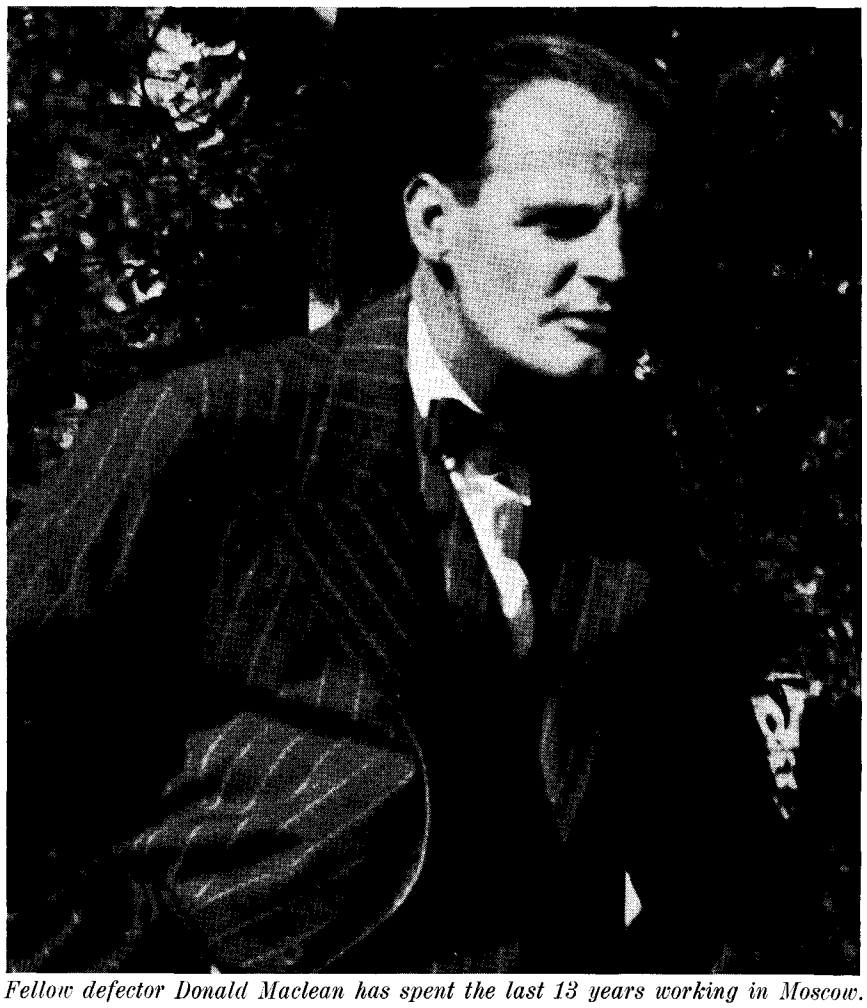
*As the net closed, Philby slipped out of Beirut at dawn aboard a freighter bound for Russia.*

*Guy Burgess died in Moscow last summer, bequeathed his whole library to Philby.*



*Fellow defector Donald Maclean has spent the last 13 years working in Moscow.*

## SOVIET AGENT

dismiss him. The choices were hardly cheerful: He could commit suicide—or *run*. On the evening of the Balfour-Paul dinner party, he ran. His flight, though extremely hasty, was apparently voluntary. It took Colonel Jalbout some weeks to track down the witness who had observed a man answering Philby's description, in the company of two burly escorts, boarding the Russian ship *Dolmatova*. The vessel left Beirut on January 24, before dawn—destination Odessa.

After her husband had vanished, Eleanor Philby vacillated between extreme candor and secretiveness in her dealings with the British Embassy in Beirut. Not until April, when she received the "operational plan" to leave Lebanon aboard the Czech airliner, did she decide to seek British help and to keep the Embassy abreast of all her communications with Kim. In May the British and Lebanese authorities arranged Eleanor's secret departure from Beirut with the two young Philby children; Eleanor deposited the children in England with relatives of Kim and then proceeded to New York to visit her daughter Anne, who had returned to America to live with Brewer. When she later returned to Britain, she was apparently on the verge of a breakdown and went into seclusion.

On July 1, acting on the fear that the Soviets were about to unveil Philby at a press conference in Moscow, the British government publicly reversed its previous position and disclosed that Philby had in truth been the "third man" in the Burgess-Maclean affair, and that he had worked for the Soviets "before 1946." The announcement, coming in the wake of the Profumo scandal, sent tremors of shock through the British Establishment. In Parliament, Prime Minister Macmillan and Harold Wilson, leader of the Labour Party, quickly crossed swords; from the opposition benches outraged demands for the full facts of the case mingled with shouts that Macmillan was a rogue or a fool or both. The prime minister—his lips sealed in loyalty to his Intelligence services—could only reply that "I hope the House will realize the danger of answering these questions." Only when Macmillan briefed Wilson on the secret background of the affair did the opposition leader agree to end further public discussion of it in the national interest. On July 30 *Izvestia* finally announced that the Soviet Union had granted political asylum to Philby. Now Eleanor Philby was nearing a grave personal decision. In September, faithful to the last—and certainly no Soviet agent herself—she boarded a plane in London and flew to her husband in Moscow.

Was the Philby case an intelligence success or failure for the British? It appears to have been a mixture of both. M.I.6's vigilance definitely identified Philby as a Soviet agent—but then he got away. We may never know if British Intelligence succeeded in its primary purpose—which was the hope that Philby would expose key members of the Soviet espionage network in the Middle East. If he did—and I suspect he did not, to any great extent—the British government cannot boast about it. You do not broadcast to the enemy how much you have uncovered of his secret operations.

What exactly was Philby doing for the Soviets? Here are the probabilities: (1) He gave the Soviets personality information on leading Western officials and private citizens. (2) He gave the Soviets general political advice, and briefed them on the Western point of view toward current developments in the Middle East. (3) He briefed them on the policy and operations of the British and American oil companies. (4) He kept them informed on political developments in Jordan and Saudi Arabia, where the U.S.S.R. had no diplomatic missions. (5) He recruited some agents for the Soviets—possibly in the name of British Intelligence—and funneled on some of their information.

These are not activities of major importance, and it seems doubtful that Philby was any sort of "master" spy. Once he had ruined his chance of rising to the heights of British Intelligence, he ceased to be of really significant value to the Soviets. Nevertheless, Philby's opportunities for mischief-making were considerable. He had access to Western homes and embassies where the Soviets were rarely invited; since he was suspect, he was not given privileged information, but he knew everybody and through the osmosis of an odd cocktail-party fact here, an odd dinner-party fact there, he must have learned a great deal.

## "Our man in Havana"

And he may well have *made up* a great deal. Some Western officials believe that Philby was also partially playing a game of "Our Man in Havana" with Soviet Intelligence. They do not suggest that, like Graham Greene's Mr. Wormold, he passed off drawings of Midget Make-Easy vacuum cleaners as atomic blueprints, but he appears to have created a special intelligence apparatus, populated by a mixture of real and nonexistent agents—with a preponderance of the latter—which he pretended was feeding him "inside" information. As a spy, he would have been under tremendous pressure to produce—and when he could not, he apparently invented. There are indications that the Soviets, like the British, were on to his tricks toward the end—and that he had, in effect, entangled himself in a web of double deception.

Philby was a prisoner of his past—bound to the Soviets by an almost umbilical bond which extends back through three decades to his youth at Cambridge. In the beginning his commitment amounted to little more than his hero worship of Guy Burgess and his acceptance of the prevailing undergraduate political doctrines of the period. By the mid-'30's his marriage to an avowed Communist and his initial training in espionage entangled him further but not irretrievably. During and after World War II the bond was strengthened by his need for money



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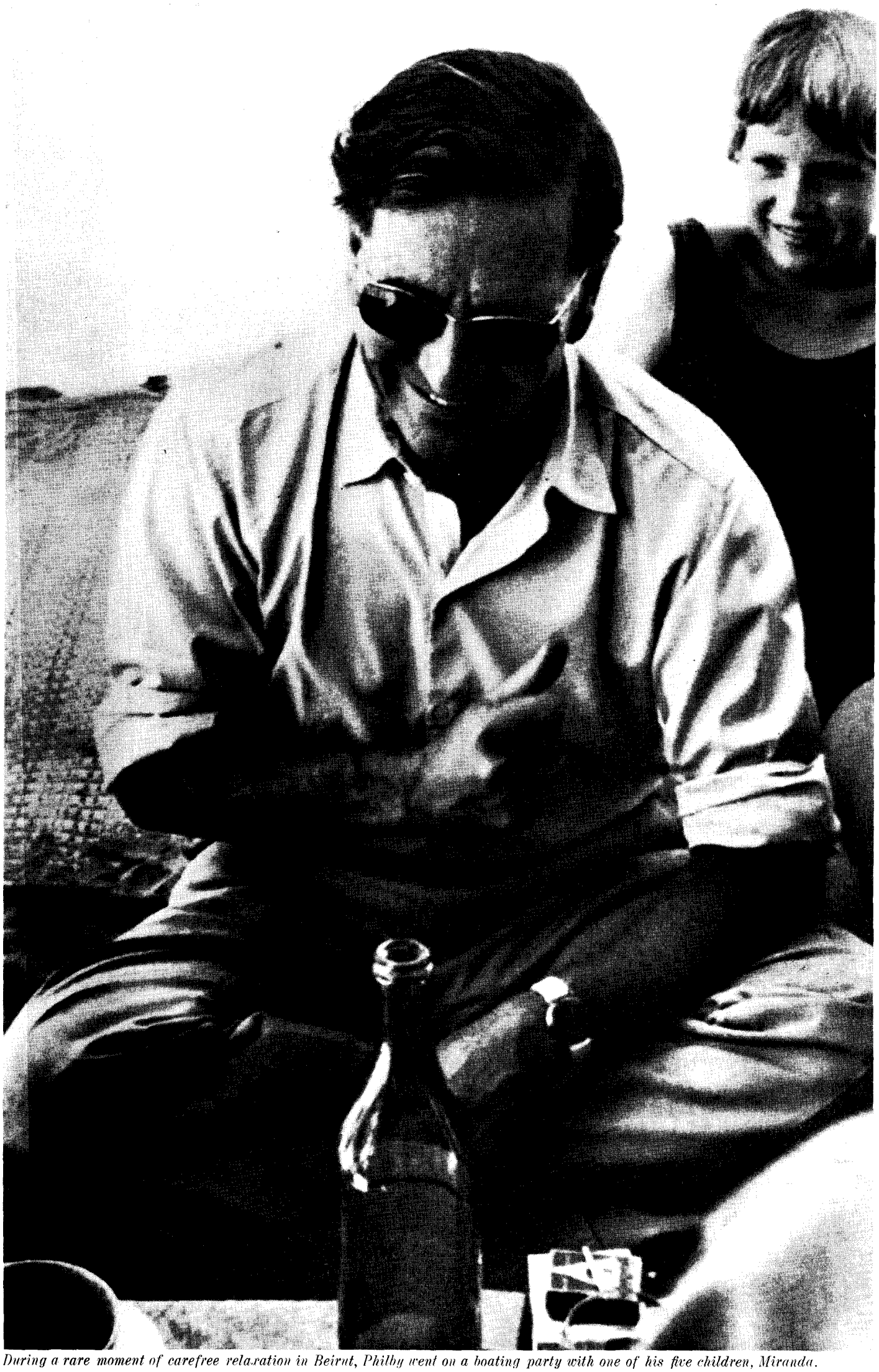
and possibly by a continuing threat of blackmail as well. But if anything is certain, it is that Philby's motivations in later life—and particularly when he was working in the Middle East—were not ideological. His method of thinking was as emancipated and un-Marxist as any man's could be; his liberal, politically objective writings were the reflection of his real opinions. Indeed, in retrospect, the most remarkable thing about Kim Philby was his uncanny ability to keep his clandestine activities and his personal convictions in two totally separate compartments. He may have been a Soviet spy, but he was not a Communist.

Does any of this entitle Philby to our sympathy? I think it does, to an extent, but there are those who disagree. "Why does everyone keep making excuses for Philby?" one Western official asked me. "Look what the man has done! Look at what he's done to his friends, who stood by him and defended him all these years. Look what he's done to his wife—and to his children, whom he abandoned. What angers me most is that at this moment the scoundrel is being debriefed by the Russians on every one of us. He could write a *Who's Who* of Western officialdom in the Middle East—a good deal of it gleaned while he was a guest at our dinner tables. He's not withholding information because of any pangs of friendship. He's the enemy. He's *on the other side*."

How are the Philbys faring on the other side? Soon after Kim's defection, the Soviets placed him in a health farm for a period, and it is believed that their subsequent "debriefings" included the use of truth drugs. He has inherited a library of 2,000 volumes from Guy Burgess, who died in Moscow on August 30. Since Eleanor's arrival, she has written frequently to friends in England and America; her letters are clearly "controlled"—that is, written under the supervision of Soviet Intelligence. She is at pains to emphasize the pleasantness of her new surroundings, speaks cheerfully of the delights of living in Moscow and of her plans to vacation with her daughter in Western Europe next summer. Supposedly Kim has at last been blessed with a decent job, good pay and a life of respectability.

One wonders. One wonders what it will be like for Kim when the gloss—if there is a gloss—is gone. What it will be like when he settles down to his cubicle in the State Publishing House, or wherever it is they decide to put him. When he struggles through his stutter to make himself comprehensible in Russian. When he hunches up his overcoat against the February blasts of Gorki Street. When he breaks out that inevitable bottle of vodka. Will he ever look back? Will he yearn for the escutcheons of Trinity and the chitchat of Chelsea dinner parties? Will he ramble icariously down the green mountains of Lebanon to the terrace on the Mediterranean where, during more carefree days, he sought the hand of Eleanor?

I rather suspect he will. But in any case at least Kim has the satisfaction of knowing that he has become more famous than his father. THE END



*During a rare moment of carefree relaxation in Beirut, Philby went on a boating party with one of his five children, Miranda.*



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# *A fair day's work*

*by Nicholas Monsarrat*

**With the publication of "The Cruel Sea" in 1951, Nicholas Monsarrat established himself as a novelist of major importance. This best-seller about two British ships and their crews during World War II won immediate world-wide acclaim: "Fascinating. . . . Its vivid action scenes, survival episodes and smooth writing sustain the book at a high level of excitement" (The New York Times Book Review); "An impressive work of fiction, portraying the war at sea with drama, tenderness and terror" (Chicago Sunday Tribune); "A whale of a story" (San Francisco Chronicle). Monsarrat's thirteenth and latest novel, "A Fair Day's Work," is offered here in condensed form. This tense sea drama will be published next month by William Morrow and Company. Monsarrat's knowledge of the sea and the men who sail it was gained largely in the Second World War. During his service with the British Royal Navy he commanded a corvette and two frigates. Out of this experience he wrote four nonfiction books, including "H.M. Corvette," and the novel, "Leave Cancelled." In 1946 he joined the British Commonwealth Relations Office and was assigned to duty in South Africa, where he gathered background for a novel about primitive peoples in revolt against colonialism, "The Tribe That Lost Its Head." Since 1953 Monsarrat, now 53, has lived in Ottawa.**

*A condensation of a new novel by the author of THE CRUEL SEA*



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# A FAIR DAY'S WORK

Two hours to sailing time
for the luxury liner,
with a new captain
under the gun,
and a jittery crew....

*"He was reprimanded for being absent without leave," the chief steward said, "and reprimanded again for being in a female passenger's cabin."*



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By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

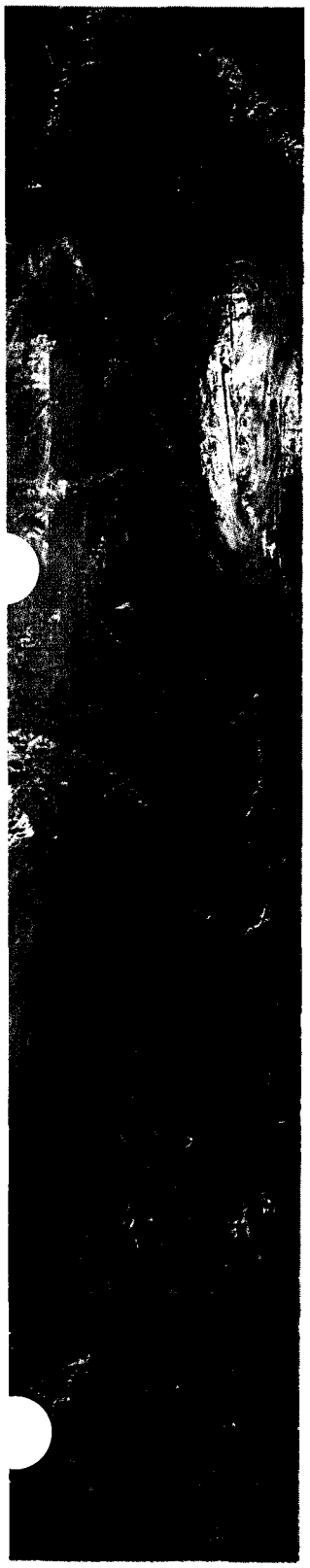

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT J. LEE

On a rainy day the Liverpool docks were never at their best; on this rainy day, with the stuff coming down in sheets through the acrid fog that hung over the river Mersey, spouting and sluicing off grimy warehouse roofs, then turning grimy itself and lying about in filthy pools and puddles the whole length of the landing stage, Liverpool looked its depressing worst.

Captain Blacklock, staring through the porthole, thought, It'll be a grand place to get out of. That was the only encouraging thing about Liverpool on the dank, dreary afternoon of sailing day. And even that much was uncertain; no one could say whether this *was* to be sailing day, or a day ending in postponement, a dead loss all around.

Hope Lines took good care of their captains. Realizing that the maintenance, operation and control of a 25,000-ton ship costing eight million pounds called for a good man, they went to some trouble to find him and to cherish him. The captain's quarters on board the *Good Hope* reflected this conviction that the man who took most of the strain and responsibility should not have to worry about creature comforts.

The company allowed him two hundred and fifty square feet of well-appointed living space. They gave him a sleeping cabin with a separate bathroom; a day cabin with a bar, a hi-fi radio set and wall-to-wall Axminster carpeting; and a pantry to keep his food hot and his drinks cold.

Having done their very best for him, they expected to receive, in return, the highest standard of seamanship, discipline and general competence. We look after you, Hope Lines seemed to be saying; now you look after our ship and our passengers and our reputation.

He knew exactly what was expected of him. The *Good Hope* represented 25,000 tons of work and worry; she had to leave on time, run smoothly, keep away from trouble and the wrong kind of publicity, dock punctually in New York at the end of eight days and make a profit for the owners.

Captain Blacklock was very conscious of this bargain as he sat at his desk and went through the endless papers which were part of every sailing. It was the best cabin he had ever occupied, and the *Good Hope* was the finest ship he had yet commanded; but he knew that his appointment was something of a fluke, a stroke of sailor's luck.

He was forty-six; a tough, stocky man who had come up the hard way. He had served a long apprenticeship with Hope Lines, which saw to it that their future captains sampled all the available jobs before receiving command of one of their big passenger liners. In the last five years Blacklock had been chief officer of the *Majestic Hope* and staff commander of the *Grand Hope*, both sister ships of the one in which he now sat. Then he had graduated to command of his own ship, but (in accordance with Hope Lines tradition) she was only a medium-sized freighter, plying the North Atlantic run and taking sixteen days on the trip. He would still have been in that job, without prospect of advancement for a long time, if it had not been for three separate accidents.

Within the last month one Hope Lines captain had died; a second had fractured his hip on a rolling dance floor; and a third had gone to the hospital with all the symptoms of a fatal cancer. Thus the promotion block had suddenly broken; three new captains were needed for the three big ships which kept Hope Lines on the North Atlantic map. Blacklock was third in line of seniority, and so, five years earlier than he had any right to expect, he sat in the captain's cabin of the *Good Hope* and made ready for his first voyage.

The program of that voyage, on paper, seemed simple; yet the more one looked at it, the more the problems multiplied. The *Good Hope* must sail today—in fact, they must sail within the next two hours, so as to catch the six-o'clock tide over the Mersey Bar. Then they had to make a quick trip across the Atlantic and, within thirty-six hours, disembark their passengers, discharge four thousand tons of assorted cargo, victual up according to cruise standards and sail on their first Caribbean cruise.

Many different things could go amiss. They might have a slow passage across the Atlantic, and lose a day or even two; the weather forecast was not exactly wonderful. There were rumors of a tug strike in New York, and they might have to dock without tugs. The discharge of cargo, and the taking on of fresh stores, might lag behind schedule. Above all, they might never leave Liverpool in the first place, if all the other rumors—particularly about a stewards' walkout—turned out to be true. In that case, they would be late in sailing, later still in New York, and too late altogether for the start of the cruise, which would have to be canceled.

Cruises made money; canceled cruises made a murderous loss. If all the worst things happened Captain Blacklock would start his passenger career with one of the biggest black marks in the history of the line. It was unfair, but so were income tax, and the price of whiskey, and the doctrine of original sin.

In actual fact, this was not his chief worry. He had watched other captains wrestling with sailing delays, threatened strikes, bad weather, bad luck; and he had learned from his watching. But there were other areas in which he was not so confident.

They could be labeled as social and personal; and even more crisply summed up under the title "Lord Calderstone"—chairman of the line and possibly the most formidable passenger any Hope Lines captain could have on board his ship. Lord Calderstone would be an ever-present factor during the next eight days. He would be sitting at the captain's table. He would have access to the bridge in any weather, and at any time to the captain's private cabin. He would always be a presence, passing judgment on Blacklock's ability to command.

Blacklock found himself shrugging, an unusual reaction. Perhaps it was to be a shrugging sort of day, a day of what-can't-be-cured-must-be-endured. The problems, great and small, had to be dealt with in sequence. And probably, he thought, one of them had to be dealt with now, as it moved into his cabin in the person of Staff Commander Martin.

In the twenty-odd years since they had started to move up the ladder together, he and Martin had never liked each other. Perhaps the friction was inevitable; the two of them were near-contemporaries in a highly competitive world, and they had been watching each other warily for a long time. In the four days since he had taken over command of the *Good Hope*, Blacklock had noticed a certain attitude in Martin; it was not insolence, but a consciousness of superiority, as if only a matter of luck had made Blacklock the captain and Martin his staff commander. There was a certain slowness in the way that Martin said "sir" which seemed to imply that, but for a few months' difference in seniority, it would have been the other way round. There could be some truth in that, thought Blacklock, as he looked up and nodded to Martin. But facts were still facts; he *was* the captain and Martin *was* the staff commander.

Martin, entering at a leisurely pace, had put some papers on the captain's desk. Now he said, "Watch-and-quarter bill, sir," as if he could not recall whether Blacklock knew what a watch-and-quarter bill was, and Blacklock suddenly decided that the time had come to react. If this were to be a day for dealing with problems one at a time, it would be a pleasure to start with this one.

He nodded again and said, "Thanks," in as curt a tone

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as possible. Then, as Martin seemed to be waiting, he asked, "Something else?"

"No," Martin answered easily. "I just wondered if there was anything I could do."

The captain did not like the implication, and felt ready to show it. "You've got your job, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Martin, as if his job were something any capable man could do with one hand in his spare time. "I only meant—well, you know, all the extra work of taking over. If there's anything ——"

"You do your job," said Blacklock. "I'll do mine. That way we'll get along."

"Yes, sir," Martin said.

"Is there anything new to report about the stewards?"

"No, sir." Now Martin's tone was sulky. "There's nothing new there."

"What's the situation, then? Have you spoken to Chief Steward Bryce?"

"Bryce says they're still talking, but that's about all. One of them's ashore seeing McTeague, so they say. I don't know if it means anything. The rest of them just seem to be waiting to see what happens."

"Who's the one ashore?"

"Swann. Tourist steward."

"Log him when he comes back. He's got no business ashore, just before sailing."

"Well, sir . . ." Martin was back to his easy manner again, the role of the diplomatic adviser. "I was going to overlook it this time. I don't think we want to risk starting anything at this stage."

"Log him," repeated the captain. "I'll decide whether we're going to start anything."

"Very well, sir," said Martin, infuriatingly reasonable.

The captain let it go by, for the moment. "If this Swann chap's talking to McTeague, that could mean trouble. *He's* the one we've got to watch out for. He's only waiting a chance to call a walkout."

"I suppose that could happen," said Martin.

"You don't sound too sad about it."

"Sir?"

"The prospect of the stewards' walking out doesn't seem to worry you."

Martin's expression was wonderfully injured. "Sir, I thought you were taking over responsibility for that."

Blacklock glared back at him. That settled it, he thought, in sudden overwhelming anger. If the direct clash had to come, it might as well be now. He barked out, "Martin!" and as the other man stiffened at the tone, he continued, "That's enough from you! The catering staff is *not* my responsibility. It's yours, and don't you forget it. If there's unrest, I expect to hear about it. From you. If one of the stewards is breaking the rules, I want him logged." He was staring fixedly at Martin. "I'm new to the *Good Hope*, but I'm not new to anything else. I'm not taking any sauce from you. And I'm not running this ship on soft soap and guesswork either. If there's a chance of a strike, we won't avoid it by looking the other way. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Martin, subdued. "I'll do my best."

"You'd better," the captain said grimly. "Otherwise, that steward chap isn't the only one who's going to be logged." And as Martin, shaken at last, looked at him with the beginnings of true alarm, "That's all," said the captain, almost cheerfully. "Let me know immediately if there's any new developments."

With Martin gone from the cabin, Captain Blacklock felt the better for his outburst, but it had left a sour taste nonetheless. Ships did not run smoothly when the two top men were wrestling with each other.

Now he turned his attention to the pressing threat of a crippling stewards' walkout, and to the men who held the fate of his ship's departure in their hands.

There was Chief Steward Bryce, who could hardly be counted on in a crisis. No longer a steward, yet not quite an officer, he straddled uneasily, with a foot in each camp.

There was old Tom Renshaw, still the senior shop steward and the official union spokesman, but a man whose authority had dwindled with time until he could no longer control the young malcontents, the wildcatters who respected neither their employers nor their own union.

There was Vic Swann, the embittered, rebellious young troublemaker who was even now ashore, in defiance of orders, plotting no one knew what mischievous maneuvers in conspiracy with McTeague.

And McTeague himself, stirring up the whole mess—a hater, an angry man downgraded but not yet expelled from the Seamen's union, a tireless radical battler, a political guerrilla who used any weapon that came to hand, a perpetual thorn who started trouble in the shipping industry and thrived on it. McTeague was the real menace; if he ordered a strike, young Swann would attempt to pull the men out, and Captain Blacklock would need all his resources to hold them at their posts, sail on the tide, keep his command.

The captain was past thinking of these maneuvers as stupid; now they seemed to him to be malicious, destructive, almost criminal in their disregard for the facts of maritime life. By now these people who took their orders from McTeague must know perfectly well that they could bring any shipping line to bankruptcy, and destroy their own jobs in the process; and yet they went on doing it with the same half-doped readiness, as if it were habit-forming, like beer and television and Saturday-night sex. They listened to a man who didn't give a damn whether a ship sailed or not, as long as he could exercise his own power.

Now there was a double knock on the door, and his steward announced, "Captain, sir—Lord Calderstone!"

Lord Calderstone entered the captain's cabin. He was tall, distinguished and rich. The phrase "to the manner born" sprang instantly to mind; this was not just someone coming into a room—it was an entrance, made by a man whose every attitude, from the angle of his jaw to the firm tread of his feet, seemed to proclaim that the room was the better for his presence.

Aristocrats could do this, Captain Blacklock thought enviously, as he rose to greet his guest; it was something you were blessed with, and you could not fake it. When Lord Calderstone greeted him, there was no doubt who was the *grand seigneur* and who the humble tenant.

The fourth Lord Calderstone had been a household word for so long that he amounted to a brand name; and the man himself, shown in press photographs, seen on television, heard on the radio or quoted in newspapers, was as familiar to the general public as to the insiders of Wall Street or the City of London. Everyone knew what he looked like: a tall, handsome, sixtyish, balding man, strong of jaw, level of gaze, acute of business intellect; a living portrayal of the power and prestige of the managerial world.

Lord Calderstone was in shipping, textiles and steel—the traditional north-country moneymakers. He owned some newspapers—not the really big ones, but a respectable string of provincial dailies. He had interests in real estate, tobacco, bread, electronics, proprietary drugs and cocoa. He owned, or controlled, a trawler fleet in Hull, a holiday camp in North Wales, a factory which made nearly all the dry batteries in England, and an ironworks in Nottinghamshire. He was, inevitably, one of the largest shareholders in commercial television.

In *Who's Who* he listed his recreations as "reading and gardening."

"My dear fellow!" Lord Calderstone said now to the captain. "I just looked in, and I've no intention of wasting more than a few moments of your time. But first of all, congratulations!"

In the world of Lord Calderstone, promotion to command of a ship was roughly equivalent to advancement from head teller to chief cashier, but Captain Blacklock found himself immediately warmed by the friendly greeting; in a glow of gratitude, he exclaimed, "Thank you, sir!" as breathlessly as any schoolboy who, having won the high jump, is treated to a kindly pat on the back from the games master. Then, the civilities done, he offered Lord Calderstone a drink.

"Well, now—" said Lord Calderstone, "yes, I think I *will* have a very small whiskey and water."

The captain summoned his steward, and the steward poured the drinks.

Lord Calderstone was there to get his first impression of Blacklock in the role of captain, for though he had met him before, he had not observed him under the limelight of command. So the captain was not surprised when Lord Calderstone asked, "How are you settling in?"

There were all sorts of possible answers, ranging from the noncommittal to the buoyant; Blacklock did not feel like giving any of them. He answered, unsmiling, "So far, everything's gone well. She's the biggest ship I've ever had, which means there's more to go wrong. But then, I've got more people to help me. That's about the size of it."

Lord Calderstone nodded. "She's a big ship, and a fine ship. One of our best. And you've got some good men, I've no doubt. Who's your staff commander, by the way?"

"Martin."

"Oh, yes. I remember Martin. He should be a great help to you."

"I think he will be," Blacklock answered, "as soon as we settle down. We've known each other a long time. We were in training ship together."

"You must be exact contemporaries, then."

"Just about."

"I'm sure it will work out," said Lord Calderstone, who knew all about contemporaries jostling their way to the top of the heap together. He added just enough to make the point. "Don't forget, when Hope Lines picks a man for captain, they give him all the backing he needs." Then he looked at his watch. "Well, well, how quickly the time goes. Only an hour or so, and we shall be off."

"I hope so," the captain said.

Lord Calderstone might have affected surprise, but he did not. "You mean, you think there's a chance of a delay?"

"It's always possible," the captain said. "There's been a lot of talk about the stewards' staging something. A sudden walkout—something like that."

Lord Calderstone nodded again. "Yes. One of the newspaper chaps was trying to bring it up. He actually asked me what my reaction would be, *if* it happened." He smiled briefly. "Sometimes I think the freedom of the press deserves a stronger term altogether. But there's nothing definite there, is there? Nothing more than talk, rumors?"

"Not that I know of. The trouble is, these things start up out of the blue. One of my stewards is still ashore, seeing McTeague. That could mean something, or it could mean nothing at all."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Aw, knock it off, Preston!"



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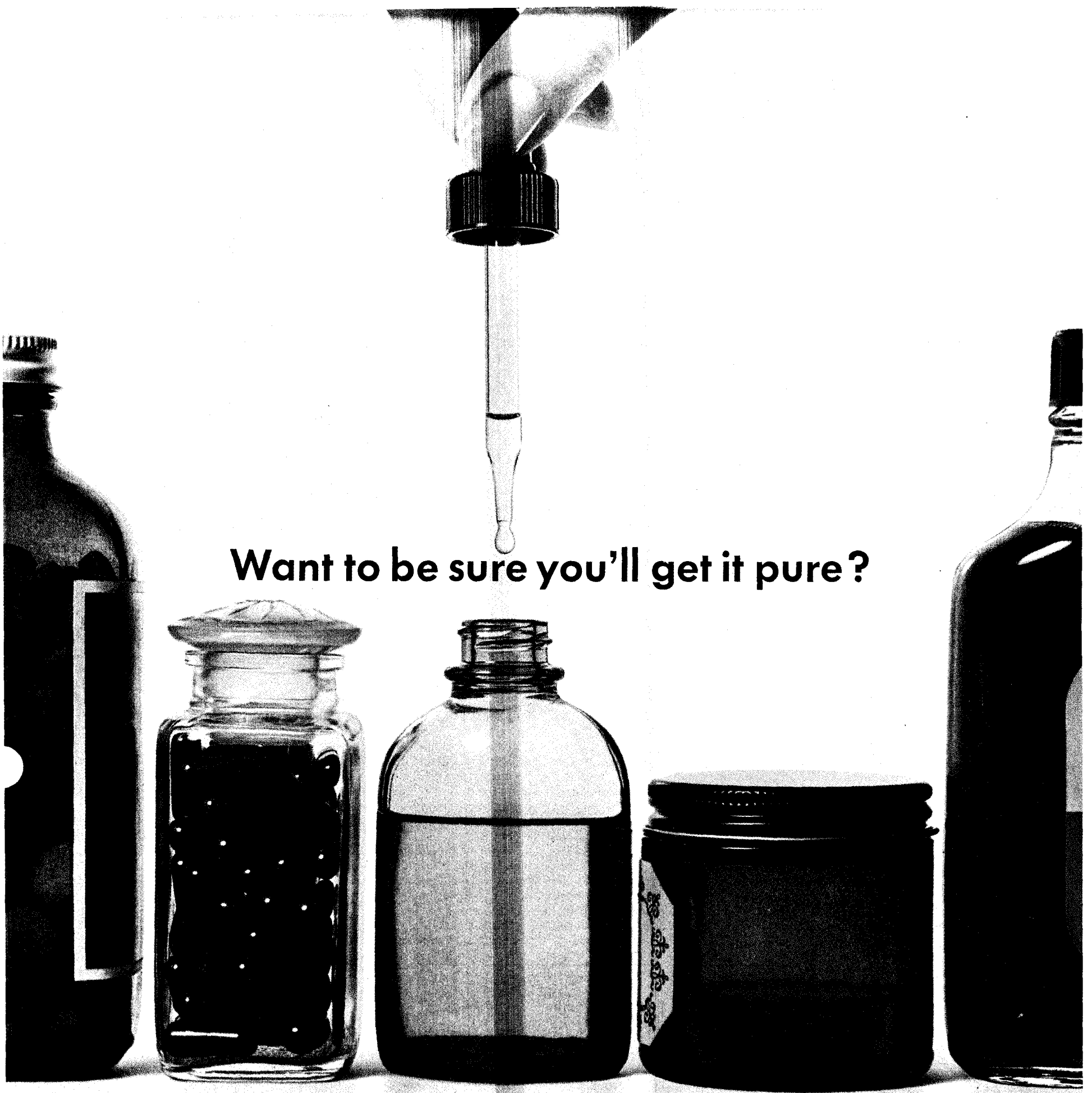

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## FAIR DAY'S WORK

"McTeague again." Lord Calderstone frowned. "What's the general feeling among the stewards?"

"It's difficult to tell. Most of them seem perfectly happy, and then someone starts talking to them about their grievances, and suddenly they're not happy any longer. Mostly it boils down to McTeague. Whether this ship sails or not probably depends on him. I'd like to wring his neck!"

Lord Calderstone raised his eyebrows. "Oh, I don't know. He's probably not such a bad chap, when you get to know him. Wrongheaded, of course."

The captain was far from agreeing, but he said nothing. They both knew all about McTeague, from long experience; they knew the tactics he pursued, the sort of hold he had, the number of times he had stopped ships from sailing, the number of times he had tried to do so, and just failed, and left a residue of ill will and discontent, for use next time. But it was clear that they thought of him in different ways.

Perhaps the difference was the basic difference between Lord Calderstone and the captain. To Blacklock, McTeague was something like a personal enemy, who had to be defeated. Calderstone, a less vulnerable target, could afford a more urbane view. For him, McTeague was just someone on the other side, and therefore bound to behave as he did; roughly speaking, it was the way McTeague had been brought up, and one shouldn't expect anything better. All one needed to do was to outwit him. If Lord Calderstone had to tackle McTeague, it would not be on any personal basis; it would be a matter of high principle, an exercise of discipline in the interests of a stable economy. He made the point himself. "I need not tell you how disastrously a strike can affect the shipping companies, where working costs are paramount, and indeed our whole export trade." He sat back, comfortably mounted on his favorite topic. "Exports are vital to us. They are the way of life of this country, the way she earns her bread and pays her way. They are her bloodstream. Stop that bloodstream, or block it in any way, and the heart itself may suffer irreparable damage."

The captain stopped listening. He knew Calderstone's speech by heart; he had heard it in a hundred different versions during the past twenty years. So had everyone else; everyone in Britain knew the vital importance of exports; they had been told about it till they were sick of the very word.

"That is why," Lord Calderstone concluded, "we really cannot go on submitting to this sort of blackmail. This ship has to sail, because she has been committed, on a contractual basis involving thousands of people, to doing so." He looked carefully at the captain. "I think it might be prudent to take some precautions."

The captain waited.

"The last thing I want to do is to interfere with your job, or to take a hand in running the show. It's your show, and that's why you're sitting where you are." He smiled. "However, I am one of your passengers, and I am just as keen as any other passenger that we should get away on time. Speaking purely in that capacity, I do think that we should try to find out a little more about what is going on. This man who is ashore. What's his name, by the way?"

"Swann."

"How much backing is he likely to have, if he returns on board with strike instructions? What percentage of the men are likely to follow him? Would your chief steward know about that?"

"Bryce has told me as much as he knows," the captain answered. "He thinks that if McTeague and Swann between them could dream up a solid grievance, about fifty percent of the catering staff would follow Swann's lead. The rest would be with Tom Renshaw—that's your own cabin steward."

"Renshaw?" asked Lord Calderstone, surprised. "How does he come into this?"

"He's the *official* union man, the senior shop steward. Swann is the *un*official spokesman who does all the talking and arguing."

"That's interesting. That's very interesting indeed. . . . Then Renshaw is likely to know as much as Chief Steward Bryce about all this?"

"More, probably. He's always been close to the men, and he's personally very popular. Even with the young ones, though they don't always listen to his advice, much less take it. I've known him for twenty years. He's the best steward in Hope Lines, I should say."

"I think I would like to talk to him," said Lord Calderstone. "Here and now. There can be no harm in taking soundings. But I don't want to make too much of an occasion out of it."

"I can get him up here," the captain said. "He won't gossip about it."

"Let's do it another way." Lord Calderstone felt in his breast pocket, and then in other pockets, with a faintly roguish smile. "Dear me," he said, "I must have left my cigar case in my cabin. Would you be kind enough to send word to my steward to bring it up?"

When the message had been sent, they fell into silence again, the pause before action. Then there was a knock on the door, and Tom Renshaw came in—a thin old man of sixty-two, ready for retirement. In his hand was a silver tray; on the tray was a gold cigar case and the onyx cigar cutter from Lord Calderstone's desk and a box of matches. It was Hope Lines service at its formal best. Lord Calderstone took the case and selected a cigar, lit it with great care, and sat back in an attitude of contentment, wreathed in the fragrant smoke of a fifteen-shilling maduro Montecristo. Then he inclined his head, and said, "Thank you, Renshaw."

"Thank you, my lord." Tom Renshaw—head erect, back straight—turned to go.

Lord Calderstone held up his hand. "One moment," he said. "I would like to have a word with you."

Tom Renshaw turned back. "Certainly, sir."

"This is in strict confidence."

"Yes, sir."

Lord Calderstone came straight to the point. "There's been some talk about dissatisfaction among the stewards. The possibility of a strike, which might hold us up. Have you anything to tell us about that?"

Since he had said "us," Tom Renshaw looked at the captain, and back to Lord Calderstone, before he answered, as though he were searching for something to give him a lead. "There's been nothing worth reporting, sir. Otherwise I'd have told the chief steward. I think we'll get away all right. But you never can tell, these days."

It was a fair answer, but too vague and noncommittal for Lord Calderstone. With slightly more insistence, he said, "I want to be *able* to tell, if possible. Just let me get the picture. You are the senior union representative on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"The men follow you?"

"Most of them, sir. Of course there's arguments now and again. But we don't do too badly."

"You can count on more than half the men, then."

This was coming close to home, and Tom Renshaw's face showed it. He glanced again at the captain, as if wondering how much it would be safe to say.

"I couldn't guarantee that, sir. What I say is—I've had this shop-steward job a long time, and mostly things have gone all right. We haven't had a walkout for near two years, and you can be sure the *union* has no thought of a strike now. But you can't count on it, not any more. These days, the men don't always listen to the union."

"They listen to young Swann instead. Is that it?"

"A lot of the young lads do listen to him, sir, and follow him. It seems they'll follow anyone that beats the drum. Just now it's Vic Swann."

"Or perhaps McTeague."

"It's the same thing, sir."

Lord Calderstone stared at him, surprised. "How do you make that out?"

"I'm afraid they've been pretty thick the last few months." For the third time he glanced at the captain. "Matter of fact, sir, Swann's ashore now, seeing McTeague."

The captain said, "We know that already," and Lord Calderstone nodded. There was silence for a brief space, and then Lord Calderstone took up the questioning again. "Tell me about Swann."

"Not much to tell, sir," Tom Renshaw said. "He's a good enough lad in a way. I've kind of tried to straighten him out, but he's just a silly kid, when it comes to this sort of thing. His dad was killed in the war. He's discontented, like—they all are, these days. He doesn't really believe in anything. And people listen to him, young as he is, because he can put things in a way they understand. And he sings a bit, and plays the guitar in one of those groups." The disjointed picture emerged suddenly as a sharp portrait. "I don't know where they get their ideas from. They've got them, that's all I know. Or they're ready to pick them up. Like Vic. Soon as he met McTeague, it was like striking a match and chucking it into a gas oven. McTeague talks, and the lad swallows it all whole, and suddenly he feels blown up twice the size of life, and he'll do anything—*anything*—that he thinks McTeague would want. You can't argue with him. All you can do is do the best you can to see he doesn't get away with it."

Tom Renshaw fell silent. The sketch was completed.

"That explains a good deal," Lord Calderstone said. "Of course, it excuses nothing. . . . Now tell me something about McTeague."

Tom Renshaw checked a private sigh. He had hoped that they were finished with him. Now he felt something like resentment. It wasn't his job to come up with this sort of report. As he hesitated, Lord Calderstone prompted his answer. "You've met McTeague, of course."

"Aye, I've met him."

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"Not much, sir. He's not my sort. But I can understand what he's after."

"Can you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom Renshaw. "He likes to stir up trouble, because he's had nothing but trouble all his life. He's another one you can't argue with. He's had a hard life, and he wants to pay back for it."

"Is that so?" said Lord Calderstone, austerely. "What a very strange world it would be if we all behaved like that. And what exactly has this so-called 'hard life' involved?"

Tom Renshaw was not daunted. "You remember the 'Thirties, sir?"

"Of course."

"Well, McTeague was a Liverpool lad in the 'Thirties. His dad was out of work for years. So was he. I'm not saying they starved ——"

"No one starved," Lord Calderstone said.

"There was a good few went hungry."

"They were very hard times," Lord Calderstone said. "I'm not denying it. Some of my own companies had a very tricky time, before we turned the corner. And what about your own case? You must have gone through the same hard times, suffered the same hardships."

"Aye," said Renshaw. "We all did."

Lord Calderstone, silent and thoughtful, gazed at a drift of cigar smoke. "I think we might perhaps leave it there," he said, to the world at large. And then, to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh come on, Ed, we might as well let them play through."



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Tom Renshaw, "I won't be dressing for dinner, of course, the first night. I'll have my bath at half past six."

"Very good, sir," Renshaw said.

"And a clean shirt, please."

"Yes, my lord."

"And thank you, Renshaw. You have really been a great help."

The door closed behind him. After the briefest possible pause, Lord Calderstone spoke again.

"A good man," he said. "A first-class man. Perhaps a trifle lacking in firmness, having regard to his position in the union. But one cannot expect everything."

"He's a good man, all right," the captain said.

"Quite so." Lord Calderstone drew on his cigar, and then said suddenly and flatly, "I don't like the sound of this at all."

It was almost as if another man had spoken. The impeccable tone and outlook, the easy, proper-way-to-treat-a-servant manner had evaporated.

The captain was more at home with the new man than with the old. "I don't like the sound of it either. It's the same old pattern. We had exactly the same trouble last year in the *Grand*."

"But the *Grand Hope* sailed, I remember."

"In the end, yes."

"Quite so. And that is what this ship is going to do now. This ship is going to get away today, because I want her to, and you certainly want her to, and in the last analysis, England wants her to." It did not sound pompous, or even oratorical. "This ship has to sail by six o'clock, and that's all there is to it."

The captain said, "Of course, I'm with you there, sir." It seemed an appropriate moment to add the "sir"; indeed, it was the first time he had really wanted to. "The trouble is, it's not really in our hands, is it?"

Lord Calderstone gave him a cold glance. "Then the sooner we get it into our hands, the better. This is a crisis. We must therefore find some way of meeting it."

The captain opened his mouth to say, "At the moment, there's nothing to meet." But suddenly there *was* something to meet; and its onset only needed three swift steps: a knock on the cabin door, the entrance of Staff Commander Martin and his first foreboding words: "Excuse me, sir. Can I see you urgently?"

He had spoken to the captain, but immediately his eyes shifted to Lord Calderstone; it was apparent that, if this were to prove to be his big scene, Staff Commander Martin would be playing it to the chairman.

The captain's voice as he answered was very curt. "What is it, Staff?"

With reluctance, Martin faced the captain again. "Sir," he said, "you told me to report any new developments about the situation with the stewards. I'm afraid that I have something to report."

He paused, and the captain, already irritated, felt ready to explode. If they had been alone, he would have snapped, Get on with it, then! Instead, he said, "Well?"

"Sir, you told me to have Swann logged as soon as he came back on board." Martin turned to Lord Calderstone. "Perhaps I should explain that Swann is one of our tourist stewards. He ——"

"I know all about Swann," said Lord Calderstone, and the captain blessed him for it.

Martin collected himself. "Following your instructions"—the repeated emphasis sounded an alarm in the captain's brain—"I left orders for Swann to report to Chief Steward Bryce as soon as he came on board. He did not do so. Instead he just lounged about, not answering his bells. Finally he was reported to me, and I—ah—had to take action."

They waited for another short, meaningful pause. "In the circumstances," Martin said earnestly, "and with things being so tricky, I might just have given him a reprimand and let it go at that. But you did give me the impression, sir, that he was not to be allowed to get away with anything. So I disciplined him."

"*How* did you discipline him?"

"I took him off the tourist roster and assigned him to the junior-officers' mess."

The captain winced. Waiting on the junior officers—a noisy, bumptious and penniless lot—was the most unpopular job on board. It was immediately obvious that Martin had handled the matter of Swann with the minimum of tact. But he was covering himself well, when it came to assigning the blame.

Lord Calderstone broke the silence. "How did Swann take it?"

"He was grossly insubordinate," Martin answered, with a certain relish. "In fact, seeing his attitude, I was very glad that I had—ah—followed the captain's orders. First he said that I couldn't do this to him. Then he said he would refuse the duty. Finally he said something like 'We'll see about this.' I'm very much afraid, sir, that he's probably holding his protest meeting now."

The captain came to life. "Thank you, Staff. That'll do for now."

When Martin had gone, Lord Calderstone began to talk briskly; but the captain scarcely heard him. If he was listening to anything, it was to his own murderous thoughts. Martin could not have devised a form of discipline more likely to insure a swift reaction. Furthermore, he had managed to convey the impression that the whole thing had flowered from some stupid insistence, on the part of the captain, that rules had to be enforced, whatever the cost. Now they had a first-class row on their hands, and there was damned little time to do anything about it.

Lord Calderstone glanced at his watch. "We have little more than an hour," he said. "We cannot wait until Swann decides whether or not to lead the men out. If we are going to sail, we must take the initiative." He looked at the captain.

Pressure, thought the captain morosely; I'm just about fed up with pressure.

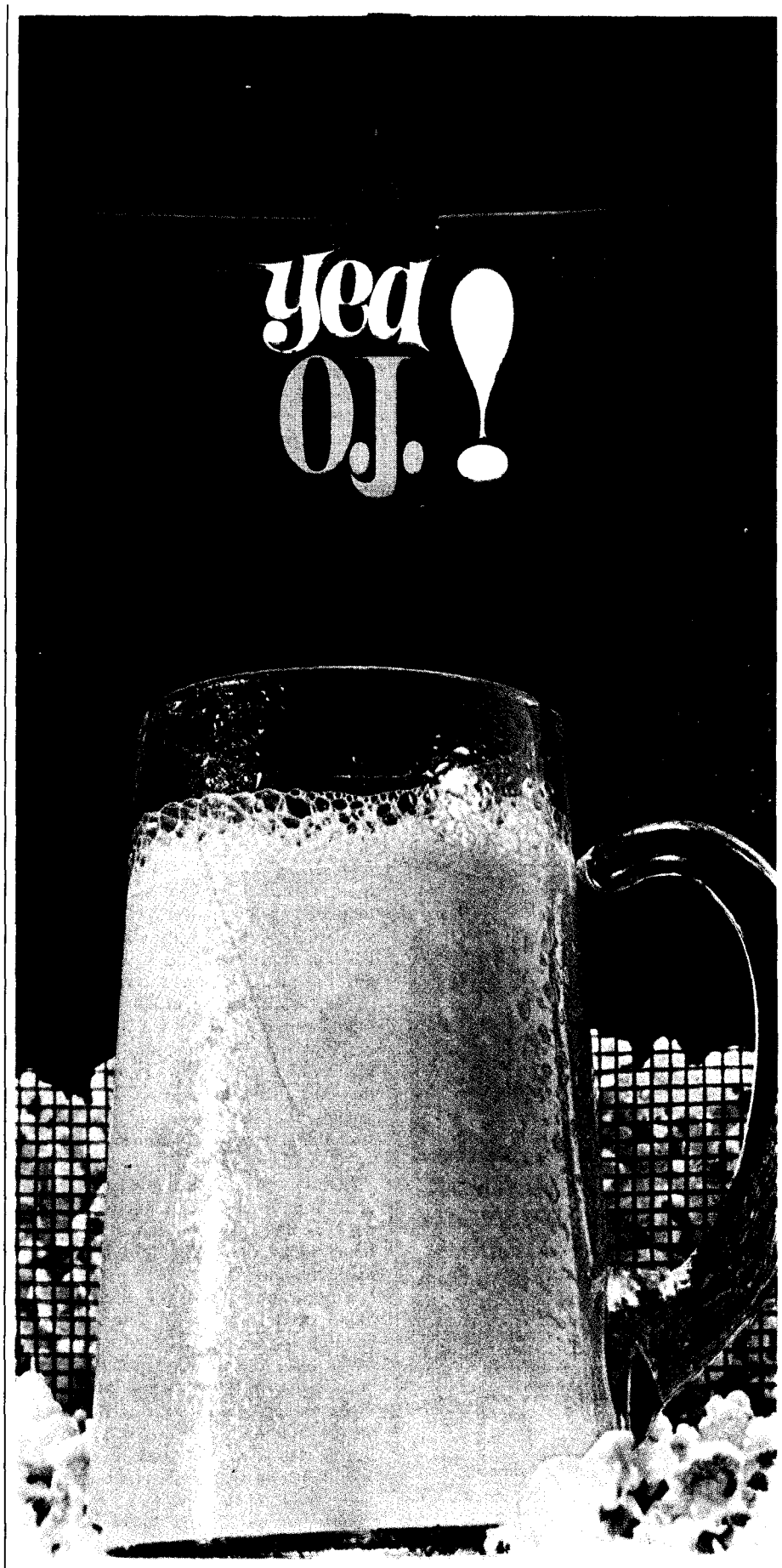
"I think we would be justified ——" Lord Calderstone was saying, when the captain cut him short. It was the word "we" which finally sparked his rebellion. It wasn't a matter of "we" at all: Whoever his allies, whoever his enemies, the job was his and no one else's.

"I'll sort this out myself," he said, so suddenly and loudly that Lord Calderstone blinked. Calderstone watched, with pleasure and some surprise, as the captain pressed a bell, and his steward answered.

"Find the chief steward," the captain told him. "Tell him to bring Steward Swann up to my cabin. Whatever he's doing." And, as the man hesitated, "Now!" the captain barked out. "I haven't got all day."

In the silence that followed, the captain glanced up at the clock on the wall, and saw how truly he had spoken. He had indeed not got all day. It was five o'clock. There was a bare hour left till departure time.

It had been just after four o'clock, and growing toward a gloomy winter dusk,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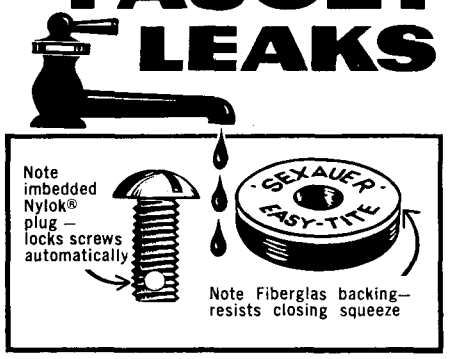
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## FAIR DAY'S WORK

when Vic Swann had returned on board the *Good Hope*. McTeague had given him a big job, and as he moved down the quay and drew near the towering white bulk of the *Good Hope*, he knew that he could bring it off. Big as she was, one man could tie her up singlehanded. The ship looked trim, and smart, and ready to sail; but she was not going to sail; she was going to stay right where she was.

As he sauntered up the stern gangway, his manner was jaunty; and it did not grow less jaunty when, at the top of the gangway, the master-at-arms placed a large, flat hand against his chest, and growled, "Just a minute, you. I've got some orders for you."

Swann backed away from the detaining hand, as if it were something he did not care to associate with. "You better be careful who you're pushing. You shove me about, I can have you up for assault."

The other man surveyed him with grim dislike. "Steward Swann. Report to the chief steward."

"Okeydoke."

"You're to report now," said the master-at-arms. "So just you hop to it."

"Master, I hear and obey."

But he did not obey. He gave the master-at-arms a low, derisive bow, and began to dawdle his way forward in the direction of the tourist cabins.

Swann took a right turn into a section of cabins reserved for women traveling by themselves. He had no business to be there; by company regulations, all the attendance in this section was provided by stewardesses. But he was looking for trouble this afternoon; and it would do no harm to take a look at the girls.

He was quickly rewarded. Through an open cabin door he caught sight of a girl bending over something on the floor. The angle was a shapely and promising one, the skirt nice and tight. It was easy to imagine that she was having trouble with something. He walked quickly forward.

"Can I help you?"

"Oh." The girl straightened up suddenly and turned, brushing the hair out of her eyes. She was pretty and dark. He had struck lucky, first time. "You know, you made me jump."

Vic Swann smiled. "I thought you might need some help." She had been bending over a suitcase, and he transferred his eyes, not too promptly, to it. "Can't you open it, or something?"

She looked at him inquiringly. Wearing his raincoat, he might have been anyone. But he was young, and nice-looking; the first likely one she had seen on board. She said, "Well, if you *could* . . . the lock's stuck, I think. D'you know anything about locks?"

"I know a bit about everything," said Swann, with another smile. He knelt down, applied a firm thumb to the catch, and the lock sprang back. "See—one wave of my magic wand." Still on his knees, he looked up and asked, "Want me to open the lid for you?"

"You just leave it be," said the girl, with a touch of flirtatiousness. "You might see some of my secrets."

Swann stood up, and backed away a little, till he was leaning in the doorway. "Is this your first trip over?"

"Yes. Isn't it lovely?"

"I've done too many," said Swann, the man of the world. "But yes, from here it looks lovely."

The girl tossed her head, not at all put out. "I can see I'll have to keep my eye on you. How many trips have you done?"

"It's about my twenty-first," said Swann. "Professionally, that is. You see, this is my ship. I work on board."

"Ooh." She was impressed, and she widened her eyes to show it. "Are you an officer?"

"Sort of."

"My mum said to be careful of the officers. She said sailors are terribly romantic."

"Then we'll get on all right, won't we?"

"*Swann!*"

Swann could not help jumping, though he would have given a lot of money not to; the contrast between the small idyll in the cabin and the hard voice of authority from outside was embarrassing. The interrupter was, of course, Chief Steward Bryce, standing in the alleyway, glaring at him; and the girl, who was as startled as he, could see that Bryce was glaring, and had heard the tone of the voice, and must be adding two and two together and making a damned silly sum out of it. Swann said, with a brave grin, "Excuse me a minute," and backed out of the cabin, shutting the door behind him. Then, ashamed and angry, he turned to face Bryce.

Chief Steward Bryce was angry too. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked loudly. "You know the regulations. What are you up to?"

"I was helping her with her suitcase," Swann said sulkily.

"There's a stewardess to do that," said Bryce. "You've got your own work, and it's about time you got down to it. Weren't you told to report to me?"

"I was on my way."

"You've been on board nearly ten minutes," said Bryce. "It doesn't take you ten minutes to get from the stern gangway to my office. You're going to be in big trouble if you carry on like this. You're logged anyway. Staff commander's report, tomorrow morning."

"OK."

"And talk properly, for God's sake! You sound like a snotty little school kid."

"Oh, leave me alone." Swann pushed past him, not caring how much force he used, and Bryce had to give way. "You're always after me for something. It's victimization, that's what it is."

"Come off it! I'm after you because you don't do your work." And, as Swann seemed to be walking away, "Just a minute," said the chief steward.

"What is it now?"

"Your bell's been ringing for five minutes. Cabin B 19. Why hasn't it been answered?"

"I was told to report to you," Swann answered cheekily. "I can't answer bells at the same time, can I?"

"Then what were you lounging about here for?"

"My job's to make the passengers comfortable," Swann said with a smirk. "You're always on to us about that. I see a young lady wants her suitcase ——"

Bryce surveyed Swann with active distaste. "You've been logged once already today. If you go on like this, you'll finish up in the clink. I've had all the sauce I want from you, my lad. Now get back to your pantry, and take that coat off, and answer the bell in B 19."

"Yes, sir!" Swann turned, and walked down the alleyway. At the corner he began to whistle again, and then to laugh to himself. His spirits lifted as he walked. The girl wasn't important. The job for McTeague was. And that seemed to have started very well indeed.

Cabin B 19 was a mean little slit of a place, an inside room as far from the sea as it could possibly be. It was probably the cheapest single cabin in the ship.

Swann knocked on the door, wondering what he would find on the other side. He had been ashore when the occupant arrived; all he knew was the name—Ogilvie, Mr. C.—which was on the cabin plan. Probably another of those penny-pinching Scotch immigrants, wolfing oats like a horse and bawling away at *Annie Laurie* round the tourist-bar piano at two o'clock in the morning.

"Come in, come in."

He was an old man, very small, very neat, very spruce, wearing a monocle with a thin purple ribbon attached to it. He was sitting on the edge of his bunk, writing; he did not look up as the door opened.

"Were you ringing?" asked Swann. He did not like little old men putting on airs in cabins like B 19, and his voice showed it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Edgar has a serious personality problem."



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The old man carefully completed the sentence he was writing, and then raised his head.

"Yes," he said, in a small, dry voice. "I *was* ringing. And the bell *was* answered—eventually. I wanted some notepaper. A stewardess had to bring me some. Unless your standards have dropped abysmally since I last traveled with Hope Lines, there should be a supply of notepaper in each cabin."

He was looking at Swann as if he personally were the culprit, and a small, scruffy culprit at that. This is all I need today, thought Swann, between anger and anticipation; a silly old man talking like this, chucking his weight about in B 19. He did not answer, waiting for it all to happen. He could see that the process would be swift.

After a moment Mr. Ogilvie said, "Are you my proper steward?"

Swann nodded, his hands on his hips. "That's right."

"I do not like being kept waiting. I had some important letters to write before the mail closed."

"There's a writing room," Swann said. "You could have gone there."

"I am fully aware that there is a public writing room," Mr. Ogilvie answered tartly. "I happened to want to write my letters in privacy." He was glaring at Swann, his eyebrows bristling. "Don't they teach you to say 'sir' on board this ship?"

"Sometimes," said Swann. "It's all according."

"I am Mr. Ogilvie," the old man said. "Mr. *Charles* Ogilvie. I am not accustomed to this sort of treatment. If you and I are going to get along ——"

"P'raps we won't."

Mr. Ogilvie rose to his feet. He was not more than five feet tall, yet he seemed to be swelling with anger. "For that, I will report you immediately," he stuttered. "What is your name?"

Swann pointed to the small card by the door. "It's written up there."

He slammed the door after him. The cabin bell began to ring even as he did so, and its shrill tone followed him as he walked down the passageway, grinning broadly. This was it; this was what he had been looking for. In fact, it was perfect.

Ten minutes later he was standing in Chief Steward Bryce's office. Tom Renshaw was there too—hurriedly summoned, Swann guessed, to witness what might turn into a first-class union row. The atmosphere was already sulphurous when Swann arrived, and it did not get any better as he answered the questions they fired at him.

But once again, it all worked out easy; it seemed that he had only to walk through his role for everything to move another step toward the very thing that he and McTeague were aiming at.

"Seems like you've done it again," said Chief Steward Bryce, as soon as the door was closed. "I gave you warning, didn't I? But you wouldn't take it. What was it you said to Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Oh, him." Swann grinned. "Proper little comic, isn't he? Like Danny Kaye, only a hundred years old. I *liked* him! The little ——"

"'Offensive and insolent' was what he said," Bryce cut in. "He's made a complaint about it. It's got to go to the staff commander, unless you can satisfy me about it. So let's hear your side. *Were* you rude to him?"

Swann considered. "I told him off a bit, yes."

"Told him off?" Bryce's voice was incredulous. "What d'you mean, told him off? Since when have you been telling off the passengers?"

"I told him off because he asked for it. Putting on airs . . . Who does he think he is? I know his sort. Come down in the world, and won't admit it. I bet I make more in a week then he does in a month. But he won't face it. Spends fifty quid on a cabin like B 19 and expects to be treated like Lord Bloody Calderstone, with a few extra knobs on. Well, he won't get any soft soap from me, and that's a fact!"

"You're meant to look after the passengers," Tom Renshaw said. "It's your job."

"I'll look after them," said Swann. "And I'll see they don't chuck their weight about, either. They're just a lot of cheap layabouts, that's all they are!"

Now there was a pause, and it was, Swann quickly realized, a dangerous pause, from his point of view. Bryce was sitting there, bad-tempered, violently disapproving, yet speechless; old Tom Renshaw was the same. This was the moment when it could go either way; he was in actual danger of getting away with it—they might just tell him to be a better boy next time, and that would be the end of it.

There was another reason why they were sitting there like ducks in a thunderstorm. They didn't know what to say next, because they were afraid; afraid of a real row, afraid of a walkout, afraid of upsetting the whole applecart. With less than an hour to go, and the ship just ready to sail, they weren't going to risk anything.


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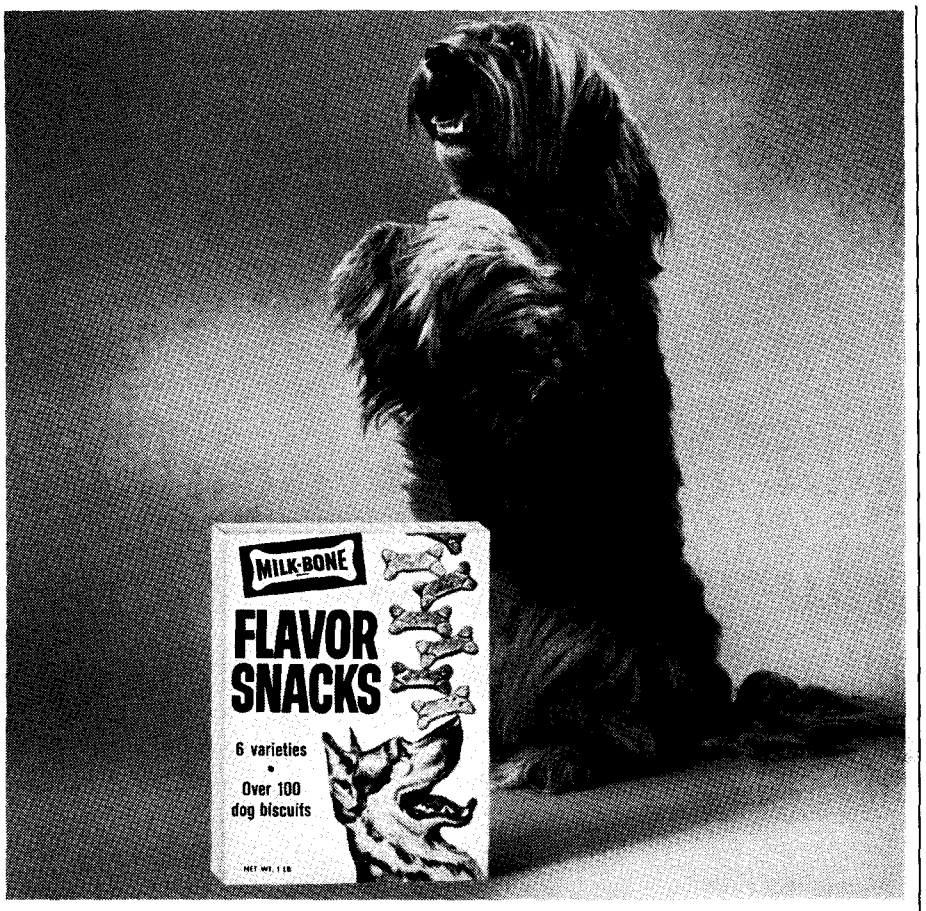


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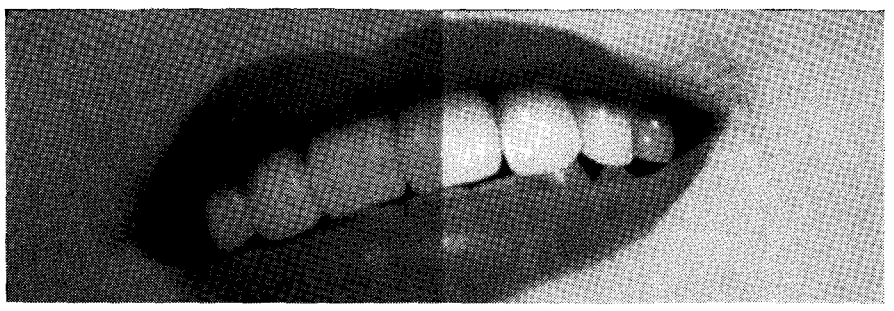

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## FAIR DAY'S WORK

There was a chance that his whole scheme might come to nothing.... Swann squared his shoulders. He had to change his tactics, and do it very soon; otherwise Bryce would say something like "I'm going to warn you once more," and give him a lecture, and the *Good Hope* would be off on time, full of happy stewards.

Invisibly, determinedly, Swann took a fresh grip of the handle, and made ready for one more decisive swing. "Anyway," he said coolly, "I've got a complaint of my own to make. You bringing me up here on a false charge, making out I'm some sort of criminal. It's victimization, that's what it is. The lads don't like it, and I don't like it either." He looked sullenly at the chief steward. "Just tell me why you're always picking on me. That's what I want to know."

"Picking on you!" Bryce, who might have been ready for some sort of accommodation, now fairly exploded. "Picking on you? You're damned lucky you've still got a job on board!"

"I don't want to be lucky," said Swann. "You aiming to get me the sack? Just try it, that's all! You've been after me for months, haven't you? Well, it's going to stop. I've had enough of being shoved about by the likes of you. You know what you are? You're just a stooge for the officers, that's all!"

He had aimed to spark a final crisis, and when it came, it was a swift one.

"That's enough from you," Bryce said curtly. He had risen to his feet; he was coldly angry now, no longer doubtful of how to handle it. "You come along with me to the staff commander. By the time he's finished with you, my lad, you'll be sorry you ever started this lark."

Swann grinned cheekily. "*You* started it," he said. "But let's see how it finishes up, eh?"

When at last he was brought into the captain's cabin, Swann was in a genuinely bad temper, with no need to dress up his resentment bigger and blacker than it was. The collision with the staff commander had given him just the sort of grievance he wanted, and he had called a protest meeting of the stewards, but no sooner had the meeting got under way, and going nicely, than he had been yanked out of it by Bryce, backed up by a stern-jawed master-at-arms. The interruption had brought boos and catcalls; but the meeting had come to a dead stop all the same, and he knew it would never start up again until he returned.

The lads needed a leader, particularly at a moment like this; and he was the man they needed. That was what made it so infuriating—to be pulled out just when things were starting to swim.

Yet behind the bad temper was a wary watchfulness. Whatever happened here in Captain Blacklock's cabin was only another step, but it was likely to be the final step, the one that really counted; and he was no longer dealing with nobodies. Captains could do all sorts of funny things, and no questions would be asked. It was tied up with the Articles of Agreement you signed when you were taken on; they could really nail a man down, unless he watched out for himself. He would just have to go carefully, like he had been told; get the interview over quickly, go back to his meeting, and liven it up enough to clinch the walkout.

Now, as Swann entered the captain's cabin, with Bryce at his side as arresting officer and prison warder, he faced his real antagonists. The captain sat foursquare behind his desk. In the background, standing withdrawn by one of the portholes, as if his attention were divided between the rainy view outside and the vulgar tug of war about to commence within, stood Lord Calderstone.

The time was ten past five.

"I've sent for you," the captain told Swann, in his coldest voice, "because I'm not satisfied with your conduct." Then he turned, immediately and abruptly, to the chief steward. "Let me have a report on this man."

Bryce went to work with a will. "He disobeyed an order to report to me when he returned on board. He was logged for being absent without leave within two hours of sailing time. He was reprimanded for not reporting, and reprimanded again for being found in a female passenger's cabin. He was reported for inattention and insolence by another passenger, Mr. Ogilvie, B 19, and reprimanded for the fourth time. When he became abusive, he was brought before the staff commander, taken off the passenger roster and put to work in the junior-officers' mess. He was insolent to the staff commander, and then went off to hold a stewards' meeting in the catering mess. He was brought out of that meeting, on your orders. His last words before he left were, 'Don't worry, lads. I'll be back.' On the way here, he had to be restrained by the master-at-arms."

There was silence after Bryce's recital; a doubtful, waiting silence. Finally it was broken by a single dry sound from the direction of the porthole. Lord Calderstone, having struck a match, was lighting a fresh cigar.

The captain turned slightly to look at Swann. He found him as he had expected to find him, gazing straight ahead, absolutely expressionless, holding himself apart from this nonsense. He tapped a pencil sharply on the desk, by way of a call to order, and when Swann looked toward the sound, he said, "You're getting to be quite a problem, aren't you?"

Swann said nothing.

After waiting a moment, the captain asked, "Well, what about it?"

Swann gave a start, as if suddenly recalled from a dream. "Oh," he said, and then, "Excuse me. Is it all right for me to speak now?"

The captain's mouth tightened; it was all the recognition he allowed this minor piece of impudence. "Yes, you can speak now. In fact, I'm waiting. You've heard the chief steward's report on you. What have you got to say about it?"

"It's not all true," Swann said.

"You mean the chief steward is lying?"

"I mean he's got his own point of view."

"We all have," the captain said. "What's so different about Mr. Bryce's point of view?"

"He's always at me. He never leaves me alone. And it's not just me, either. He's after all of us all the time."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the captain. "It's known as maintaining discipline. It's his job. What else?"

"He doesn't have to use threats and abuse," Swann said virtuously. "F'rinstance, he called me a bloody nuisance this afternoon."

The captain looked at him. "We all get carried away sometimes. *Are* you a bloody nuisance?"

"Of course not."

"That's all right, then," the captain said. "No bones broken." His tone altered suddenly. "Now let's hear about this protest meeting."



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With the change of tone, which he had not meant to sound so sharp, a change seemed to come over the room. Swann himself seemed suddenly to come to attention; his don't-care attitude, a stock tool on any occasion of discipline, firmed up subtly into caution. Even Lord Calderstone, drawing gently on his cigar on the outer rim of the cabin, became one of them—a spectator whose attention is at last caught by something worth watching.

When Swann did not reply immediately, the captain said sharply, "Come on! I asked you a question. Let's hear the answer. You were at a meeting when the chief steward brought you out!"

"I was *holding* a meeting," Swann corrected. "A protest meeting."

"What was this protest about?"

Swann reacted to the curt tone. "I've got a right to hold a meeting, if I want to. There's nothing in the regulations ——"

"That is quite true," the captain interrupted. "Though it's not usually a good idea just before sailing time, when most of the men attending it should be looking after their passengers. That wasn't what I asked you, in any case. What was the protest about?"

Swann shrugged. "All sorts of things. We've got grievances to discuss. We wanted to get them settled before we sailed."

"What grievances?"

Swann jerked his head back toward Bryce. "Him, for a start."

"*Steward!*" said the captain, so loudly and suddenly that everyone jumped.

"Yes, sir?" Swann said automatically.

"I was just going to point out that you haven't said 'sir' to me since you came into my cabin. Now that you've started, just keep it up."

"Yes, sir."

"And when you're talking about the chief steward, call him Mr. Bryce."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Now tell me about these grievances."

Swann took the floor and began to reel them off with a readiness which made the captain suspect that they might not get very far with this interview. They were simply passing the time; and the time was passing them. Swann's voice had become a singsong recital, as if he were repeating a fairly recent speech.

"First of all, we object to the way Bryce—Mr. Bryce—pushes us about. We don't like the accommodations—there's too many men to one cabin. The food's not up to the standard laid down in the regulations, and when complaints are made, the man that complains is always victimized. We don't like the hours, particularly having to be on call so late at night. We want better recreation facilities, including the use of the swimming pool in off hours. We don't like the way the tips are carved up—the older chaps in first class get all the best pickings." His voice was growing stronger as he progressed. "We've got our rights, same as other people, and we intend to see they're recognized. The mass demonstration tonight proves ——" He suddenly broke off, as if he had come out of a trance. "That's about it," he said carelessly. "We're fed up with the way we're treated, and we're going to do something about it."

Without giving him time to pause, the captain asked, "Where do you get all these ideas from?"

"I don't get them from anywhere," Swann said. "It's just the way we feel. And most of the lads feel the same."

"Then why hasn't the union brought up all these complaints, formally?"

"They have, some of them. Didn't get any joy. Seems like they need a bit more ginger."

"Is that what the meeting was about?"

"Partly. And partly because of what the staff commander did to me."

"What was that?"

"Took me off the tourist roster, and put me with the officers."

"What's wrong with that? You had it coming to you, Swann, and you know it. The staff commander had plenty of reason to discipline you, hadn't he?"

"That's his story," Swann said, and added "sir," for no reason that the captain could divine. "I was being victimized, that's all. And it was unconstitutional. Once the roster's made out for the voyage, it can't be changed. If I'm with the tourist section, that's where I stay, no matter what happens."

"Who says so?"

"It's the custom."

The captain glanced toward Bryce. "True?"

"No, sir," said Bryce. "A man can be swapped round any time. Suppose there's only twenty first class, and a last-minute rush of a hundred tourist class. It stands to reason we would have to ——"

"All right," the captain said. "I get it." He turned back to Swann. "You see? That isn't a proper grievance at all."

"Well, we want that changed too."

The captain looked at him. "You want a lot of things changed, don't you? Or you pretend to. Now let's see if we can work out what it is you *really* want. First of all, you want to get out of here and get back to your meeting. Right?"

"Yes, sir," Swann said, rather surprised.

"And then you want to play up this last grievance, and lead the men off."

"There'll be a vote taken," Swann said. "It's all democratic like. If there's a majority, we'll walk off. We're entitled to."

"Are you so sure about that? When we're so close to sailing?"

"Right's right," Swann said firmly. "We've got these grievances, and they're going to be put straight. Otherwise ——" He shrugged.

There was a pause now, and for the captain it began to hold elements of desperation. They were still getting nowhere; while they all pulled different ways, the *Good Hope* stayed firmly tied to the dock. Blacklock was now conscious of the fatal passage of time; time which was draining away their chances to catch the tide, locking them in for the night.

It was twenty minutes past five.

Strangely, it was the chief steward who brought up this element of time. "Excuse me, sir. If there's nothing more for me to do, I'd like to get back to the dining room. I have to see about the seating for dinner."

The captain almost thanked him; Bryce's tone had been so normal, so matter-of-fact, letting it be known that in spite of all the uproar he was thinking of this as just another voyage.

"That's all right, Bryce. You carry on. I don't want to take up your time."

"Very good, sir. Ah—have you finished with Swann?"

"No," the captain said. "No, I have not."

The chief steward must have had many other questions in his head, but he asked none of them. Instead, he gave a respectful nod in the direction of Lord Calderstone, and left the cabin.

The captain looked at Swann, the isolated man he had not finished with. He said mildly, "The chief steward seems to think we're sailing."

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## FAIR DAY'S WORK

Swann had not been daunted by isolation. He now produced a passable air of injury. "I'm sure I don't know where he got that idea. . . . Can I go now, sir?"

"No," the captain said. "I want to talk to you very seriously. Let's call it man to man. Without any witnesses."

Swann glanced toward Lord Calderstone, that nonparticipating witness who was always there. What about him? his glance seemed to say. But he could not quite bring himself to phrase it so baldly. and he settled for an oblique objection. "It depends what you call a witness, sir."

"Lord Calderstone is chairman of the line," the captain said coldly. "He is at least as interested in this ship's sailing as anyone else on board. But he is not a witness in the sense you mean." Abandoning ground which was not too tenable, the captain hurried on. "From what you've said, it sounds as if you think you can stop the sailing."

Swann stuck to safer generalizations. "Like I said, we've got our grievances. We want them put right, before we come to a settlement."

"Even if that means we don't get away today?"

"Getting things put right is more important."

"How about leaving things as they are now, and talking them over later?"

"We've had enough of being fooled by the bosses," Swann said. "Every time, they say, Leave it for now, we'll talk about it later. But what happens? Nothing! We've just been led up the garden path again. Well, it's gone on long enough."

"Good God, you talk as if we were starving you to death. Let me tell you, some of you chaps are damned lucky to have a job at all, the way you carry on! And if you do carry on like this, there won't be any sailing, and there won't be any jobs left." His eyes wandered to the clock, the enemy which was far stronger than Swann. "Suppose—just suppose—that I keep you up here till it's past sailing time."

Swann had his answer ready. "We've got to sail by six o'clock, haven't we?"

"What of it?"

"The lads are waiting to hear from me. If I don't come down, they'll walk off anyway." He had one more shot in his armory, and he fired it off with smug assurance. "And if the gangways are taken off, there'll be a sit-down till we get to New York."

It was the lowest point of all, the point at which there seemed no more hope.

But then Lord Calderstone suddenly moved in.

At one moment he had been in the shadows of the cabin; at the next he had stridden forward and was standing over Swann—six foot two confronting five foot six. The captain himself rose, involuntarily, and moved from behind his desk to a better vantage point. He could not guess what this strange collision of opposites might bring; but he was, without doubt, the only available referee.

Lord Calderstone started where the conversation had left off. "The fact is, you are determined to stop this ship at all costs."

Swann swallowed. It was not the sort of moment he had ever faced before, but he did his best. "That's about it," he said. "If we don't get our rights."

"Do you realize that, in that case, it is an illegal conspiracy in restraint of trade?"

"It's a walkout," Swann said. "Till we get our rights."

"Rights!" Lord Calderstone echoed witheringly. "You have a perfectly good union to look after your *rights*, as you call them, and it has operated perfectly satisfactorily until now. What conceivable authority have you to try to usurp its functions? And what makes you think you can do any better by agitation—by organizing an illegal strike just before we are due to sail?"

"We can always try," said Swann, picking out the easy part of the question. "We'll give it a fair shake, and see how it works out, eh?"

Lord Calderstone stared down at him. "Do you know who I am?"

"The boss," answered Swann.

"I am the chairman of Hope Lines," Lord Calderstone said. Ignoring all impudence, he was speaking with a deliberate, clifflike superiority which the captain had never heard matched. "This is one of our ships. She is due to sail in half an hour. Her punctuality is vital. Do you think I am going to permit hundreds of people to be inconvenienced, and thousands of pounds lost, because someone like you wants to have a last-minute argument about his rights?"

Swann, smarting under the tone, reacted snappishly. "There's not much you can do about it, is there?"

"Don't be impertinent!"

"Well, don't push me about, then. I don't have to swallow this sort of talk, and I'm not going to!"

He was clearly near the end of his control. Careless of discipline, he now moved to make his escape toward the door, but Lord Calderstone stood immovably in his way.

The captain stepped forward. "Stop where you are," he ordered. "Lord Calderstone hasn't finished."

"I've finished with *him*," Swann said angrily. "I don't have to stay here and listen to a lot of insults."

"You will stay here," said Lord Calderstone, "until I have told you exactly what I think of you. People like you, with your half-baked ideas and wildcat strikes and complete lack of responsibility, are the curse of this country, and it's time you took a good look at yourself. That is, if you have a strong enough stomach."

Swann's face was mutinous. "What we want is a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. And we're going to get it!"

"I very much doubt if you have ever done a fair day's work in your life."

"That's libel!" Swann said shrilly.

"Slander," said Lord Calderstone. He surveyed Swann with a frosty aristocracy. "And it gave me great pleasure. When *have* you done an ungrudging day's work? There's only one word for you and your kind, Swann. You're a born loafer."

Swann was standing absolutely still, between the enemy walls of Lord Calderstone and the captain. He was controlling himself with an effort. "You'll find out whether I'm a loafer or not," he said venomously. "I'm good enough to stop this ship. And I'm going to do it."

"You couldn't stop a runaway roller skate," said Lord Calderstone.

For the first time, the captain began to wonder at this flow of insult. Lord Calderstone could hardly have rehearsed the interview, but his words were flying through the air so freely that they might have been part of a planned assault.

Lord Calderstone was continuing. on the same note of absolute contempt. "You're only a mouthpiece for that disgusting fellow ashore, in any case. McTeague. He whistles the tune, and you have to go through your wretched little dance. That's not a man's job, Swann. It's more of a girl's."

"That's provocation!" shouted Swann—and the captain was sure that it was; as swift and as crude as Lord Calderstone could make it. "I won't stay here to listen to this! Let me go!"

The captain knew, a moment before it happened, that Swann was going to lunge toward the door, and that he would get there at all costs; his clenched fists and trembling body could only belong to a man taunted beyond endurance. Moved by common prudence, Blacklock stepped forward, intent on bringing things under control again; and as he did so, it happened.

Swann shouted, "Let me go! Get out of my road!" and raised both fists, prepared to push his tormentor from his path. Then he took a pace forward; and shoved furiously, with all his might. The captain, moving in front of Lord Calderstone, became the actual, inevitable target.

The blow caught Blacklock full in the face. As he fell back, startled and stung, a terrible silence settled over the cabin.

It was ended at last by the luckless man who had made it. Swann's pale face was sweating; he was looking anywhere except at the captain—at the floor, at the lamp on the desk, at the smarting knuckles of his hand, which had so appallingly betrayed him. Trouble loomed over his head like a wave, about to break in a roar.

"Sorry, sir," he muttered, utterly shamefaced. "I didn't mean ——"

The captain, hand still to his cheek, took him up, in a voice grimly furious. "You didn't mean *what?* Do you know what the penalty is for striking an officer?"

"I didn't strike you, sir."

Lord Calderstone made a small, silky contribution. "It was my impression that you did."

Swann looked from one to the other; from Lord Calderstone, the most formidable witness there could ever be, to the captain, standing there with the mark already reddening on his cheek—the damning evidence of assault.

The captain confirmed it. "You lost your temper and you hit me. I have a witness to that." At long last, in all this mess, he had glimpsed his chance, and he made to seize it. "Once again, do you know what the penalty is for striking an officer? It can be prison. Trial ashore, and a prison sentence."

Swann made one last brave effort. "Better put me ashore then, sir."

"I will not put you ashore," the captain said. "This ship is under sailing orders, and no one is going ashore. You will make the trip across the Atlantic in the brig, you will be shipped back from New York the same way, and you will be charged here in Liverpool when you get back."

"He provoked me." Swann, still struggling feebly, indicated Lord Calderstone.

"I didn't hear any provocation. I heard a lot of claptrap about rights and fair play, and then you lost your temper, and broke out."

"Why shouldn't we fight to get fair play?" Swann tried to shift his ground somewhere safer. "We're human beings. And the public's behind us."

"Don't fool yourself," the captain said, roughly. "The public's sick and tired of the whole lot of you. And so am I." He paused, collecting himself for the last effort. "You've been telling me a lot of things in the past half hour. Now I'll tell you some." He had to look round his desk, which was newly arranged for him, before he came up with what he wanted—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, she's fine, thanks. . . . Say, warden, the reason I called . . ."



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a copy of *Cole's Merchant Shipping Acts*, and a stack of printed forms. He turned back to Swann again. "Do you remember the Articles of Agreement you signed when you shipped aboard the *Good Hope?*"

"Yes, sir," Swann said forlornly. He didn't remember them; in fact, he had never read them; he only knew what they could do.

"Then perhaps you will recall that, in cases like this, they allow me a certain degree of discretion. I can settle this on board, with a fine, or I can send you ashore to a magistrate's court. There you would get up to three months in jail. As far as I'm concerned, you deserve it. But I want to save myself the trouble. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

He understood, well enough. He was being offered a bargain, and it was a bargain he would have to accept, whether he liked it or not; between them, they had carved him up.

The captain looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes to six. He cleared his throat. "I'm glad you understand," he said. "I don't want anything to go wrong at the last minute. Now just you listen to me. In accordance with that personal contract we both signed, I will now give you a lawful command. Go below, put on your proper rig, and get back to your duties."

"Yes, sir," Swann said, and turned, and walked quietly out.

She had passed the Bar Light Vessel, fourteen miles down river, with ten minutes to spare, and now, as the solitary light blinked and faded far astern, the *Good Hope* began to stir and to lift. A small wave broke under her forefoot, and then another; a drift of spray landed on the fo'c'slehead and spread till it was picked up by the rising moon and glittered like scattered jewelry. The massive hull started its endless creaking. She was at sea.

The captain stood on the wing of the bridge, slowly shedding some of his cares. The pilot had been dropped; the third officer had the watch. Moving into deep water, winning her sea room, the *Good Hope* was less of a burden and more of a prize. Even when Lord Calderstone joined him—and he was the only passenger who could conceivably have been allowed to do so—he did not mind.

Lord Calderstone was in mellow spirits. The drift of cigar smoke, the discreet waft of brandy, testified to an after-dinner relaxation. He leaned against the bridge rail and, like the captain, stared at the horizon ahead, the margin of inky sea which suddenly became the paler sky. He looked benignly at the moon, he glanced at the Great Bear and the polestar; they might all have been in his family for several generations. Then he said, as if there had been no three-hour interval, "He had a weak point. Among his many weak points. Bad temper. I noticed it when Bryce was making his report. Swann was pretending not to listen, but he was sucking his teeth all the time. People do not suck their teeth unless they are seriously concerned."

The captain had had enough surprises for that day, and he took this one in his stride. "You did it on purpose, then?"

"Oh, yes." Lord Calderstone's cigar glowed brightly. "I did not know what would happen, but I knew that something would. It was intolerably crude, of course, but time was getting short." The cigar glowed again. "By the way, I thought you handled it extremely well."

The words, which should have been balm for any new captain, were not as welcome as they might have been, and in the darkness Blacklock found himself frowning. It had all been so damned crude, as the chairman had said. One-sided, in numbers and in authority. Bullying. Cooked up. Unscrupulous. Unfair.

As if picking up his thought, Lord Calderstone went on, "We had to do it like that, don't you agree? After all, they were going to do it to us."

Maybe that was the answer, or part of it; enough for the voyage, anyway.

Lord Calderstone added, "Anyway, I was very glad to be of help."

The night was growing colder. The captain settled his neck deeper into the collar of his bridge coat, and still stared ahead. All round him his ship, plowing a long, silvery furrow across the Irish Sea, was solid and secure. But he was still not quite at ease. The *Good Hope* had sailed, and maybe that was enough for this day, for this voyage. But it really would not do for a solid future.

Lord Calderstone, aware of silence, glanced sideways at the man he could just see in the starlight. He was still jovial in victory, but he sought to express it benevolently, discerningly.

"I expect you think this is a perfectly terrible way to run a ship."

The captain expelled a long breath. He had his private thoughts, and up on his own bridge he could put them any way he chose, even to the chairman.

"I think it's a hell of a way to run anything."

THE END


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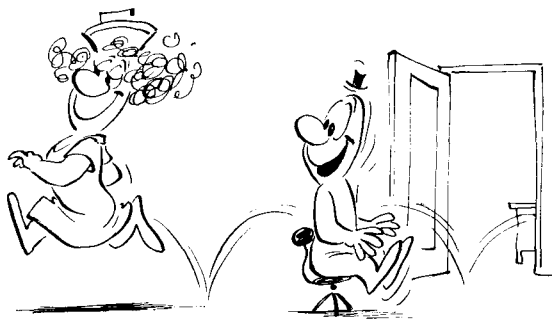

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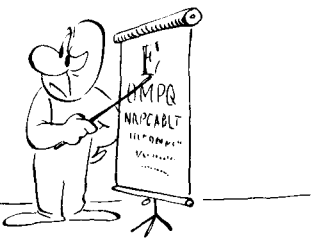
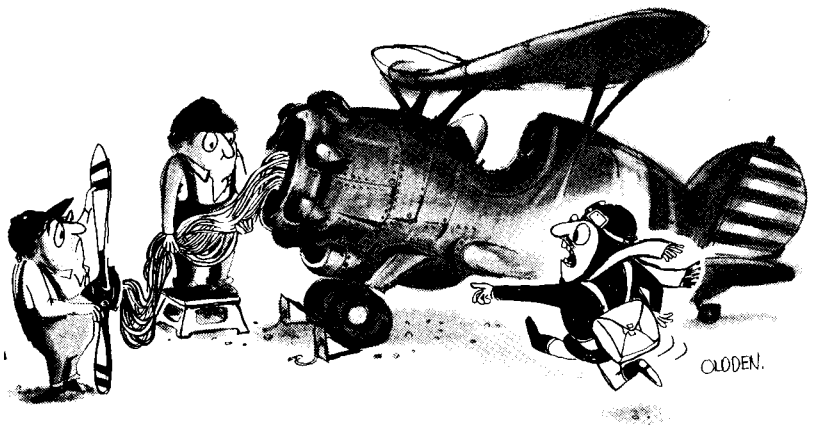
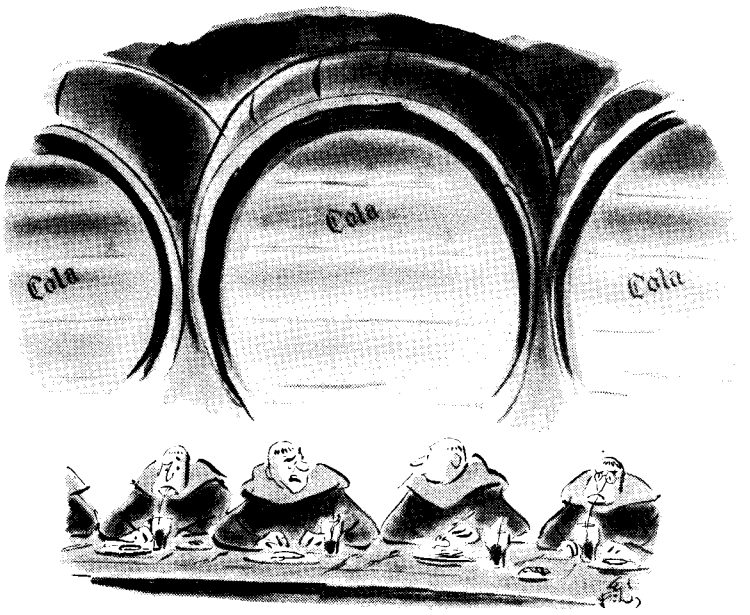


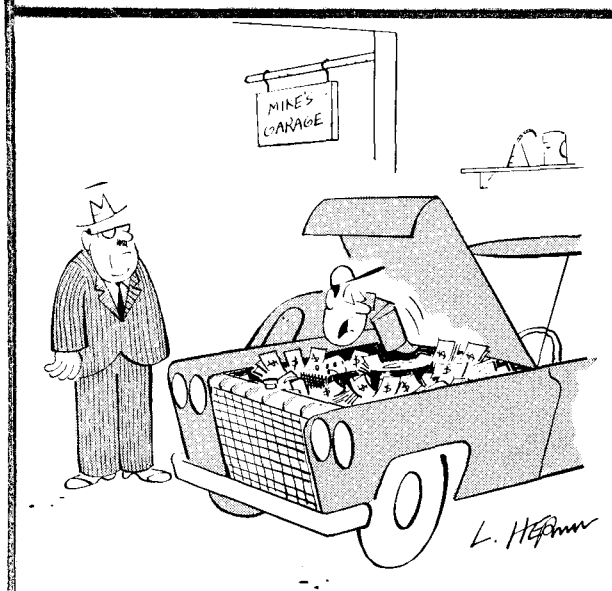
*"Whatever you do, don't feed them!"*




*"Clockwise, you idiots, clockwise!"*




*"Oh, I don't know—what do you think of the new abbot?"*




*"I think I've found the trouble—you've got a leak in your glove compartment, doctor."*

*"I don't know anything about art, except that it's better than freezing to death outside!"*

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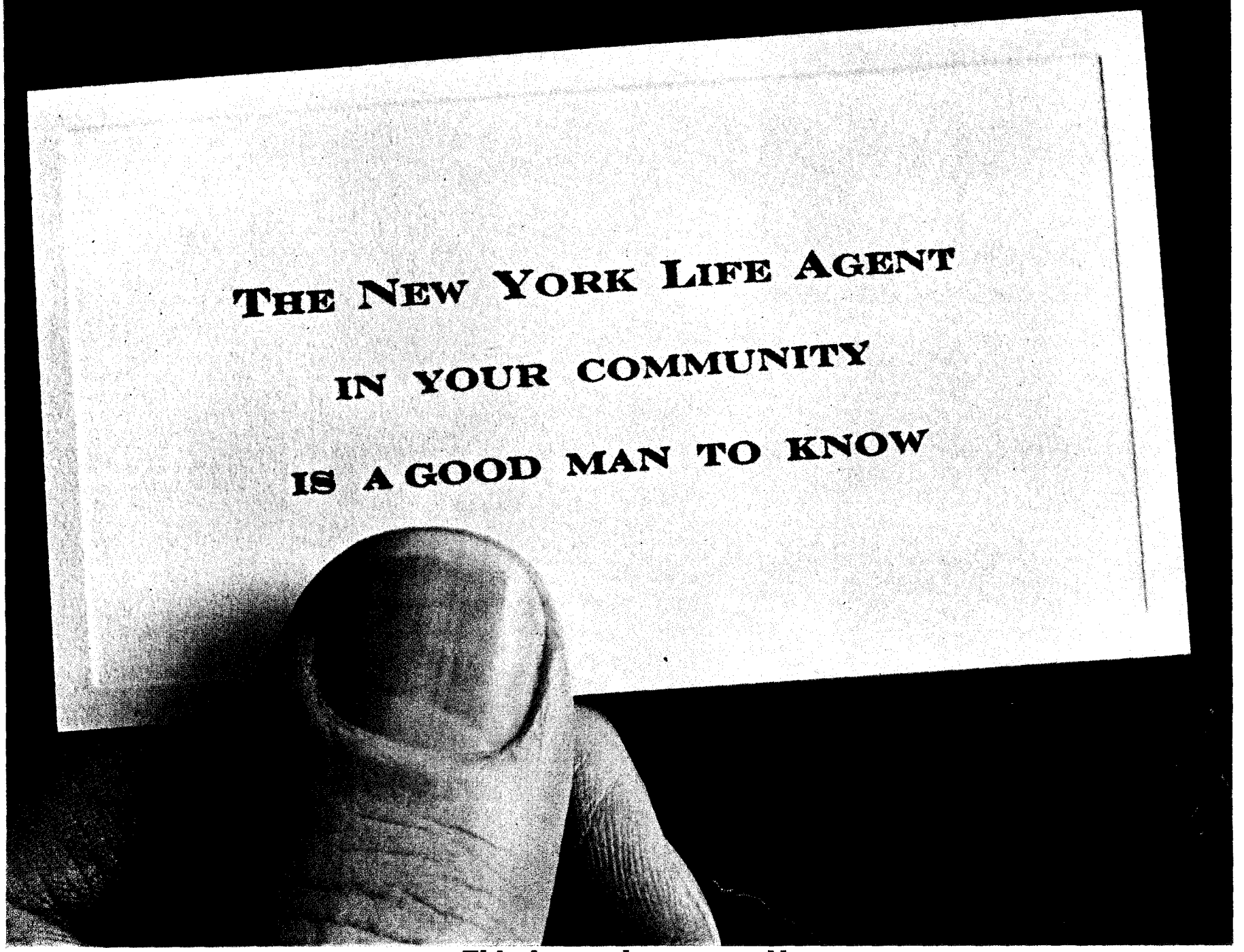


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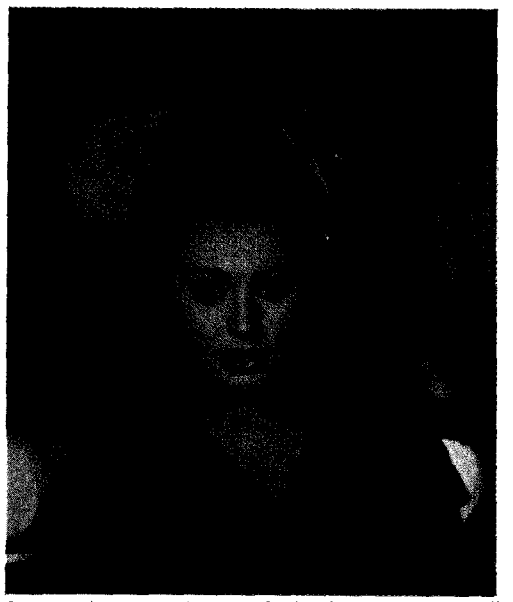
# "First, I am a Woman"

The magnificent Sophia Loren, a world-wide symbol of explosive femininity, lives opulently, openly and happily with the man that she loves.

By PETE HAMILL



*Sophia stars in "Fall of the Roman Empire."*

Sophia Loren sat dejectedly in the kitchen of an apartment of a Naples slum. She was about to be jailed for selling contraband cigarettes, and was concerned about the fate of her seven small children. Tears were supposed to well from her eyes. "Action," shouted director Vittorio De Sica from the sidelines of the movie set.

But although De Sica's cameras rolled, the tears did not. Behind De Sica stood three stagehands—two of them had their eyes crossed and the third was wiggling his ears. Sophia saw them and broke up.

"What the hell is going on around here?" De Sica yelled, waving his hands in mock-Mussolini fashion. "Out! Out! Enough! This is serious business!"

Then, when the sound stage had been partially cleared, he laughed himself. Sophia joined him. When they recovered their composure, they shot the scene in one take. Making movies in Italy can be a casual affair, and what difference did it make, after all, *how* the tears got into her eyes? "We like to see her laugh," one of the stagehands explained.

Apparently a number of other people like to see her not only laugh but walk, talk, cry and sigh. At 29, Sophia Loren is one of the most sought-after actresses in the film business. The picture she was shooting with De Sica—*Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*—will be released this year, as will the epic, *The Fall of the Roman Empire*. As properties for the future, she has been offered Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and Romain Gary's *Lady L*. She also is scheduled to do a tour of "Sophia Loren's Rome" for American television, and a film biography of Queen Isabella of Spain. Her price per picture now starts at $800,000 plus a percentage of the profits, and producers are waiting in line to pay it.

"I am an actress, yes, and a star," comments Sophia Loren, "and that is a very nice thing to be. But I am, first, before anything else, a woman."

She is indeed. But curiously enough, although her statistics (38-24-38) would qualify her for a position on any college sophomore's wall, she is nothing like the classic beauty. Her nose is too large, her chin too small and she is so tall that at least one Hollywood he-man had to play his love scenes opposite her on a box. Her feet are the biggest of any movie queen since Greta Garbo. But head her in the direction of a camera, set her Etruscan eyes dancing, and Sophia is one of the most magnificent women in the world.

"Her femininity is explosive," says silver-haired, 61-year-old De Sica, who guided her to an Academy Award in *Two Women*.

"She's worth every dime she gets," says cigar-chomping producer Joe Levine. "No strain, no pain. She always knows her lines. No temperament. And she brings them into the theater, men *and* women. Women sort of trust her. When she gets sexy, they figure she's kidding around. If the guy is dumb enough to fall for it, then maybe the slobs who paid *their* way in will fall for it too. Sophia and the women are in like a conspiracy."

Levine can be sure of one thing: If he were to dispatch a pollster to Italy, and especially to Miss Loren's hometown of Naples, he would find a blizzard of opinion to back up his theories. "She is one of us," said one Neapolitan working as an extra in a recent Loren film. "When she comes to Naples, she talks our dialect, she talks to the children on the street, she visits her family, she eats what we eat, she goes to see the girls she grew up with. She never forgets."

It is true that Sophia Loren has not forgotten. Last September 20 she celebrated her 29th birthday with a party on a sound stage in Rome. The stage was jammed with technicians and extras, many of them children. Sophia had a grand time, especially with the children. But when the last cork had popped and the last toast had been drunk, she talked about more somber things.

"I met a woman in Naples last month who told me about a friend of hers who had twenty-eight children," she said, slapping a dressing-room table for emphasis. "Twenty-eight children! One woman! How is that right? You see, that is the terrible thing about poverty. There is nothing to do, so they make children. But it is not right, with no school and not enough to eat. No wonder when they are five years old they are on the streets! Poverty is no good for anybody. I know."

Poverty is a subject that recurs in any conversation with Sophia Loren. "It is bad for children, most of all," she says, and, given the facts of her childhood, no one has a better right to say so.

She was born in Rome in 1934, the illegitimate daughter of a beautiful, raven-haired girl from Naples named Romilda Villani. Sophia's father was Riccardo Scicolone, a handsome, self-described construction engineer and occasionally employed salesman. "*Bastardo*," Sophia once said. "That's what I was."

They lived with Romilda's parents in a four-room apartment in a red-brick building on the outskirts of Naples There were nine people in the one bedroom, and Sophia became a silent, withdrawn child. Occasionally Scicolone would drop in for a weekend, and on May 8, 1938, Sophia was presented with a new playmate, her sister Maria. Scicolone eventually married another woman, and wasn't heard from very much until Sophia became famous, when he tried to bring a lawsuit naming himself as director of the Loren finances. He lost the suit, and Mama and both daughters retain a certain bitterness about him.

## Romilda gave lessons

The Scicolone sisters spent the years before the war playing in the streets. Romilda, trained as a concert pianist, supported them by giving lessons and playing in a neighborhood café. Sometimes Sophia would put on playlets with her sister, dressed in costumes made of old newspapers.

"All Neapolitans are actors," she says. "It's because of our need to make up fantasy. They are so poor, they have to keep up a play so they can keep on living."

By the end of World War II, Sophia had developed into a tall, big-boned, flat-chested, ungraceful girl who wore men's T-shirts and was nicknamed *stecchetto*, "The Stick," by the kids in the neighborhood. "To be ugly," she says, "is the worst thing that can happen to a girl. Children can be more cruel than anyone. They said things about Maria and me, and laughed at us, and pointed fingers at us."

When she was 12, Sophia enrolled in the Teachers Institute in Naples. She stayed there until she was 15. Then, one fine morning she found she could no longer wear men's T-shirts. "I stopped growing taller and began growing the other way," she said. "What a pleasure it was to walk down the street." By 1949 she had acquired something else: a toughness and resilience that have never left her. She entered the annual Queen of the Sea beauty contest in Naples, placed second, and won 15,000 lire (then about $30) and some wallpaper. In the spring of 1950 Sophia and her mother entrained for Rome, determined to crash the movies.

"I met her the day she arrived from Naples," remembers Italian photographer Pierluigi, who was to shoot more than 1,200 magazine covers of her. "She was going into the Miss Italy contest. She placed second. She was very young and didn't know how to walk or talk or make herself up. But she had personality and a wonderful laugh. And she wanted absolutely to *do* something."

What followed is one of those classic movie success stories. She and her mother worked first as extras in *Quo Vadis*, the first of the gaudy American-made spear-and-sandal epics to be filmed in Rome. They earned $50 each for 10 days' work, and hoarded the money. Sophia tried for a while to be a fashion model, but the dressmakers took one look at her robust bosom and shook their heads. "One of them told me, 'Go away for a while and live on only one sandwich a day and then come back when you are not so big.'" Years later the man who said this found himself making dresses for her.

She began getting steady work, finally, in Italy's *fumetti*, romantic comic books, which use vivid photographs instead of drawings. Her face and figure were soon seen all over Italy, and one of those who saw her was a short, powerfully built former Milan lawyer who had become one of the most important producers in the booming Italian movie industry. His name was Carlo Ponti. Sophia Loren now calls her introduction to Ponti the turning point of her life. "I was very, very young," she says. "I was impressed with his self-assurance, culture and intelligence. And I felt immediately a strong impulse to impress him."

Ponti changed her name, bought her clothes, sent her to acting, voice and diction teachers. She learned how to use makeup, and had her hair cut more stylishly. The Neapolitan dialect gave way to a purer Italian. Finally, in 1952, Ponti got her a bit part in a now-forgotten movie called *Pelligrine d'Amore*. Sophia recalls, "In my first picture I said, 'Good morning.' Then I made rapid progress in my second movie. I said, 'Good morning, madame.' In my third movie, I had a really big part. I said 'Good morning, madame, how are you?'"

Eventually Sophia wound up in a celluloid version of *Aida*. While Renata

*Baroque furnishings surround Sophia Loren in main salon of Rome apartment.*



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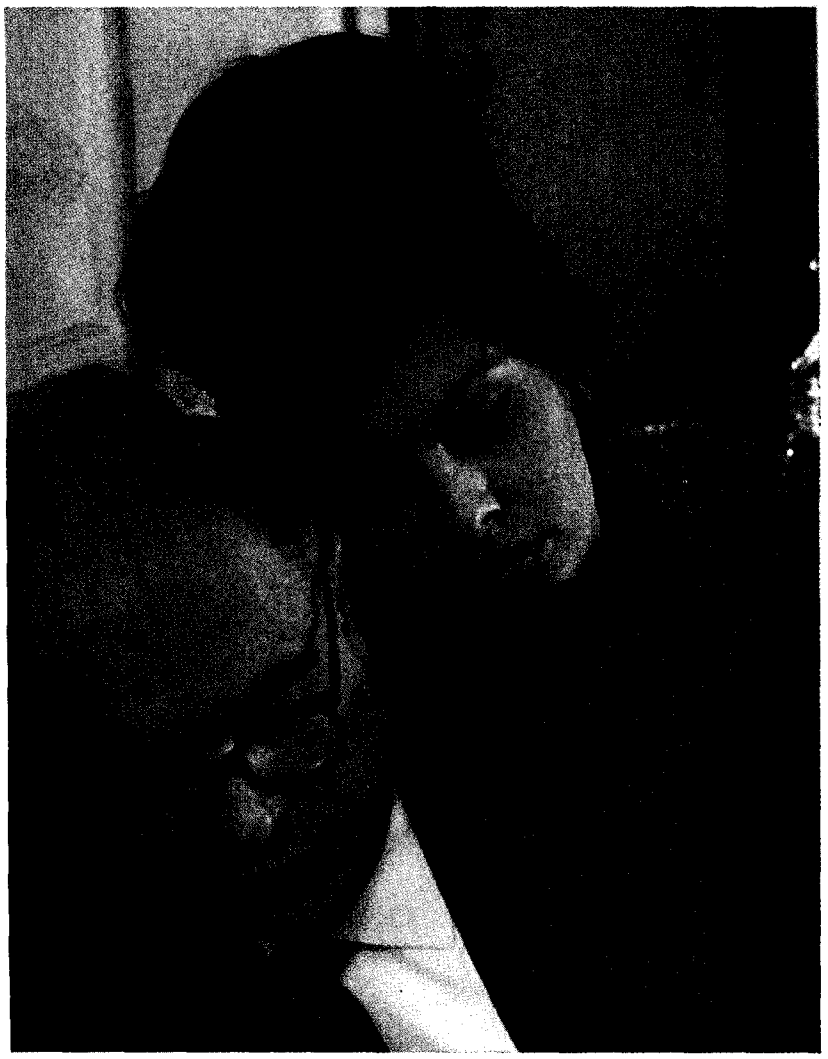

*Sophia snuggles close to Carlo Ponti. "I feel married," she says.*

## Sophia and Carlo search for seclusion.

*Sophia eyes one of four 18th-century oils in home which depict the seasons.*

Tebaldi's soprano boomed from the sound track, Sophia, playing the princess of Egypt's slave girl, slithered about the lavish sets, displaying as much of the Loren epidermis as the censors would permit. The customers crashed the box office, and Sophia soon was appearing on magazine covers all over Europe.

Sophia churned out 18 films in three years, invariably cast as the earthy girl from the backwaters of Italy. All of them made money, and she capped them with *Gold of Naples*, a film which captured her vitality with such success that Hollywood waved contracts worth two million dollars. In 1957 she went to Hollywood for her first American picture.

Predictably Hollywood misused her. They corseted her, put her on a diet, lightened her hair, and featured her in a series of generally inane films—*The Pride and the Passion, Heller in Pink Tights, Houseboat*. "From a schooling point of view, Hollywood was very good to me," she says today. "I was fortunate to work with top stars, and I learned very much from them. But I didn't know English well then. So what could I do?

"In America, people think in stereotypes. They think all Italians are either gangsters or waiters. And I would play their daughters. I don't blame the Americans for this. They could not easily let me play a girl from Ohio. Can you imagine Doris Day coming over here and doing the things I'm doing? So when my contracts ran out, I decided to leave because I'd be playing gangsters' daughters even today."

She left Hollywood in 1959. Her departure took place during a time when she was becoming increasingly involved in one of the most complicated marriage problems this side of *Dear Abby*. "I have been in love only once," she says. "And I am still in love with the same man. The foundation of my life is Carlo Ponti."

Ponti and Sophia passed from the teacher-pupil stage before she went to the United States. Only they know the precise date. But they have had problems from the start. For one thing, Ponti was married in 1946 to an Italian general's daughter named Giuliana Piastri. They have two children, but were legally and amicably separated before Sophia arrived on the scene. Since falling in love with Sophia, Ponti has been trying to obtain a divorce, but there simply is no such thing in Catholic Italy. In 1956, before leaving for the United States, Ponti was granted a divorce by proxy in Mexico.

The following year he announced that he and Sophia had been married, by proxy, in Mexico. Italy was shocked. Then the sky darkened in the form of a legal suit brought by a religious zealot in Italy. She charged Ponti with bigamy, and Sophia as a party to bigamy.

"I was sued by a woman whose husband had left her," Sophia says acidly. "Anyone can bring a charge of bigamy against another person in Italy. This woman didn't know me, but she was miserable and bitter and she said, 'I want to make every woman suffer.' If it is any satisfaction to her, I have suffered."

Once the legal machinery was set in motion, nothing could halt it. Facing five-year sentences if convicted, Sophia and Ponti avoided Italy while she worked in Hollywood and London. In 1959 they returned to Italy, and in 1962, as a legal maneuver, Ponti had the Mexican marriage annulled. But their relationship has not changed. Sophia wears a wedding band, though technically they are lovers.

"I *feel* married," says Sophia when pressed on the one subject that can always make her Neapolitan temper flare. "No matter what the law says, we are married, because being married isn't a matter of standing up before a priest or a judge and having him say words."

Apparently it was the frustrating marriage situation that led her to break one of her most repeated vows. For years she said that she and Ponti would have no children until their marital status was clarified. "I know what it is like to be illegitimate in the eyes of the law," she has said, "and I would not like to have that stigma on a child of mine."

But last October 18 Sophia was rushed to a maternity clinic in Milan. At first it was nervously explained that she was to undergo throat surgery, but by the time she emerged three days later, red-eyed and defeated-looking, most of those working with her knew that she had had a miscarriage. The baby was due in April, and Sophia said she wanted it very much. "Why should Carlo and I not want it?" she said. "It was our child. A woman is born to be a mother. It is her nature and duty to herself."

In an effort to dodge the peering eyes of the press, Sophia and Ponti live quietly and are seldom seen in the pleasure haunts of the Via Veneto or Piazza del Popolo, where the film crowd assembles nightly. Instead, she can more frequently be found at home where her closest friend is her sister Maria, a good-looking blonde who gave up a singing career in March, 1962, to marry Romano Mussolini, the piano-playing son of *Il Duce*.

The Ponti apartment in Rome is a baroque affair, decorated in antique white furnished with marble tables and mirrors and hand-turned wood paneling. But soon, Sophia and Ponti plan to move into a villa in Marino in the Alban Hills 11 miles outside of Rome.

"The villa is what we want, just for us," Sophia said. "That is why we do not want photographers out there. There has to be *some* private place. Although I suppose they will be out there anyway with their telephoto lenses and helicopters."

Ponti and Sophia have spent almost two million dollars in the past four years on restoring the villa, which dates from the 16th century. "It was used by the partisans during the war," Sophia says, "and they sometimes cooked right on the floor. So there was a lot of work done on just things like the woodwork. And it has been difficult tracking down the eighteenth-century furniture we wanted." The villa is a massive affair, painted chalk red, and set among 18 acres of rolling lawns, manicured hedges, fig trees and waterfalls, with a riding stable, an aqueduct, a tennis court, an orchard and a pool.

The interiors are plush: 25-foot couches with plump, gold-trimmed cushions into which a man might easily disappear for days on end; long, glassy dining tables; and walls that abound with painted vines, false paneling, rococo gold leaf and murals of ruined Byronic castles. It is, as one visitor has observed, "a Neapolitan's vision of heaven."

"Only those who have been poor know how to enjoy money," says Sophia. "But if it all disappeared tomorrow, life would go on. We could live somehow. How does Sinatra say it in the song: 'I wouldn't holler, I'd live in a tent'?"*

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The chances of Sophia Loren going broke are as improbable as the vision of Carlo Ponti crawling into a tent. Despite the opulence of the Ponti villa, Sophia has earned a reputation for frugality. "Sophia still has the fifty dollars she made on *Quo Vadis*," is a crack frequently heard in Rome, and her habit of driving miles in the countryside looking for one-dollar meals would seem to indicate that a little bit of Scotland flows in those Neapolitan veins.

But no one can say that Sophia Loren has not worked for her money. A typical working day begins at 5:30 in the morning with a light breakfast of orange juice, toast and tea, followed by a ride to the studio in her chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce for makeup and wardrobe fittings, and a long day before the cameras. She lunches in her dressing room—which does not have even her name on it—and leaves the studio about 4:30. During the day she may play cards with her secretary, hairdresser or makeup man, but when actually before the cameras, she works at a feverish pitch. When she returns to the Rome apartment in the evening for supper, she can eat anything, including yards of spaghetti washed down with red wine. "Everything I have," she has said with a feigned sultry voice, "I owe to spaghetti."

## Sophia on the track

Since she also does her own dubbing—the process of adding a new sound track for exported pictures—her work is not finished when the cameras have stopped rolling. She now speaks fluent English, and her French is good enough for her to make films in that language.

After years of being typecast as an exotic sexpot, she is now proud of her acting achievements. "I love my business," she says. "I want to go on acting until I'm ninety. Acting for me is getting rid of my inhibitions. I do things in front of the camera that I would never, ever do in real life. So acting becomes a kind of vacation for me."

After her 29th birthday party, someone asked how she managed to retain her sanity, with a work schedule that would defeat a welterweight champion, and the complicated difficulties of her private life.

"Let me tell you what I did when I went home after the party," she said, sitting in the dressing room at the Centro Sperimentale and smoking one of her 60 cigarettes a day.

"I like birthdays, you see, because they give you a reason to talk to yourself. There comes a time when you must sit down and talk to yourself and add up the check. You must say, 'Now cut it out, you're not a child anymore.' And you must ask yourself what you have been doing, what you are doing now, and what you will be doing. You know, in this business, you're always surrounded by people, and it's very difficult to break away by yourself, to go off and add up the check. The girls who can't go off and talk to themselves, they stay little girls. When life gets tough, they start to drink or worse, because they don't want to become women, to face responsibility.

"So I sat down and I added up the check. And you know—despite all that has happened—I'm happy." She took a drag on the cigarette, smiled the magnificent smile and added, "In fact, I'm very, very happy." THE END

*The Ponti-Loren residence houses all of Sophia's trophies. "When I first went to Hollywood," she recalls, "I was lost, lonely, tense."*

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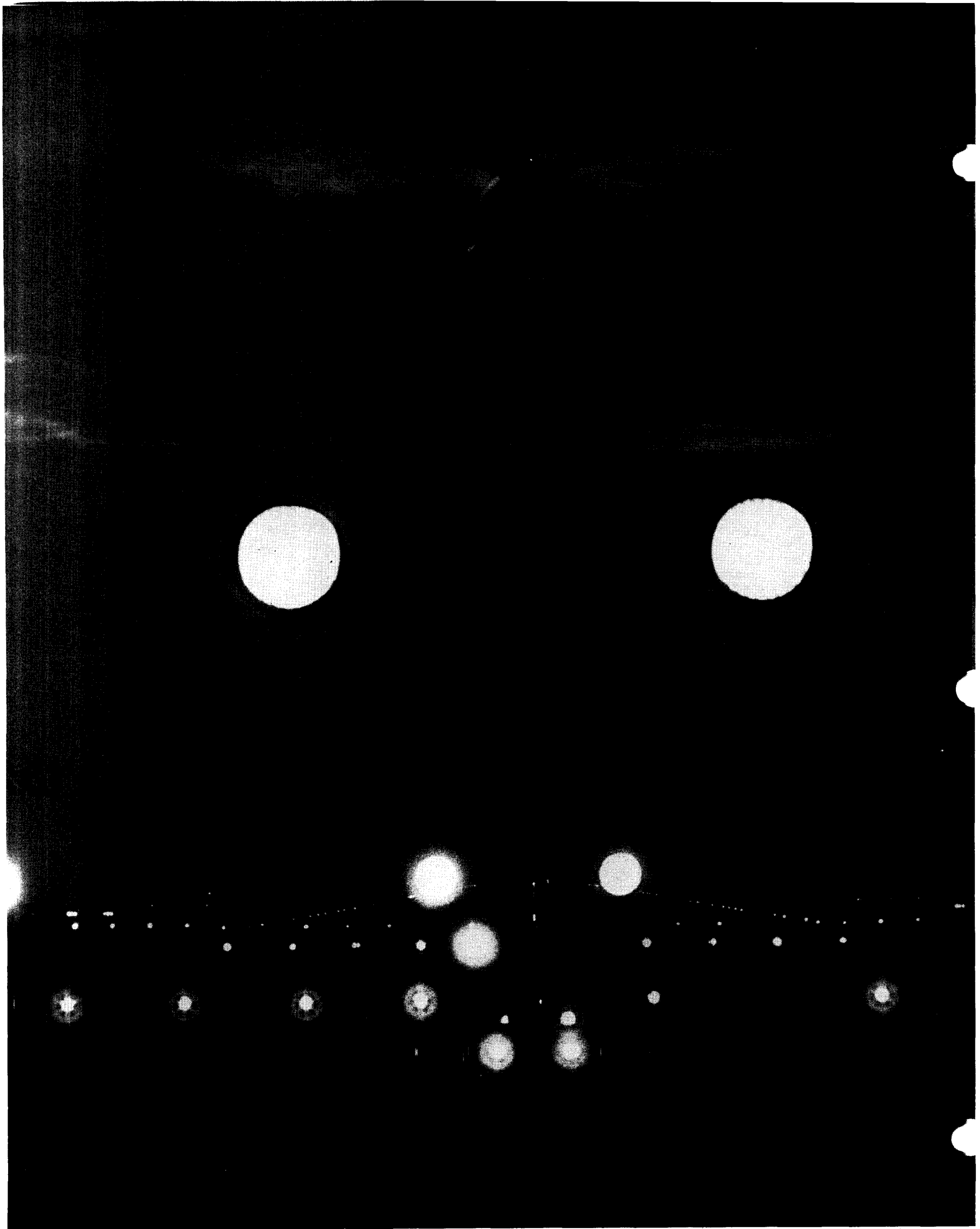

*At just about this position over London airport, computers will soon be taking over the controls to set the ship on the runway in the thickest pea-soup fogs.*



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By LAWRENCE LADER

# Landing a jet without looking

*"Blind landing" devices promise to free airlines from the costly tyranny of the weather.*

The fog over London airport was a spongy mass of black and yellow smoke that cut visibility to 30 feet. No plane could take off or land for three days, making the field a wasteland of silence. Automobiles crawled along the highways and hundreds were abandoned at roadsides. (In pilots' language, this was the kind of weather "when even the birds are walking.")

Suddenly the sound of airplane engines throbbed in the sky over the airport. R.A.F. Flight Lt. L.W.F. (Pinkie) Stark, who had taken off from his home base half an hour earlier, told the tower he was coming in to land. From his cockpit, he could see only a wall of fog. Casually he reached forward, pressed a button on his control panel, and then sat back with his hands folded in his lap. The controls continued to move as if guided by invisible hands. The plane banked and set itself for the final approach to the landing strip somewhere up ahead in that fog.

On his instruments, Stark watched the progress of his aircraft as it leveled off for the touchdown. He felt the telltale bump and the high-pitched screech of the wheels scraping along the ground.

A dozen times in the next few days, while leaden fog halted all traffic at London airport, Stark and other pilots landed and took off in the same curious manner. But these were not ordinary pilots flying ordinary airplanes. They were members of Great Britain's Blind Landing Experimental Unit (B.L.E.U.) working out of Bedford, England. Their planes were equipped with a startling new automatic all-weather landing system that may revolutionize commercial aviation.

Airlines have a strong incentive for developing such a system as soon as possible. The Federal Aviation Agency estimates that 61,000 flights were canceled in the U.S. during 1963 because of the weather—and aside from the general inconvenience to passengers, this costs money. U.S. airlines are losing some $68 million a year because of weather.

A half dozen U.S. companies are working to develop a practical blind-landing system. The British, because of their notoriously foul weather, have made an even more determined effort, and are acknowledged by the FAA to be further advanced than the U.S. in the work. But the two countries have split sharply on a fundamental point. In their B.L.E.U. system, the British put their entire reliance on an electronic computer to land the plane. The pilot monitors the computer's performance by watching dials that pinpoint the plane's precise position. But he cannot take over from the "black box." If something goes wrong, he can only gun the engines and make another pass (or fly to a clear airport and land the ship manually). The Americans, by contrast, are unwilling to entrust the job completely to electronics. In U.S. systems the pilot can override the computer instantly on a set of dual controls and finish the landing himself if necessary.

The whole conflict hangs on the procedure for the last, critical seconds of flight. Both the British and the proposed American systems will make use of the current Instrument Landing System (I.L.S.), developed by the FAA and now installed at many airports, to get the plane on its landing approach. The I.L.S. projects two electronic beams to incoming aircraft to lead them to the runway. But I.L.S. helps the pilot only to a point about 200 feet from the ground. From there he has to land by hand with a view of the airstrip, lights and other visual landmarks, since I.L.S. is not considered precise enough to guide the pilot all the way to touchdown. International rules provide that no plane may land without 200 feet of visibility from the ground up and a half mile of forward visibility.

In B.L.E.U., the automatic system takes over below 200 feet. Data from the altimeter and other instruments are fed into a computer, which gives commands directly to the controls of the plane. In effect, the computer lands the airplane. To guard against electronic failure, the British employ the principle of "redundancy"—computers checking on computers. In one variation of the B.L.E.U. system, three computers work simultaneously and independently of each other. If one disagrees with the other two, a monitor automatically disconnects it. With this triple-redundancy system, the British hope to achieve the phenomenally exacting safety standard of one failure for each 10 million landings. (In a "failure," two of the three systems would err together. The pilot would have to abort the landing by heading for the sky or, if he were too low to pull out, trust his luck for a soft set-down.)

B.L.E.U. pilots have already made 12,000 landings without an electronic failure. "Each part of B.L.E.U. has been tested separately," says F. J. Sullings, senior development engineer of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. "When failure rates of all parts are combined, we are convinced our one-in-ten-million target is attainable."

"People forget that our jets today are virtually automatic; our pilots even now monitor during most of the trip," Sullings goes on. "We often fly automatic-pilot across the Atlantic and make our landing approaches on automatic-pilot. The introduction of B.L.E.U. in the last twenty or thirty seconds is the inevitable extension of electronic progress."

The only discernible difference between an electronic gadget landing blind and a human pilot landing with good visibility is at the moment of touchdown. "The B.L.E.U. system always gives you an average landing," says R.A.F. squadron leader Raymond Bray, who has flown B.L.E.U. tests for three years. "It's never cream smooth, never rough—just a normal bump or two."

While a pilot may be less consistent than a machine, however, U.S. aviation men apparently are convinced he does have abilities that cannot be delegated to a jumble of circuitry. "The human being has control loops we've never even dreamed of yet," says George B. Litchford, aviation systems research chief of Airborne Instruments Laboratory.

Blind landing systems being developed by Bendix Corp., Sperry Gyroscope and Lear-Siegler resemble the B.L.E.U. system in many respects, including their use of radio-altimeters and other devices to compute the precise pattern of "flare-out" or leveling-out just before touchdown. The U.S. equipment, however, will not employ the "redundancy" principle, since it will have only one rather than three computers; what it will have is duplicate and independent controls for the pilot who, in effect, will take the place of "backup" computer circuits in the British system. FAA Administrator Najeeb E. Halaby describes the goal this way: "There will be two distinct airborne channels, the automatic system and the pilot's monitoring system. . . . The pilot's side of the instrument panel, the left side, will display data from the pilot's system. Displays on the copilot's side will indicate data in the automatic system. A conflict-warning system will match up the data in the two parallel systems and warn the pilot if there is a conflict."

For the more distant future, the FAA recently awarded a one-million-dollar contract to Airborne Instruments to develop "Flarescan," a ground device which scans the incoming plane with a microwave beam. This system would collect information on the forward sweep of the beam, compute it, and transmit command signals direct to the plane's autopilot on the return sweep. Bell Aerosystems, Minneapolis-Honeywell and General Precision Inc. are doing work on military blind-landing systems which may have commercial applications, and U.S. airlines themselves are developing components. American Airlines, for example, is working on a radio-altimeter, which measures height much more precisely than the standard barometric device.

British developments, too, can be expected to help the U.S. program, since the job of building a landing system is essentially a cooperative scientific effort. Yet the schism exists. The British continue to maintain that it is an "impossible and dangerous compromise" to count on a human pilot in blind conditions; "they're mad to land visually with only fifty feet visibility to the ground," B.L.E.U. director J. S. Shayler says flatly. U.S. experts admit that this would be risky. But they point out that U.S. airports hardly ever get the kind of impenetrable English fogs that can cut a pilot off from *all* visual aids. And if the U.S. system did go awry at a point where the plane was so low that it was committed to land, the pilot would at least have a chance to do something.

More than meteorological differences are involved in the conflict. B.L.E.U. would cost an estimated $322,000 per aircraft compared to $50,000 to $100,000 for the system proposed by the FAA. In addition, its triple series of boxes would raise maintenance costs and squeeze out a few revenue-paying seats. "How much is B.L.E.U. worth in weight, maintenance and initial investment?" a U.S. plane manufacturer asks bluntly.

But B.L.E.U. does promise special advantages to the British aircraft industry, which lost out to the U.S. when it put its bets on the ill-fated Comet airliner and has only recently gotten back into jet competition with the de Havilland Trident and the Vickers VC-10. Both these planes are built to take the B.L.E.U. system, which could not be built into U.S. Boeing, Convair or Douglas jets without tearing the planes apart. If the British can sell the world on B.L.E.U., they could seize a much larger share of the world market for jet transport. The FAA system, of course, would plug into existing equipment on U.S. jets.

Another economic factor is the lack of airport facilities. "Autoland [automatic landing system] will never be used to penetrate poor weather unless other improvements accompany its introduction," warns the U.S. Air Line Pilots Association. The pilots demand runways at least 10,000 feet long with hard, compact shoulders; 1,000 feet of overrun area; and vastly improved runway, touchdown, centerline and turnoff lighting. Blind flying, furthermore, would require expensive new airport equipment to taxi planes off the runways in zero visibility. This would be no great burden to the British, who have only three major jet airports to equip. In the U.S., however, the FAA has designated no fewer than 23 major airports as all-weather fields.

The British may put a blind-landing system in operation within two or three years, and will probably do it in two stages. First, landing requirements will be lowered to a ceiling of 100 feet and one-quarter mile forward for planes equipped with blind-landing equipment. After the systems have been proved out and, hopefully, gained a measure of pilot acceptance, the rules will be changed again to permit full zero-zero operation.

The U.S. equipment will not be far behind. And by that time, the trans-Atlantic conflict may have been resolved with some sort of compromise. Hurtling to a landing through a London pea-souper or a Los Angeles smog, passengers may never be quite sure who—or what—is flying the airplane. THE END



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By William Laas
and
Theodore Du Bay

# Boom times for piggy-bankers

## A rush on U.S. coins has sent collectors' prices soaring—and left everybody short of small change.

A young lady walked into a Wisconsin coin dealer's shop recently and plunked down $9.50 for one ordinary U.S. nickel. It was a coin made in 1950 by the Denver mint and currently much in demand among collectors. She paid for it with nine paper dollars and 50 cents in small change. Among the change, the dealer found a "1950-D" nickel just as good as the one he had sold her. While he returned the girl's money, he resolved never again to examine coins received as currency until the customer had left.

In Manasquan, N. J., a businessman advertised his home for sale for two cigar boxes full of ordinary pennies, face value $50, provided they were "bright uncirculated" (BU) pennies made by the Philadelphia mint in 1960 and having a smaller-than-average zero in the date. They would have been worth $50,000.

Something new has been added to the ancient pastime of numismatics, traditionally a hobby for connoisseurs who collect rare coins the way others collect rare books or porcelain. Today, a collecting craze for plain U.S. coins is making numismatists of small children, driving bankers and Treasury officials to distraction by taking needed coins out of circulation, and sending coin prices spiraling to dizzy speculative heights.

The boom has nothing to do with intrinsic values and little to do with the age of the coins. A 1,700-year-old Roman silver denarius currently sells for less money than the 1960 "small-date" cent simply because far more people collect U.S. pennies than Roman denarii. It is a matter of enormous demand pressing on a large—but limited—supply, and certain pennies, nickels and dimes are worth more than others because the U.S. Mint for one reason or another made fewer of them. Anyone with an average pocketful of change would probably find he had a profit of a few cents above face value on at least two or three of his coins if he took the trouble to examine them. And he might do considerably better than that.

Millions of people—some dealers estimate as many as eight or ten million—*are* examining their coins and putting them away in albums or buying them by rolls of forty or fifty from banks and dealers and stashing them in safe-deposit boxes. So many coins are being hoarded that the nation is facing a serious shortage of metal money, made all the worse

*Ordinary coins of extraordinary value (from left): 1960 small-date penny; 1955 double-struck penny; 1937 three-legged buffalo nickel; 1941/2 dime; 1950-D nickel.*

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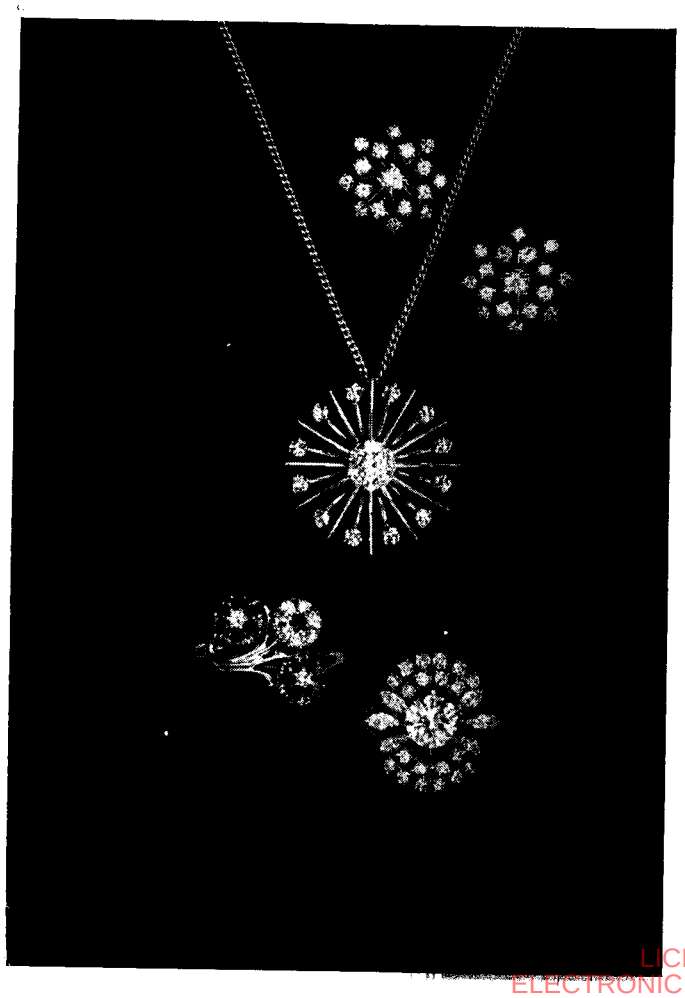
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

# Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love



The eternal flame of the diamond is the never-stilled voice of love. To record a moment or a milestone in a life together, no more meaningful gift can be made from a husband to his wife or from heart to heart. The diamond token, like love, seems ever-growing...endless in beauty. Little matters the stone size. The diamond is forever. Its meaning is beyond all worldly values. If you are interested in the pieces shown, let your jeweler write The Saturday Evening Post, P. O. Box 596, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Earrings, about **$920**; pendant, about **$425**; ring, about **$275**; ring, about **$2000**. Your jeweler can show you many more.

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# When the album-fillers ran into blank spots, the speculators moved in for the killing.

## PIGGY-BANK BOOM

by the proliferation of coin-gobbling vending machines and parking meters, by penny sales taxes and by the general growth of U.S. population. In Detroit last fall a bank exhorted children watching television to deposit their piggy-bank savings as a patriotic duty—"America *needs* your pennies," the announcer pleaded. During the Christmas shopping rush in New York, the giant Chase Manhattan Bank sent a memo to all employees asking them to collect any coins lying around their homes and bring them in—the bank was running low. Department stores became so desperate for small change that in California they took to buying coins at a premium from the operators of vending machines.

Trying to ease the shortage, the U.S. Mint is working 24 hours a day, seven days a week to turn out four billion coins a year. Some $2.7 billion in coins are now circulating, a 50 percent increase in the last 10 years. Yet they seem to disappear down some bottomless slot. Federal Reserve banks, the official distributors of U.S. coins, now ration them to member banks, which in turn dole them out gingerly to favored customers. Meanwhile, collectors' values keep surging ahead; price jumps that used to take 10 or 15 years now take two or three.

The reasons for this nickel-and-dime gold rush are obscure, but it is a reasonable surmise that it mushroomed in the five-and-tens. A few years back, several firms—most notably the Whitman Publishing Co. of Racine, Wis.—began turning out coin guides, coin albums and other hobby material in large volume at low prices. Millions of people who had never been near a coin dealer saw the material on store counters and took a whirl—shooting for such modest numismatic goals as a complete set of Jefferson nickels starting with 1938, or a set of Roosevelt dimes beginning with 1946.

Collectors soon found that some slots were harder to fill than others—such as the slot for the 1950-D nickel. Because there was a greater demand at the moment for other coins and other mints were able to take up the slack, the Denver mint made only 2,630,000 nickels that year, against a normal output of 50 million. This fixed supply has been dwindling ever since; about 45 of every 1,000 coins in circulation literally get lost every year, while others are worn out, soiled, chipped, or blackened in fires. In the professional coin market, the 1950-D became a "sleeper" as soon as the low mintage figure was made public. The price of a two-dollar roll of "bright uncirculated" jumped to five dollars, and doubled again in the next few years. Then, as more album builders began running into the void at the 1950-D spot, the coin became what is known as a "key," and the price took off. By last April, dealers were asking $425 a roll, and the current price is close to $800.

A mistake at the mint can produce a scarce issue, as it did in the case of the "small-date" penny. In January, 1960, having run off only two million of a projected two billion new pennies, mint officials at Philadelphia observed that the dates were filling in because they were too small to take the pounding of the dies, and larger digits were substituted. It was a routine factory adjustment, but not to the coin buff peering through his magnifying glass. Now the set maker would need two kinds of 1960 Philadelphia pennies. When numismatic publishers got around to recognizing the variety and adding a slot in the albums, the market went wild. Last summer, a New York collector paid a dealer $30 for a 1960 "proof set," a mirrorlike impression of each coin currently in production, which has a face value of 91 cents and is sold by the Philadelphia mint for $2.10 in the year of issue. To see whether he had been stuck, he priced the same set at another coin shop a block away. The second dealer had none in stock, but offered to pay the collector $35 for *his* set. Having later information on the fast-rising market, he knew he could re-sell it for at least $40.

Freak coins, called "Fidos," can fetch unbelievable prices. A few nickels may be stamped out of a blank of copper alloy meant for pennies; a die may hit off center, leaving part of a surface smooth or clipping a crescent moon out of the edge, or it may hit the blank twice, producing a fuzzy effect like bad printing. About 24,000 double-struck 1955 pennies went into circulation in the Northeast, and a New Jersey boy who recently picked one out of his piggy bank found himself richer by $175. That same week, a supermarket clerk in the same state found *two* copper quarters, worth $250 apiece.

Other current coins with considerable scarcity value, due to low mintage: The 1938-D, 1938-S, 1939-D and 1955-S pennies; the 1938-D, 1938-S, 1939-D and 1951-S nickels, the 1949-S and 1950-S dimes; the 1936-D, 1942-S and 1949 quarters. There are many more. Any half dollar older than 1934 and in reasonably good condition is worth twice its face value. Franklin halves took a big jump recently when the Government announced that future halves would bear the image of the late President Kennedy. Since the Franklin series thus ends with 1963, the market anticipated a rush on complete sets of 35 (face value: $17.50), and the going price for a set rose from less than $100 to $175 within a few weeks.

About a third of all U.S. coin issues minted since 1938 have some worth above face value; so do virtually all coins minted before that date, if they are in good condition. To test the profit potential in a random search, one of the authors examined all the loose change gathered by himself and his family of four over a period of four weeks. The search turned up a group of bonus coins with a face value of $5.50, which would bring an estimated $22.50 if sold to a coin dealer. They included a 1936-D quarter listed in the numismatic guide book at four dollars, a 1950 half at two dollars, several pre-1934 halves and two Denver small-date pennies worth 25 cents each. Numerous coins worth a few cents extra were not counted in the estimate.

To widen his horizons, a coin hunter can buy stacks of "unsearched" coins from vending-machine companies, who sell them at a neat profit of 10 cents on the dollar. The vending firms' ads in numismatic journals resemble the used-car salesman's line about the little old lady who never drove over 25 miles an hour. Samples: "Nickels from the bayou country of South Louisiana, where the Cajun still thinks of a nickel as something you buy soda pop with. . . . Pennies from gum-ball machines in the heart of the Ozarks, mostly children purchases."

But the really big profits in collecting U.S. coinage are sought by "hobbyists" who buy their coins fresh-minted and uncirculated (BU), and by the roll or bag. Coin rolls have gained favor among the sort of speculators who were putting their money in "hot" stock issues a few years ago, and a number of dealers—who get the rolls from banks—now offer "investment plans." A half dozen "investors advisory services" sell coin tip sheets through the mails, and there is even the equivalent of a Wall Street ticker—three Teletype networks which flash daily "bid and asked" quotations to coin dealers around the nation.

One dealer advertises: "How to retire in 10 years with an annual income of $10,000 for life." He asks the investor to give him $2,500 a year to buy coins he (the dealer) selects, at the normal retail markup. After 10 years, he predicts, the first annual $2,500 will have grown 400 percent in value, to $12,500. The client then sells $10,000 worth of these coins as income and reinvests the original $2,500 He does the same thing each year thereafter.

The surging coin prices of the last few years lend plausibility to such bubbly prophecies. For example, a man who blindly bought one BU roll of pennies and one of nickels of each mint variety each Christmas since 1953 would have invested only $76 and would now have a property worth $1,086.05.

But at today's prices, the risk is equally compelling. The prices of coins are buoyed up by the millions of hobbyists who view collecting more as a casual pastime than a serious investment. Their interest in filling "key" slots in albums could conceivably wane as quickly as the fad for Mah-Jongg—and without the mass demand they supply to the market, the value of some U.S. coins in investors' safe-deposit boxes could drop precipitously. As for new issues of coins, bonanzas will almost certainly be harder to come by in the next 10 years than they were in the past decade. To ease the shortages caused by hoarding, Congress has authorized construction of a new plant in Philadelphia that will raise the nation's minting capacity to eight billion coins a year. Unless the coin-collecting fraternity expands even faster, the Treasury could swamp collectors with so many new coins that there would be small chance for scarcity values to develop. Miss Eva Adams, Director of the Mint, has already announced a 60-million-plus issue of the new 1964 Kennedy half dollar in the obvious hope of discouraging speculative hoarders.

But coins will always have one unique attraction as an investment. To experience it, buy a bagful of, say, 4,000 newly minted nickels and lug it into a private room at the bank vault. Empty the bag on a table, and count the coins into rolls of 40, inspecting them for "Fidos." (You should wear cotton gloves, since new nickels have a coppery luster that turns gray with handling, and even a single fingerprint will diminish the coins' value.) Then run the coins gleefully through the hands, and count them into rolls of 40 all over again. It beats stocks and bonds—or even money. THE END

"Salvation Army?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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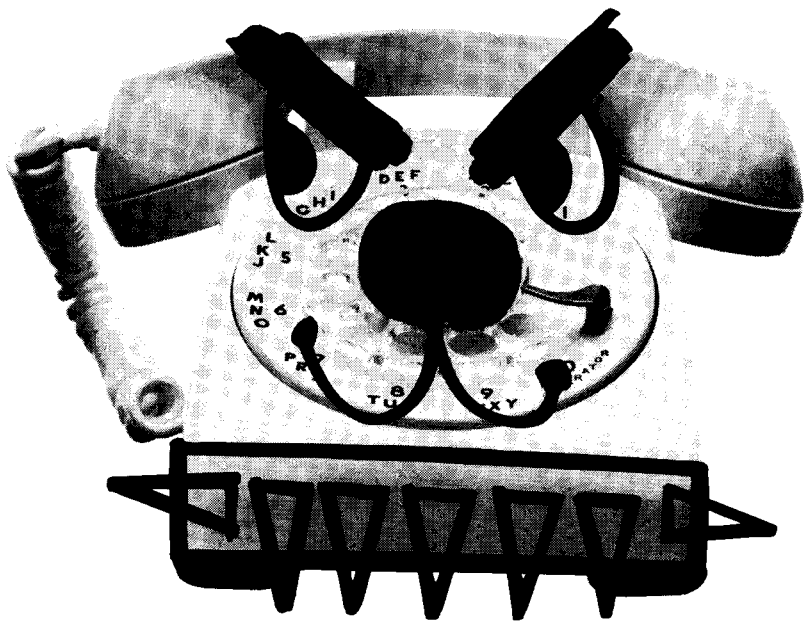
**Want to arrange an appointment?**
Presto, your phone is a secretary.

**Forget a few items at the grocer's?**
Zip, it's an errand boy.

**Plain lonesome?**
Whoosh, it's a friend.



**Need help in an emergency?**
G-r-r-r, it's a watchdog.

*P. S. Your telephone's 1001 roles are always at your service... that's one of its great enduring values!*

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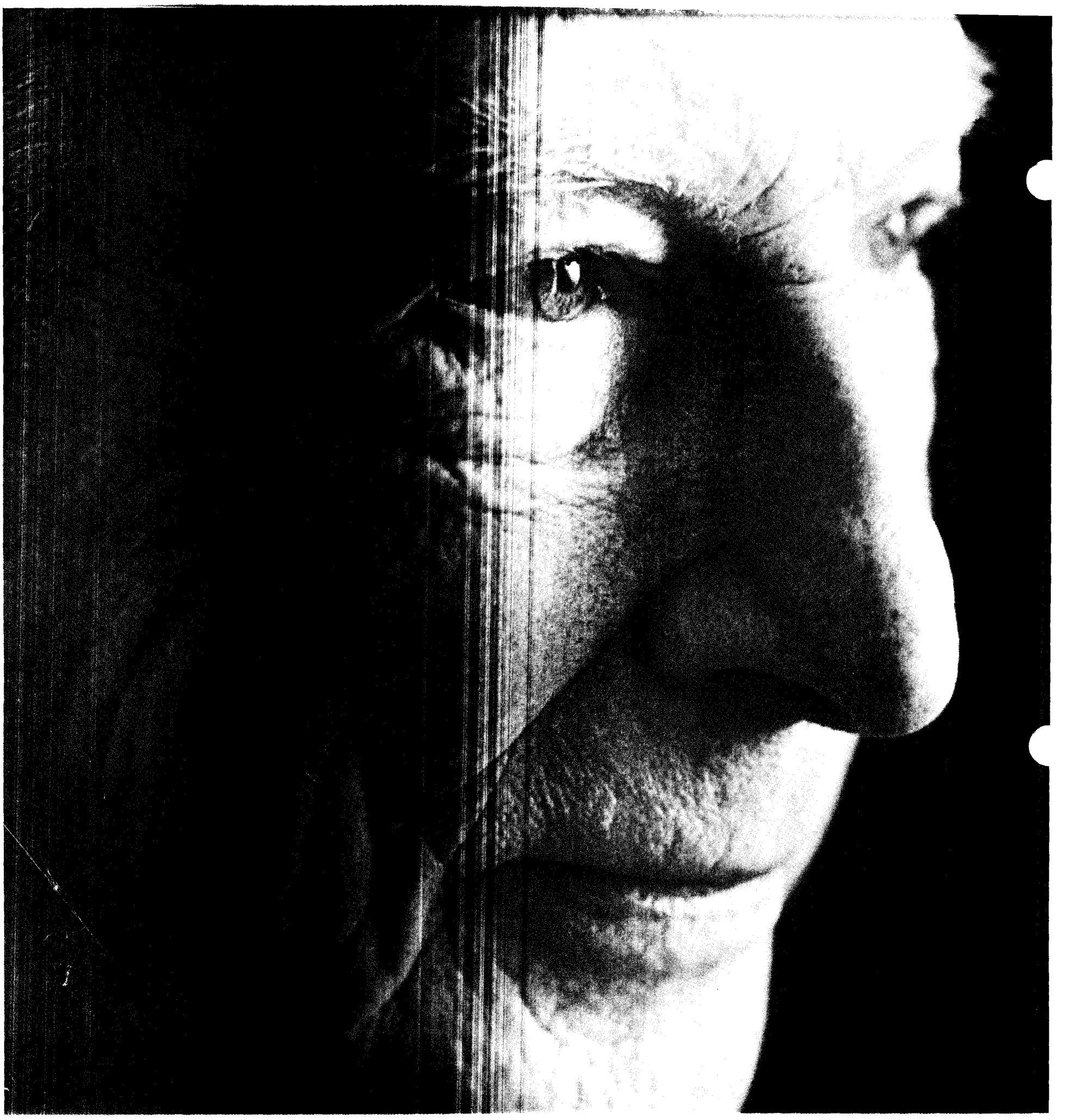

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The silent prayer forms in all our minds. That somehow we be spared the crippling infirmities of age that would make us dependent on those we love.

Once such a prayer had little meaning. Today, miraculously, it's being answered as more and more afflictions of the aged are overcome by modern medicine. By drugs and treatments that control cardiovascular disease, clarify confused minds or enable once-hopeless arthritics to leave their beds.

It's a satisfying job, providing for the medical needs of our aged. And as their numbers grow, the search intensifies for still better medicines to cope with these and other cruel debilities.

To this task, many doctors and drug industry scientists are devoting their lives, spurred by the hope that the next discovery may contribute to the never-ending war against disease and suffering.

Already, we can look forward to lives 10 years longer, on the average, than those of our parents. But more important, modern drug research is helping make these "golden years" healthy, happy ones.

*This is the value of modern drugs—protecting your health and reducing the cost of illness.*

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# WAR OF NERVES ON THE HIGH WIRE

## THE LAST TIME THEY TRIED THIS TRICK, TWO MEN DIED.

*By Bill Ballantine*
Photographs by Larry Fried

On a gloomy Tuesday morning last November The Great Wallendas, the best known troupe of high-wire walkers in circus history, assembled in the empty arena of the Will Rogers Coliseum in Fort Worth, Tex., for a rehearsal that was far from routine. Slowly, one by one, the six men and a girl climbed up the rope ladder to their starting platform 40 feet above the ground. Dressed in tattered sweatshirts, faded blue jeans and leotards, they huddled uneasily on the narrow platform, an aura of fear seeming to hover around them. For the first time in almost two years, the Wallendas were about to walk the high wire in their incredible human pyramid.

Karl Wallenda, 59-year-old leader of the troupe, peered anxiously down and called for quiet. Backstage, carpenters continued to hammer. An elephant trumpeted. Someone had a small fit of coughing. A plank slammed to the floor.

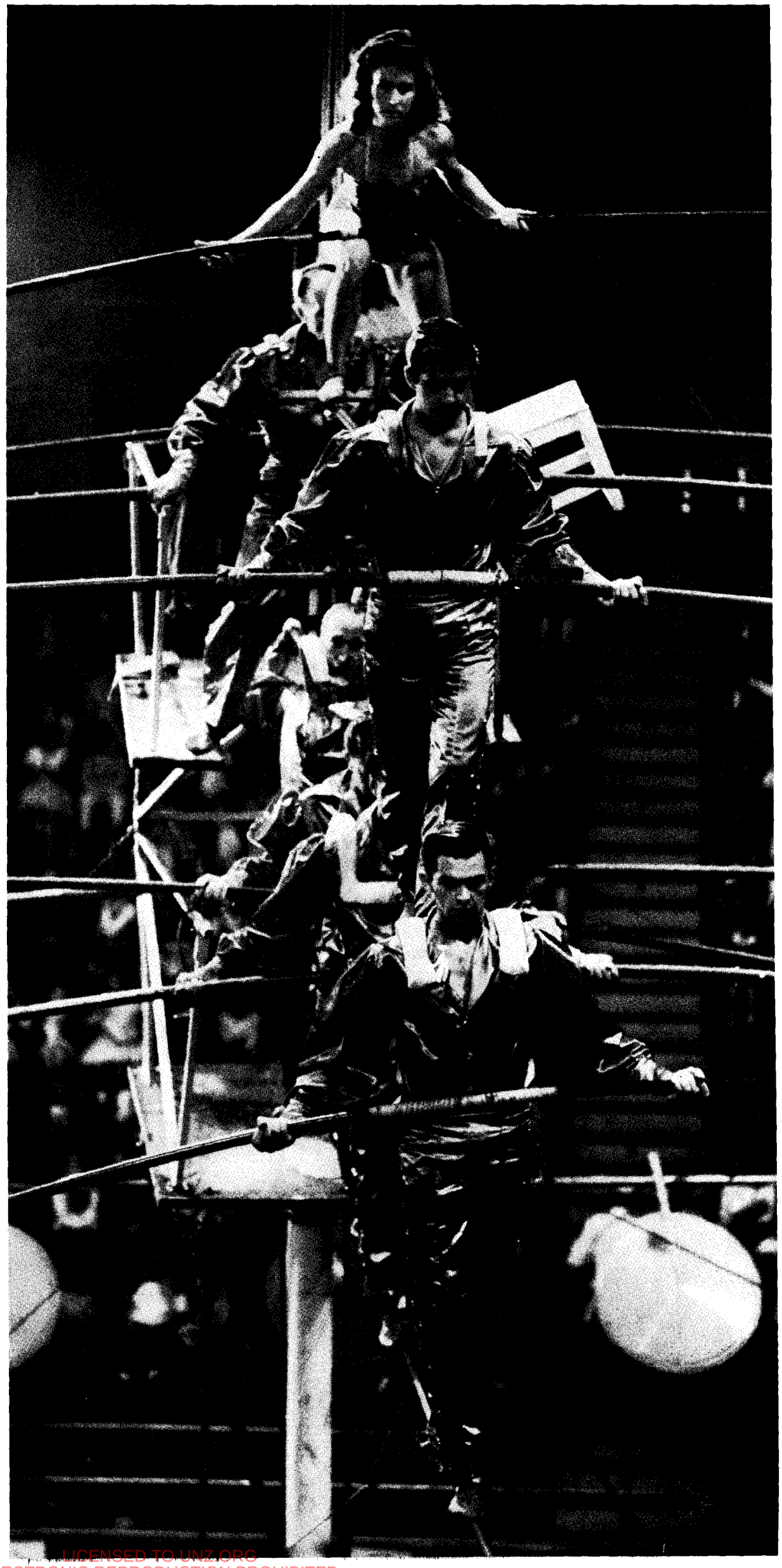
"Hold the noise," Karl implored. "If once we do it with quiet, then it be not so bad."

He stared glumly along the five-eighths-inch cable—a taut twist of iron and steel which stretched, platform to platform, 48½ feet.

To test the wire, one of the younger men of the troupe hopped onto it and bounced along gracefully. He had just pirouetted to reverse direction when the coliseum's lights suddenly blipped off and almost immediately blipped back on.

"Don't worry," called a voice from somewhere down on the floor, "it's just the electricians changin' over to remotes."

*Jenny nervously edges into position as the pyramid moves out onto the wire, forty feet above the arena floor.*



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*As if assembling some strange contraption, the Wallendas ease into their places; Karl is at far left, above is brother Herman.*

*After the successful performance, Karl jubilantly relives triumph in dressing room. "We did it! We make circus history!"*

The cluster of big-mouthed amplifiers that hung under the roof erupted with an ear-punishing blast, "QUIET! QUIET! EVERYBODY QUI-I-I-ET!" then screeched into a piercing feedback whistle.

Ever so carefully, body by body, the Wallendas built up their precarious pyramid. It is actually more of a triangle, with base lengthwise on the wire and the apex made by a girl seated gingerly on a crate-like chair that is balanced on a long metal bar fitted with double crook ends which rest snugly on the shoulders of the two men below her. They each stand on a similar bar, and those two bars are yoked in the same way, one between each pair of the four men who stand on the wire itself. (In circus parlance they are understanders.)

Karl broke the tense silence with a crisp "All right?" He shot a fearful glance up to Jenny, his oldest daughter. She was staring forward, not moving. Karl barked gruffly, "One step!"

In unison the first two men on the wire made one step forward, to take up slack between the two pairs. Their balance poles seesawed slightly, resembling the antennae of some outlandish insect.

"Ready?" questioned Karl. "*Fertig?*"

"Ready," answered a voice from out on the wire.

"Go!" barked Karl. "E-e-e-e-e-sy out."

The pyramid inched forward, slowly and steadily moving out into space.

"That's fine," Karl murmured soothingly to his edgy troupe. "Ver-r-r-r-ry good. Steady now. E-e-e-sy."

In hushed harmony the elkskin-slippered feet of the wire walkers shifted along the cable. Then suddenly the coliseum went dark again.

Someone screamed. Down on the arena a woman gasped, "*Oh, Gott!*" and began to sob uncontrollably. The pyramid slowed, stopped dead, started to quaver. Hoarse, frantic cries—"Lights! Lights!"—came from the void beneath the wire. The darkness lasted maybe four seconds; to the watchers helpless on the ground it seemed hours.

When the lights came on again, the wire walkers were already inching forward, their white faces fixed on the tiny platform ahead of them. When they finally reached it, the chair was plucked from under Jenny, and she scrambled onto the platform. Then the other balancers, man by man, scuttered out from under yokes lifted swiftly from shoulders; the heavy balance poles clanged onto the platform's metal railings and were slid back out of the way.

Karl finally broke the silence. "We could have fallen all together right now," he said matter-of-factly, "even before we open." No one answered. After an unusually long rest Karl ordered the pyramid rebuilt, and the Wallendas set out again across the wire. The four men at the pyramid's base were barely in step; the third was all but tromping the second man's heels. Jenny's chair was awkwardly set too far forward on her bar. Everyone dripped sweat.

Back on the ground Karl said amiably, "Second time across was lousy. Everyone must want to get in for breakfast." No one smiled. He called off the rehearsal. "You can't do it good when you be strained. You have, to a certain extent, to be relaxed." Flashing his familiar enigmatic smile, he added encouragingly,

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# IT WAS THEIR FIRST PRACTICE SINCE THE FALL IN DETROIT—AND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.

"But if we do it even in the dark, then the necessary confidence we have."

He may have fooled the others, but he was badly shaken—worse than he'd been since Detroit, since the horrible fall at the Shrine Circus. Deep inside Karl Wallenda lay the memory of that ghastly tragedy one year, nine months and how many days, how many hours ago?

"Like a heavy dream it is," he often told his wife. "Did ever you have a heavy dream, one you can't get rid of?"

That cry—Karl would hear it always—harsh, frantic, "*Ich kann nicht mehr halten!* [I can't hold on anymore!]" as Dieter Schepp, then the newest member of the troupe and the front man on the wire, unclenched his hands and let his balance pole roll from them. It clanged on the cable, skidded off, slicing wildly, with Dieter following, toppling like a felled tree and dragging two more understanders with him in a 40-foot headlong plunge to the center ring. Amidst a rain of balance poles and shoulder yokes, the bodies thudded onto the concrete floor, sending up dusty splashes of green wood shavings, bounced shoulder-high, then flopped like rag dolls to the concrete again—lying in three grotesque heaps of blood-splotched white satin.

Of the three, only Mario, Karl Wallenda's adopted son, lived, crippled for life. Dieter had been a refugee brought by Karl from East Berlin, a *linoleumleger* (tile setter) never meant to stride through space; he was dead before dawn at the hospital. The other victim, who lived only an hour after the fall, was Jenny's husband, an Irish orphan who had been a horse groom when he fell in love with her enough to learn her father's trade.

## The others were lucky

The four others of the pyramid that awful night of January 30, 1962, had all been lucky. Karl's elder brother, Herman, managed to grab the wire and swing hand over hand to the platform. Karl himself was pitched from his second-level, front-bar position onto the wire, where he sprawled face down, held fast by one leg wedged under a sway guyline. The chair girl (Dieter's sister Jana) landed on Karl's back and hung there terrified.

Gunther, Herman's son, had been left standing on the wire, still in possession of his balance pole. In that Chaplinesque toes-out gait peculiar to wire walkers, he had crossed to where Karl and the girl clung so desperately. Gunther laid his pole at right angles across the wire and placed his chest at the crossing point. He balanced his gaunt frame lengthwise on the wire, pulled off the girl and dropped her, screaming, to a hastily rigged tumbling mat. Then he helped Karl pull himself back up on the wire, and the two men climbed down to the ground.

At that moment, and for months afterward, everyone assumed that the act was finished, that they had seen the end of The Great Wallendas. Two men were dead, one crippled, the girls had retired in sick and bereavement. Only three men were left: Karl, Herman, then 60, and Gunther, 34. A circus dynasty that reached back more than 180 years seemed to have come to a tragic, inglorious end. But the crepehangers reckoned without the fierce stubbornness of the Wallenda family's gentle-faced *führer*.

Karl Wallenda is from rugged stock. In the cafés of Old Bohemia in the Austro-Hungarian empire, great-grandfather Wallenda had a troupe of *staendelners:* street tumblers, minstrels and jugglers. The father of Karl's mother, Kunigunde Jameson, was said to be a disgraced scion of the Irish whiskey-distilling family of that name. The story goes that after he slapped a British Army officer while serving in India, he stalked indignantly across that country on foot, through Russia and into Germany, where he met a female handstander and founded another wandering band of ragtag performers. Karl's own father was a catcher in a flying-trapeze act until the age of 65, after which he took up the business of beating the African bush for elephants.

Karl was born in Magdeburg, Germany. Uncles, aunts and cousins trained such wild beasts as timber wolves, hyenas and sea lions. At his mother's elbow Karl learned to be a more expert handstander than she was.

By 1922 Karl had his own act. Three years later he created, with his brother Herman, the world's first human pyramid on the high wire—a crude ensemble of three men.

"It just be an idea I have," says Karl. "When I am a kid, always I wish to do something big in show business, to be world-famous."

Gradually the act was improved. A girl was added. She mounted the shoulders of the middle man as he stood on a chair, balanced on a bar yoked between the shoulders of two men, each pedaling a bicycle across the wire.

The display electrified John Ringling, and he hired the Wallendas to open with his circus in New York. Their opening night in the spring of 1928 stopped the show cold for 15 minutes. The Great Wallendas remained under the Ringling aegis until labor trouble closed the big circus in 1938. They were back again from 1942 to '46.

In 1947 Karl put together his own show, the Royal Dunbar Circus, in which he first introduced the seven-man pyramid. The stunt was an immediate sensation and made his reputation, but he was a poor manager and steadily lost money. Finally, after losing much of his equipment in a Nicaraguan earthquake, Karl gave up the show to stick to performing.

But even though The Great Wallendas were never short of bookings, he had salary problems. Circus producers simply refused to take the danger seriously and pay the money the danger should have commanded. "It's a gimmick act, and you know it," they told him. "Even a candy butcher can walk a high wire with one of them long poles for balance."

Membership of the troupe was never stable. Always there were protégés. Young people came, were painstakingly trained, became temporary Wallendas, then left to walk in greener space.

"You got to face it," Karl often said. "Money is more comfortable than no money. Who will go up there with me for nothing?"

The personnel problem grew steadily worse as the era of tented circuses began passing, with only the bigger tent shows managing to stay alive in indoor coliseums and arenas. The roster of The Great Wallendas, long restricted to members of the family, began to sport such names as Mendez, Guzman, McGuire, Murillo, Kinkead and Thatcher.

The Detroit fall finally ended Karl's industrious recruiting. Now nobody wanted to learn the trade. But Karl's 40-odd seasons on high had brought him many times face to face with absolute truth. He knew he had to go on—alone if necessary.

"It is, of course, our pride," Karl said, "but more than that. I feel better if I go up again. Down here on the ground I break all to pieces."

All during 1962 Karl, Herman and Gunther strung their high wire in amusement parks, at fairs, inside more Shrine auditoriums. They trouped through Ohio, Tennessee, Michigan, Colorado—one dreary stand after another. Only the contracts were pleasant: $4,000–$5,000 a week—more for the three of them than the troupe of 10 ever brought.

The winter bookings were leaner. Memories of the tragedy were beginning to dim. Then, in the spring of 1963 in Omaha, Nebr., Karl's sister-in-law, Yetta, known as Miss Rietta, blacked out while doing a headstand atop her high sway pole. She fell and was killed instantly.

That was the final blow for Gunther. He told his uncle that his nerves were gone and he was quitting when the season ended. Herman also decided to retire, but Karl was not quite through with them yet. "Just one more time," he said.

"We do the big trick just once for your honor in your retiring. Then I will make a new act with all new boys."

Off and on all that summer an NBC television crew had been filming a documentary of The Great Wallendas, and Karl was anxious to have his finest creation immortalized in the film. He and the producer had induced the Moslah Shrine Temple in Fort Worth to add the act to its circus program for an unbelievable figure—*if* the pyramid would be revived. Neither Herman nor Gunther really wanted to make the pyramid again, but Karl always has been a hard man to turn down. Finally they agreed.

One member of the family praised their daring. "Daring?" Herman's wife exploded. "It would be more daring if they say 'This is it' and pack it up. But it is easier to go on in something you do all your life than to try to change it." No one listened to her.

And so, early in November, with the warm Florida morning nibbling at his burly shoulders, Gunther Wallenda stood waiting to play his role in the first performance of the human pyramid since that icy night in Detroit. The practice wire was only 12 feet high. Still Gunther feared it, as he feared any high wire. That's what made him so good. "I'm scared silly every time I go on," he confided to friends. "Only a fool's not afraid."

Gunther tested his fingers' grip on his balance pole, drew it in against his middle and stepped off the platform.

"I'm clear," he called.

The great pyramid began its trial run, with Karl standing resolutely on the

*A clown stops to chat with Mario Wallenda, paralyzed since tragic fall in Detroit.*

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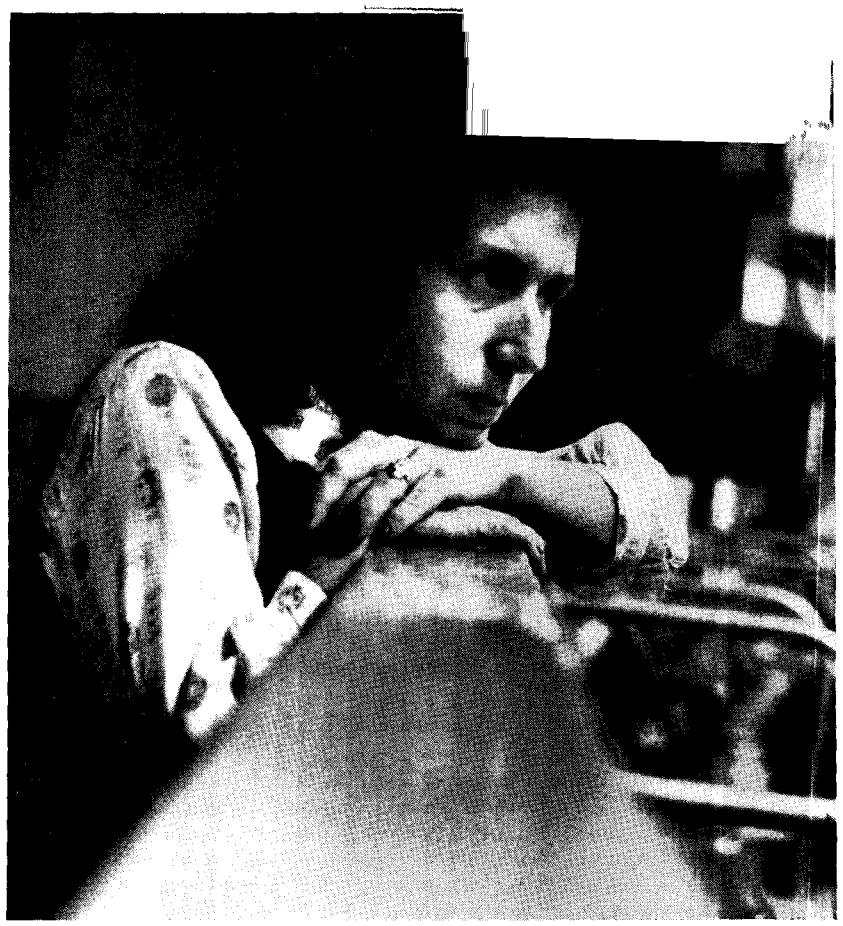

*Jenny, who rides the chair at pyramid's peak, lost her husband in previous fall.*

*Karl's wife, Helen, a high-wire performer for 30 years, bites her lip as act begins.*

## "FALLING! FALLING!" JENNY SHRIEKED AT HER FATHER

front shoulder bar, looking like a figurehead of some ancient ship.

"That's fine," he called back soothingly, "ver-r-r-y good."

The pyramid was almost at midwire when there was a sharp crack. The wire sagged sickeningly, the pyramid slumped backward. Both feet of the front understander were yanked up, then he was dropped astraddle of the wire and spun off. Behind him the others plopped on the ground like fallen apples. Herman, falling from the middle level, crashed backward onto his son, forcing Gunther's face down onto the wire.

Bashed and bleeding, Gunther's dark sunken eyes smoldered with a mixture of disbelief and rage. He went first to help his father, then stalked purposefully from one rigging point to another, quickly checking stakes and guylines. At one end the cable had slipped on the tree trunk to which it had been fastened.

Soon Karl was back on his feet. "We will do it again," he said quietly.

"You mean right now?" Jenny cried.

"*Nein, mein liebchen,*" Karl soothed her. "Later. Later."

The women began to cry. The men did not want to go up again either, but only Gunther had decided to quit. When he opened his mouth after the fall, he found that 13 teeth had been knocked out.

He told his uncle that he would not be going to Fort Worth. "I need a lot of dental work," he said.

"You don't need teeth to walk the high wire," Karl said. He was not joking.

Gunther's second wife, an aerialist, had been killed in a circus fall. Gunther's new wife, an Irish schoolteacher, said she'd go out herself with pick and shovel before she'd let him go back to the high wire. When the troupe left for Texas, Gunther stayed behind.

Bleary-eyed after the long sleepless haul in from Kansas, the Wallendas arrived at the Fort Worth arena early Monday afternoon. By 6:30 that evening all the heavy equipment was in place, but this time there was something new. A huge catch net had been slung hammock-like between the high-wire platforms.

Karl had always hated nets, even after the fall in Detroit. "When they can put a net under an airplane, then it be all right for us," he'd said. "*Gott* give us the courage and gift of talent to do our acts, and when He be ready to take us, He will." But now, with the new, untried men in the act, he felt differently.

Ignoring the groans of rebellion from his weary troupe, Karl ordered a rehearsal. This time it would be the six men only, without the girl on the chair. "Then in the morning," he said, "we do the seven complete. I rather not sleep all night than not to practice. I don't want to have it again. Anybody want to have an accident can have it—not me."

Suddenly Jenny blew up. "Falling! Falling!" she shrieked at her father. "That's all you can think about! Falling!"

Karl's face turned white. The other men looked away. Jenny ran sobbing from the arena.

By opening day Jenny was in better spirits, but she still could not shake her feeling of gloomy foreboding. "Can't something good never be when I'm up on the chair?" she remarked to a prop hand. "First that fall in Florida, and then the lights go out."

"Cheer up," the boy said, "only one more time an' the jinx is broke." Jenny glared at him.

All the Wallendas were costumed and ready long before the show's grand-entry parade. From their viewpoint they couldn't have had a worse audience. The opening matinee was given over by charity to groups of crippled, mentally deficient and underprivileged children. They filled the grandstands, rustling about, gobbling popcorn, shrieking at the slightest provocation.

"Well, that's show business," a clown said. "They fall today an' who sees 'em? A bunch of stinking jerk punks."

Before leaving its dressing cubicle, the troupe gathered dutifully around Karl for a pep talk staged to accommodate the television documentarians.

"Now we gonna do it," intoned Karl. "We got to do it. I don't want anybody go up if he don't feel like it. Anybody what not wants to do it, say so now."

"An' be a lampshade tomorrow," muttered an elephant handler from beyond camera range.

Jenny came last out of the room, during the ringmaster's singing of the national anthem. The arena was blacked out. "What happen to the lights?" she screamed, then realized what was going on and laughed nervously.

"I'm sorry," she apologized to her father. "I be better. I promise."

### The long tense wait

At the end of the wild-animal act, the show's opener, the Wallendas assembled at their entrance position. The high-wire display was fifth on the program.

Mario was sitting at the entrance in his wheelchair, giving professional advice to one of the rookies. "You're too loose in your tail," he said. "You gotta keep it steady." The Chilean understander, Luis Murillo, asked for the hundredth time how many tricks there were before the big one. Nobody answered.

Only the veteran Herman stood by quietly, impassively watching the mock falls of a clownish acrobat on a revolving ladder high overhead.

Karl turned to Luis and instructed him, "Long steps, not short, and one long before stop, and hold it."

Luis smiled weakly. "I always forget."

"This afternoon, don't forget."

While the pony display was on, the troupe shed its robes: auto-mechanic blue with WALLENDA embroidered in red script across the backs.

The ponies took bows and trotted ou The band struck a fanfare. The rin master belted out, "Moslah Shrine takes *pride* in *pre-e-e*-senting the most celebrated high-*wiah* act in circus *hist*-tory." Pause. "The *Great* Wall-*en*-dahs!"

In a smear of spotlights the Wallendas struck a bravura pose, trotted to their

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rope ladder and climbed it, their faces catching the pink reflection from the ring's bright red floor.

As the band slid through a medley—*Vienna Dreams*, *Cherie*, *Charmaine*—the troupe disposed of the four tricks preliminary to the act's feature. During a hip revolve around a bar by Karl's daughter Carla, her mother began to weep.

"I can't wait for this day to be over," she said. "I can't even eat."

In eight minutes the Wallendas were ready for the pyramid.

Into his P.A. mike the ringmaster spoke unctuously, "Absolute silence, please. No movement. Quiet. This applies to everyone, including the concessionaires."

Surprisingly, there was quiet. The children seemed to know that something remarkable was happening. The pyramid formed. Karl's crisp command to start it broke the silence, and they moved out onto the wire. Mario's eyes were fixed on his family in space. The pyramid trembled slightly.

"Jesus Christ!" Mario whispered.

Jenny sat high in the chair, her face waxen. Her left hand clenched and unclenched on the balance pole.

The arena's big clock ticked off the movements. 3:01 . . . 3:03 . . . 3:05 . . . 3:06 . . . 3:07 . . . and then it was over.

When the first man set foot again on firmer terra, all he could say was, "Man, oh man, oh man, oh man!"

"It was good!" yelled the next man incredulously. "It was good!"

But back in the dressing room Karl disagreed. "This was a very shaky trick."

Jenny plopped heavily onto a folding chair. "Under me," she said, "something was going on."

"I theenk was a leetle shaking," ventured Luis.

"Not a little shaking," thundered Herman. "Was a very good shaking."

Jenny spoke again half to herself. "Don't shake. I have that in mind. Don't shake. Jenny, don't shake."

"Well," concluded Karl, "everybody know what we did this day. We make circus history. I thank everybody, and *Gott*, for walking with us."

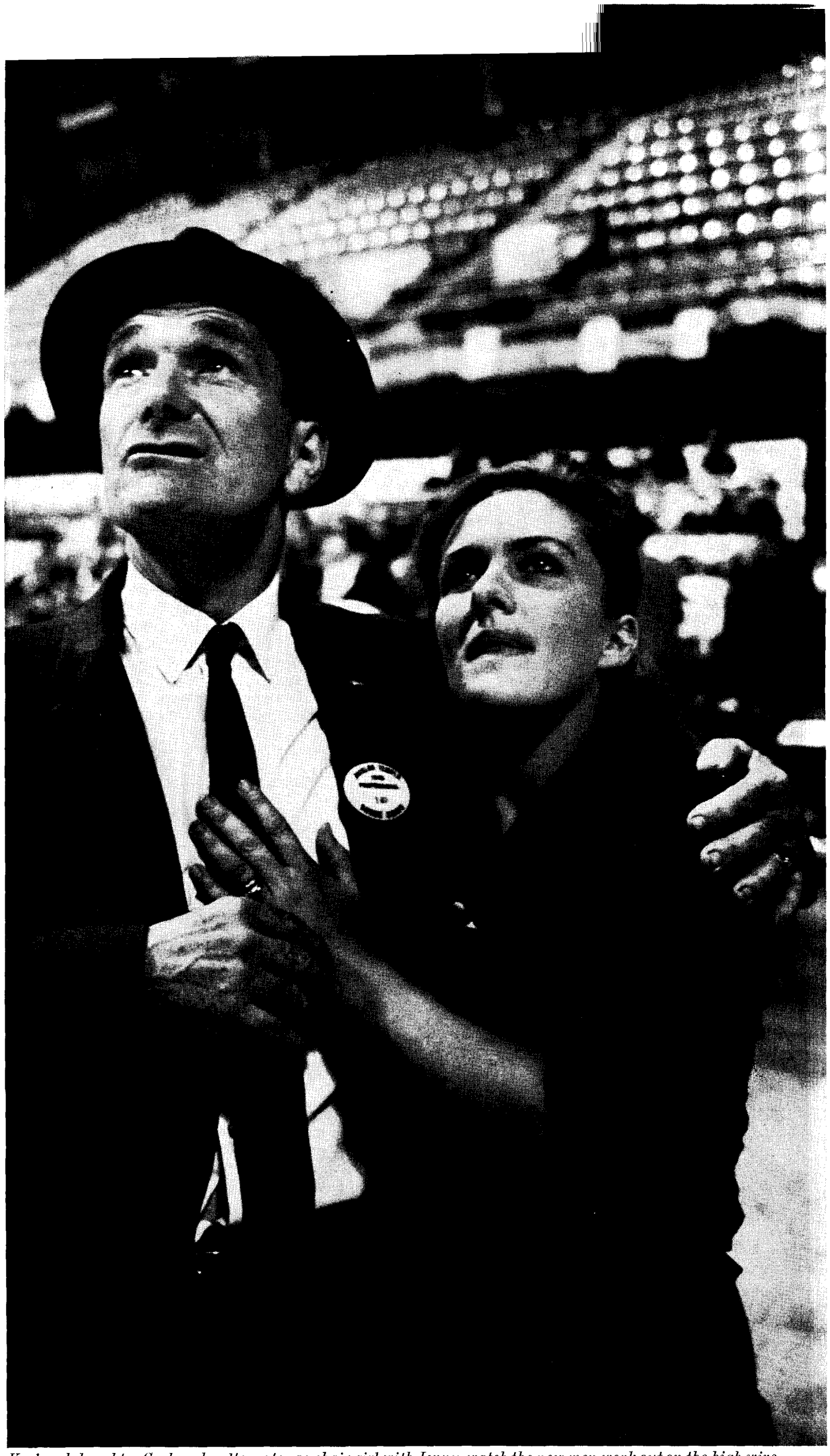
A lady circus-fan friend burst into the crowded room. "I jus' knew you'd make it," she gushed, "because the Wallendas already have had their three falls—Detroit, Yetta and Sarasota. The jinx was off already after Florida. There really was nothing to worry about."

Jenny looked up and said soberly, "Ja, but Yetta didn't fall with the seven."

"If it not be for my daughter Carla," Karl was saying, "I never do again the seven. When we crash down there, everybody give up. I have to fight my own family. I get in big fight with my wife. Only Carla make me want to do it."

What about after Fort Worth, a Shrine committeeman asked.

"I like very much," Karl said thoughtfully, "to go again to Detroit, to Cleveland, Minneapolis, New Orleans, St. Louis—to all the big indoor dates. If enough publicity we get, then I make good contracts and can afford again a big troupe." He sighed. "We see," he said. THE END



*Karl and daughter Carla, who alternates as chair girl with Jenny, watch the new men work out on the high wire.*

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## THE HYPOCRISY OF OUR IMMIGRATION LAWS

Except for the American Indians, who themselves may have originated in the Gobi Desert, we are a nation of immigrants and the descendants of immigrants. Franklin Roosevelt, whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower, made the point very nicely in 1938 to the Daughters of the American Revolution, an organization traditionally hostile to the liberalization of our immigration laws. "Remember always," F.D.R. told the ladies, "that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists."

Today many of us wouldn't be admitted to the United States, especially those who live in the large industrial areas. Our immigration laws are riddled with hypocrisy. We deplore the Berlin Wall, but as Sen. Claiborne Pell (Dem., R.I.) told the Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization recently, "What we on the one hand deprecate, we on the other hand partially emulate by maintaining a barrier against the easy entrance to this country by relatives of citizens and others who wish to emigrate."

More than a decade has passed since our immigration laws were substantially amended. The quota system of immigration now in effect is based upon the national origins of the U.S. population in 1920. (The system was introduced in 1924, and the last previous census was in 1920.) The current formula discriminates against southern Europeans in favor of northern European nations. Last year the United Kingdom quota was 65,361, but only 28,291 emigrated to the U.S. Ireland had a quota of 17,756, but used only 6,054. Applications in southern European countries, such as Italy (with a quota of only 5,666), Greece (308), Portugal (438), far exceeded the quotas. U.S. citizens with close relatives in southern European countries must wait many months before their relatives can join them. Meanwhile, tens of thousands of quota allotments for northern European countries go unused.

The Senate and House immigration subcommittees have before them a flock of bills to modify immigration laws. Congress should act to bring about two basic changes in the law: It should take close relatives of U.S. citizens out of the quota system; it should work out a new formula for the quota system based on need, rather than on prejudices in favor of northern European nations. These steps would eliminate much that is wrong with our immigration laws.

## THE MOST INTREPID CANDIDATE

Of all the men who have run for President, none is more intrepid than Harold Stassen. The career of the "boy wonder" from Minnesota—the youngest governor in the state's history when he was elected at 31 in 1938—is one of the strangest in recent political history. Stassen was a major contender for the Republican nomination for President in 1948, but Tom Dewey defeated him. He tried again in 1952 but couldn't get off the ground. In 1958, having moved to Pennsylvania, he sought the Republican nomination for governor, but was beaten by a pretzel manufacturer, Arthur McGonigle, who then lost the election to David Lawrence.

That might have ended the career of an ordinary man, but not Harold Stassen. In 1959, Philadelphia Republicans were having a hard time finding a candidate to run against the popular Democratic mayor, Richardson Dilworth. They promised Stassen they would make him a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1960, and he agreed to run. The result was a massacre, the worst defeat the G.O.P. has suffered in Philadelphia history.

Hope springs eternal in Harold Stassen's breast, however. Last month, looking every day of his 56 years, the defeated candidate for mayor of Philadelphia announced with a straight face that he was going to run for President once again. Maybe he will make it. If Goldwater and Rockefeller kill each other off, Richard Nixon breaks his neck, Henry Cabot Lodge can't find a way out of South Vietnam, Governor Scranton falls down a coal mine and Governor Romney gets run over by a car, Harold could be the man. Then all he would have to do is beat Lyndon Johnson.

## SIGMA DELTA CHI'S CRUSADE AGAINST SECRECY

The town council of Stoneville, U.S.A., holds a meeting and decides to pave the streets. The meeting is held in secrecy and the records are closed to the public. The council levies a heavy tax on Stoneville property owners, but the people have no way of knowing what yardstick was used to determine the tax rates or whether the assessments are fair, because the records are not available to them.

Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic society, has crusaded against this kind of secrecy at the state and local level for 11 years. Under the leadership of Virgil (Red) Newton—managing editor of the Tampa, Fla., *Tribune* and former chairman of Sigma Delta Chi's Freedom of Information Committee—the campaign has resulted in the adoption of open-records laws by 37 states and open-meetings laws by 29. The records and meetings that Sigma Delta Chi is concerned with pertain to the public business, where the public has a right to know. Secrecy in such matters breeds dishonesty and undermines public confidence in the integrity of government.

Last month Sigma Delta Chi launched its 12th annual drive. The campaign deserves the support of all newspapers and periodicals. Open-meetings and open-records laws should be adopted in every state.

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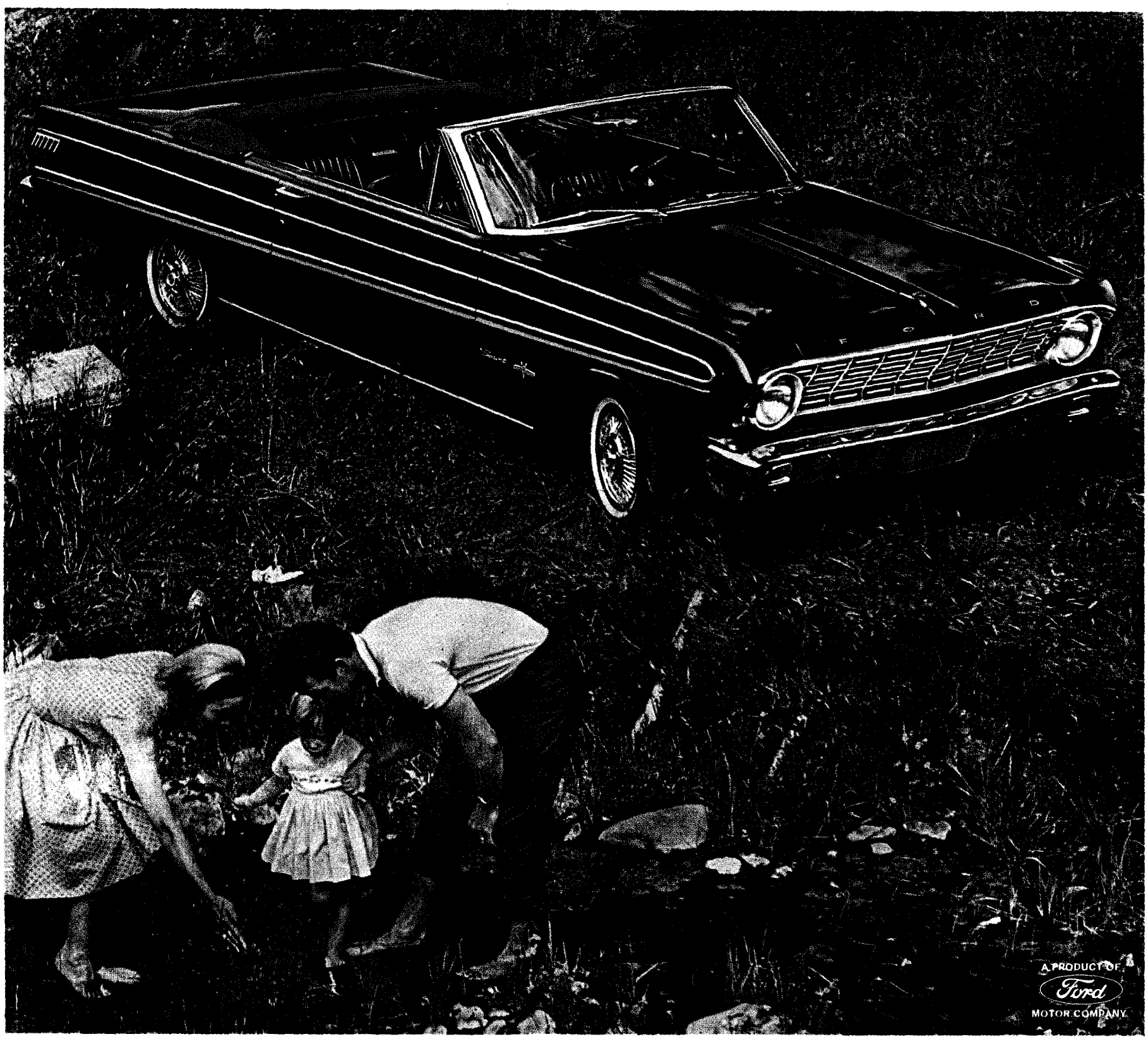


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